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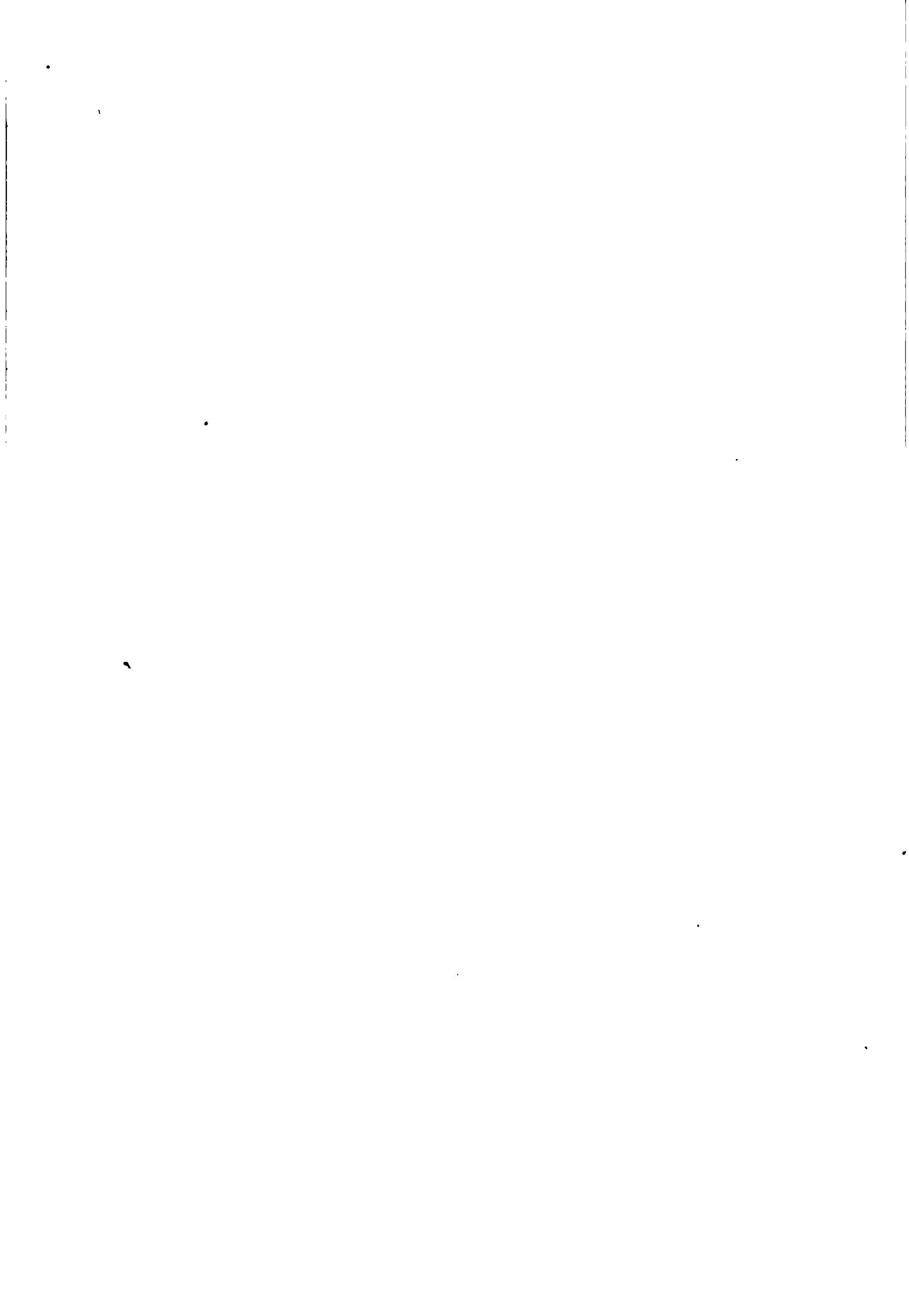


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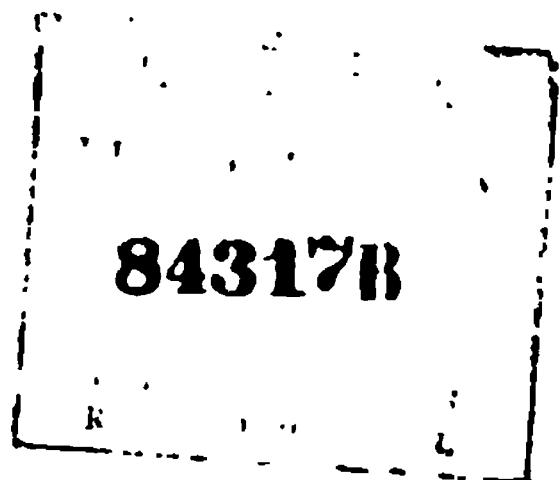
BY

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## PREFACE.

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A FIFTH READER is essentially a book of literary models. Every form of literary excellence should find representation within its pages. For the pupil it is the first extended outlook upon the rich heritage of English literature. Our language in its present form dates from the days of Shakespeare and Spenser. The field is large ; the scope of this volume is necessarily restricted. Only typical selections can be given ; but these, rightly studied, will be ample to fix the reading habit, to acquaint the pupil with the scope of our literature, and to create proper standards of taste.

No selection has been incorporated because it is new ; and no selection has been omitted because it is old. Art is dateless. Good literature is forever current, as is good art in any form. The poetry of Shakespeare and Milton is as new and as valuable as the painting of Raphael. The sole concern has been as to the excellence of the language and the richness of thought. As great variety as possible has been chosen.

The pupil will find in this reader standard selections from the master writers of the language. The so-called "good old selections" have not been overlooked : and many of the more recent selections have been incorporated, to enable the pupil to judge of present-day literary work, and to appreciate the fact that the possibilities of the language are by no means exhausted.

As a guide to the personality of authors and to a more extended study of their works, a brief biography is inserted in each case immediately following the first selection from the author. These sketches should be studied with care. They should also be read at the beginning of the recitation. It is well to have in connection with this work some standard treatise on literary biography accessible to the pupils.

Among the many virtues made prominent in the selections

here given none is more fully, more carefully, more eloquently set forth than the love of country. Ample material is given to inculcate love of our history and, through it, love of our country. Emphasis is placed especially upon those attributes of a free people so essential to a right appreciation of free institutions. In this way it is believed this reader will be an effective means of setting high and just ideals in the minds of the young. Vivid description, eloquent exhortation, logical argumentation, and poetic fervor have been invoked to enforce adequately this vital lesson.

Unless the schools of a people foster and inculcate reverence and love for the institutions of that people, the schools are untrue to their mission.

More than one at first suspects he reads himself into the style of language he uses, into the forms of thought he entertains, and into the sort of life he lives. Reading not only informs, it also forms the mind. As between a number of selections that might have been chosen that one has found its place here to which the pupil may turn time and time again, —finding with each new reading more subtle, more far-reaching truths, and realizing from each reading a clearer, truer grasp upon the noblest thoughts of the noblest minds.

Casual and careless reading always dwarfs the mind of the reader. It is well to study a selection ; study it thoroughly and in detail, study it until the pupil feels keenly and comprehends vividly its purport.

The highest service the reading of these selections can promote is the inculcation of the reading-habit. To have the pupil turn from these selections to authors and read widely and thoughtfully is the end devoutly wished for. May the aim of the teacher be to have this reader so studied that by means of it the pupil becomes a reader and a lover of the choicest, the noblest, the best that literature affords.

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## SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

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READING is thinking the line of thought established by the author. It is not merely following a consecutive series of thoughts with oral expression ; but it is discovering and entertaining the order of thought announced in the selection. To read well is to think closely. Too frequently advanced reading in the schools becomes a perfunctory exercise ; and, instead of arousing delight and quickening interest, it inculcates an indifferent and even careless mental attitude to all reading. This is manifest from the lack of preparation and the blundering recitation so common to this grade.

The difficulty no doubt is due largely to the fact that the technical criticism of the pupil's oral reading—a process belonging to the elementary grades—is continued in this grade. Is there not a more excellent way ? The remedy is to be found in a change of method ; so that the pupil realizes that the study of these selections is not fundamentally designed to be a technical drill in correct pronunciation ; but a vivid and comprehensive mastery of literary interpretation. The power, the beauty, and the flexibility of language now demand attention, and the keenest pleasure is to be had from the right analysis of a stately selection from a master mind.

The greatest intellectual training afforded by reading is the training of the imagination. The imagination is the heart's brain—i. e., its activities touch most vitally the emotional life. There can be no potential emotional response where there is no imagination ; and there can be no character-building where there is no emotional awakening. Hence the habit-fashioning power of reading depends largely upon the right training of the imagination. To promote this much-to-be-desired result the following exercise is found by experience to be valuable.

Have the pupils sit with closed eyes and close attention, while the teacher or one of the pupils reads a paragraph or a

stanza. Then question the pupils upon the mental images,—the activity of the imagination,—aroused by the language read to them.

For example, let the selection be the poem found on page 202. The simple story hinges on the answer to the question, "Who drives home the cows?" To this question there are three answers. The first answer is found in lines 1-20. The second answer is found in lines 21-28. The third answer is found in lines 29-44. In each case "why" should be emphasized until the pupil catches the unity and depth of the purpose in the poem.

With closed eyes let the first stanza be heard by the pupil. The constructive imagination is to build the evening landscape of "clover," "blue-eyed grass," "meadow bars," "river lane," "cows moving homeward," and "boy" perplexed and thoughtful. To this add the river, the willows, the hill, the slow winding herd, and the home-coming at twilight. Make the scene alive with incident and objects. Proceed thus with each stanza, questioning at each point to fix the salient features of the scenes. Now the pupils should read orally what they have read into pictures in the imagination. The subtle spirit of the poem will thus be comprehended and the reading will be intelligent.

An admirable type-lesson is found on page 238,—Gray's *Elegy*. Compare its scope and character with that of the other great elegies of the language: Milton's *Lycidas*; Shelley's *Adonais*; and Tennyson's *In Memoriam*. Note the fact that Gray's is the only elegy celebrating the virtues of an entire class in society; and that it is a peculiarly noble elegy because it defends the simple "forefathers of the hamlet," the common people of England, from the sneers and censure of so-called high society. It is, in other words, the first great poem in defense of democracy as opposed to aristocracy in the language. In this connection it might be well to read Burn's *Cotter's Saturday Night*, noting the parallel passages and kindred ideas.

The scene of the poem is laid in a country churchyard, old Stoke Pogis, in the heart of rural England; near Windsor

Castle and Eton College ; not far from Horton, where Milton lived in retirement,—Chalfont, where Isaac Pennington lived and Penn wedded,—Jordan's Burying-ground, where Penn is buried,—and the famous Burnham Beeches referred to in the poem. In Stoke Pogis church is buried John Penn, son of William Penn, and a colonial Governor of Pennsylvania. Thus the poem becomes peculiarly an intimate one to the American youth.

The poem is composed of five distinct parts : -

1. Introduction, 12 lines.
2. Real retrospect, 32 lines.
3. Ideal retrospect, 48 lines.
4. Personal retrospect, 24 lines.
5. Sequel or Epitaph, 12 lines.

The *introduction* gives merely the time and place setting of the poem. It is evening in the country. Note in detail how the idea of evening is worked out by such words as "curfew," "knell," "parting," "lowing herd winds slowly," "homeward," "plods," "weary," "darkness," and "fades." These terms close the landscape from sight. It is rebuilt in imagination by the sounds of the night. Of these sounds three are exquisitely worked out,—the "droning flight," "drowsy tinklings," and the "owl's complaint." This is perhaps the finest example in the language of a shifting from eye scenes to ear scenes ; from landscape to what may be not inaptly named *earscape*.

The *real retrospect* is simply a review and a defense of the common people,—“the rude forefathers of the hamlet,”—who sleep beneath the turf in old Stoke Pogis cemetery. They miss the usual morning calls, the quiet cheer of the home-coming, and the love of wife and children [lines 17–24]. They were yeomen,—farmers, we should say [lines 25–28]. And in their simple life some may seek occasion for reproach. Ambition may mock ; Grandeur, sneer [lines 29–32] ; but to them is directed the stinging rebuke—“The paths of glory lead but to the grave,” where even now those they despise await them. Death treats all alike [lines 33–36]. Why

should not all in life be so treated? This is the challenge of our Declaration of Independence in advance. The proud man may answer [lines 37-40]; these have had no funeral procession in Westminster Abbey, no funeral anthem, no monument. The answer again is convincing [lines 41-44]. Can all these after-death memorials change the fact of death? The conclusion is easily drawn. These poor farmers deserve the same consideration and meet the same fate as their revilers.

The *ideal retrospect* is a review of these same simple dead as they might have lived, a touching tribute to their possibilities and the reason for their failure to become all that they really might have been. Note the change of tone, "Perhaps," —which opens the way for conjecture and for speculation upon their possible careers [lines 45-48]. Why did they fail in achievement? The old, old story—poverty [lines 49-52]. But they were grandly good if not great [lines 53-60]. They missed the chance to do some great service for mankind [lines 61-65]. They also fortunately, and for the same reason, escaped great wrongs [lines 66-72]. They lived a quiet life [lines 73-76], and are not forgotten [lines 77-84]. They died regretting and regretted [lines 85-92].

The *personal retrospect* is a modest review of the life of the poet "who, mindful of the unhonored dead," honors them in this poem—Gray himself [lines 93-96]. When he sleeps here in Stoke Pogis by the side of his mother, whom he loved most tenderly, some kindred spirit may ask, "What of him?" Then, by good fortune, some "hoary-headed swain" may tell the story of his life! how he spent his mornings [lines 98-100]; his noons [lines 101-104]; his evenings [lines 105-108]; and then his death and burial [lines 109-114]. Note the pathos in line 115. The old swain cannot read. He can only point to the grave-stone and invite his hearer to read the epitaph!

The *Sequel or Epitaph* [lines 117-128] is what Mr. Gray desired to have engraved upon his own grave-stone, his only biography. How simple and how grand it is! He gave the

tear of repentance ; he won the “ Friend that sticketh closer than a brother.”

This sort of analysis is of infinitely more value than the usual petty criticisms heaped upon the pupil for indifferent reading. When a selection is thoroughly understood it is more than probable that it will be appreciatively rendered. To interest the pupil in reading is not a task if the method outlined above be followed. How much of the charm and value of literary interpretation is here provided for only a faithful observance of the process will reveal. It is vastly more to the credit that a few selections should be thus thoroughly mastered than that the pupil should read the entire volume in class during a given time. Here, as everywhere in teaching, the motto must be “ not how much, but how well.”

## INDEX OF AUTHORS.

---

|   | PAGE     |
|---|----------|
| ADDISON, JOSEPH . . . . .                 | 417      |
| ANONYMOUS . . . . .                       | 259, 344 |
| ARNOLD, EDWIN . . . . .                   | 294      |
| ARNOLD, MATTHEW . . . . .                 | 279      |
| AUDUBON, JOHN JAMES . . . . .             | 43       |
| BANCROFT, AARON . . . . .                 | 115      |
| BANCROFT, GEORGE . . . . .                | 146      |
| BARRIE, JAMES M. . . . .                  | 140      |
| BERKELEY, GEORGE . . . . .                | 148      |
| BIBLE . . . . .                           | 160, 209 |
| BLACKMORE, RICHARD DODDRIDGE . . . . .    | 32       |
| BLAINE, JAMES GILLESPIE . . . . .         | 97       |
| BLAIRE, HUGH . . . . .                    | 190      |
| BOKEE, GEORGE HENRY . . . . .             | 337      |
| BROWN, HENRY ARMITT . . . . .             | 267, 271 |
| BRUMBAUGH, MARTIN GROVE . . . . .         | 305      |
| BRYANT, WILLIAM CULLEN . . . . .          | 54, 406  |
| BUNYAN, JOHN . . . . .                    | 296      |
| BURGER, GOTTFRIED AUGUST . . . . .        | 93       |
| BURNS, ROBERT . . . . .                   | 413, 414 |
| BURROUGHS, JOHN . . . . .                 | 289, 225 |
| BYRON, LORD . . . . .                     | 383      |
| CAMPBELL, THOMAS . . . . .                | 369      |
| CHATEAUBRIAND, FRANCOIS AUGUSTE . . . . . | 191      |
| CHAUCER, GEOFFREY . . . . .               | 167      |
| CLEMENS, SAMUEL L. (MARK TWAIN) . . . . . | 390      |
| COLERIDGE, SAMUEL TAYLOR . . . . .        | 387      |
| CURTIS, GEORGE WILLIAM . . . . .          | 57       |
| DE QUINCEY, THOMAS . . . . .              | 179      |
| DICKENS, CHARLES . . . . .                | 88       |
| DISRAELI, BENJAMIN . . . . .              | 61       |
| DRUMMOND, HENRY . . . . .                 | 309, 444 |

## INDEX OF AUTHORS.

11

|   | PAGE         |
|---|--------------|
| ELIOT, GEORGE . . . . .                       | 176          |
| EMERSON, RALPH WALDO . . . . .                | 428          |
| EVERETT, EDWARD . . . . .                     | 113, 411     |
| FIGUIER, GUILLAUME LOUIS . . . . .            | 402          |
| FRANKLIN, BENJAMIN . . . . .                  | 244          |
| GARFIELD, JAMES ABRAM . . . . .               | 173          |
| ✓ GARLAND, HAMLIN . . . . .                   | 332          |
| GLADSTONE, WILLIAM Ewart . . . . .            | 252          |
| GOETHE, JOHANN WOLFGANG VON . . . . .         | 348          |
| GRADY, HENRY . . . . .                        | 342          |
| HALLECK, FITZ-GREENE . . . . .                | 173          |
| HARTE, FRANCIS BRET . . . . .                 | 96           |
| HAWTHORNE NATHANIEL . . . . .                 | 28, 183, 211 |
| HEADLEY, JOEL TYLER . . . . .                 | 430          |
| HEE-OH'KS-TE-KIN . . . . .                    | 281          |
| HENRY, PATRICK . . . . .                      | 123          |
| HIGGINSON, THOMAS WENTWORTH . . . . .         | 185          |
| HOLMES, OLIVER WENDELL . . . . .              | 49, 483      |
| ✓ HOWARTH, E. C. <i>Wm. Howarth</i> . . . . . | 45           |
| HOWELLS, WILLIAM DEAN . . . . .               | 87           |
| HUGO, VICTOR MARIE . . . . .                  | 153          |
| HUNT, LEIGH . . . . .                         | 349, 458     |
| IRVING, WASHINGTON . . . . .                  | 315, 478     |
| JACKSON, HELEN HUNT . . . . .                 | 108, 218     |
| JERROLD, DOUGLAS WILLIAM . . . . .            | 338          |
| KEATS, JOHN . . . . .                         | 457, 458     |
| KING, THOMAS STARR . . . . .                  | 437          |
| KINGSLEY, CHARLES . . . . .                   | 359          |
| KNOWLES, JAMES SHERIDAN . . . . .             | 247          |
| ✓ LARCOM, LUCY . . . . .                      | 21           |
| ✓ LINCOLN, ABRAHAM . . . . .                  | 19, 20       |
| LINGARD, JOHN . . . . .                       | 231          |
| LIPPARD, GEORGE . . . . .                     | 226          |
| LONGFELLOW, HENRY WADSWORTH . . . . .         | 46, 37, 50   |
| LOWELL, JAMES RUSSELL . . . . .               | 285, 362     |
| MACAULAY, THOMAS BABINGTON . . . . .          | 249          |
| MACDONALD, GEORGE . . . . .                   | 144          |
| MACKAY, CHARLES . . . . .                     | 256          |
| ✓ MCKINLEY, WILLIAM . . . . .                 | 172          |
| MILTON, JOHN . . . . .                        | 197, 459     |
| MITCHELL, DONALD GRANT . . . . .              | 68           |

## INDEX OF AUTHORS.

|  | PAGE              |
|--|-------------------|
| MITFORD, MARY RUSSELL . . . . .        | 284               |
| ✓ NEAL, JOHN . . . . .                 | 127               |
| ✓ OSGOOD, KATE PUTNAM . . . . .        | 202               |
| ✓ POE, EDGAR ALLAN . . . . .           | 164               |
| PRENTICE, GEORGE DENISON . . . . .     | 467               |
| PRESCOTT, WILLIAM HICKLING . . . . .   | 452               |
| READ, THOMAS BUCHANAN . . . . .        | 120, 222          |
| RICHTER, JEAN PAUL FRIEDRICH . . . . . | 170               |
| RUSKIN, JOHN . . . . .                 | 130, 381          |
| RUSSELL, WILLIAM HOWARD . . . . .      | 300               |
| SAXE, JOHN GODFREY . . . . .           | 373               |
| SHAKESPEARE, WILLIAM . . . . .         | 489               |
| SHELLEY, PERCY BYSSHE . . . . .        | 136, 460          |
| SMITH, ALEXANDER . . . . .             | 371               |
| SOUTHEY, ROBERT . . . . .              | 182               |
| SPALDING, JOHN LANCASTER . . . . .     | 52                |
| SPRAGUE, CHARLES . . . . .             | 283               |
| STORY, JOSEPH . . . . .                | 199               |
| SUMNER, CHARLES . . . . .              | 485               |
| TAYLOR, BAYARD . . . . .               | 80, 151, 397      |
| TENNYSON, ALFRED . . . . .             | 75, 303           |
| THACKERAY, WILLIAM MAKEPEACE . . . . . | 375, 461          |
| ✓ THOREAU, HENRY DAVID . . . . .       | 71                |
| TROWBRIDGE, JOHN TOWNSEND . . . . .    | 393               |
| ✓ TWAIN, MARK . . . . .                | 390               |
| WALL, WILLIAM HOLLISTER . . . . .      | 229               |
| WALTON, IZAAK . . . . .                | 365               |
| WARNER, CHARLES DUDLEY . . . . .       | 134               |
| WATSON, WILLIAM . . . . .              | 217               |
| WEBSTER, DANIEL . . . . .              | 46, 424           |
| ✓ WERTZ, GEORGE M. . . . .             | 471               |
| ✓ WHITMAN, WALT . . . . .              | 476               |
| WHITTIER, JOHN GREENLEAF . . . . .     | 321, 441          |
| WILLIS, NATHANIEL PARKER . . . . .     | 64                |
| WILSON, JAMES . . . . .                | 22                |
| WILSON, JOHN . . . . .                 | 351               |
| WIRT, WILLIAM . . . . .                | 203               |
| WORDSWORTH, WILLIAM . . . . .          | 89, 243, 459, 460 |

# CONTENTS.

|   |             | PAGE                             |
|---|-------------|----------------------------------|
| PREFACE . . . . .   |             | 3                                |
| SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS . . . . .                           |             | 5                                |
| LESSON.   | SELECTIONS. | AUTHORS.                         |
| ✓ I.—ADDRESS AT GETTYSBURG . . . . .                        |             | Abraham Lincoln . . . . . 19 ✓   |
| ✓ II.—LETTER TO MRS. BIXBY OF BOSTON . . . . .              |             | Abraham Lincoln . . . . . 20     |
| ✓ III.—LINCOLN'S PASSING BELL . . . . .                     |             | Lucy Larcom . . . . . 21 ✓       |
| IV.—THUNDER-STORM IN THE HIGHLANDS<br>OF SCOTLAND . . . . . |             | James Wilson . . . . . 22        |
| V.—FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS . . . . .                            |             | Henry W. Longfellow . . . . . 26 |
| VI.—THE GREAT STONE FACE . . . . .                          |             | Nathaniel Hawthorne . . . . . 28 |
| VII.—A BRAVE RESCUE . . . . .                               |             | R. D. Blackmore . . . . . 32     |
| VIII.—THE LEGEND BEAUTIFUL . . . . .                        |             | Henry W. Longfellow . . . . . 37 |
| IX.—A VIEW OF NIAGARA . . . . .                             |             | John J. Audubon . . . . . 43 ✓   |
| X.—THOU WILT NEVER GROW OLD . . . . .                       |             | E. C. Howarth . . . . . 45       |
| XI.—LIBERTY AND UNION . . . . .                             |             | Daniel Webster . . . . . 46      |
| XII.—UNION AND LIBERTY . . . . .                            |             | Oliver W. Holmes . . . . . 49    |
| XIII.—OLD IRONSIDES . . . . .                               |             | Oliver W. Holmes . . . . . 49 ✓  |
| XIV.—THE LAUNCH OF THE SHIP . . . . .                       |             | Henry W. Longfellow . . . . . 50 |
| XV.—NEVER-ENDING PROGRESS . . . . .                         |             | Bishop Spalding . . . . . 52     |
| XVI.—TO A WATERFOWL . . . . .                               |             | William C. Bryant . . . . . 54   |
| XVII.—JERUSALEM . . . . .                                   |             | George W. Curtis . . . . . 57    |
| XVIII.—JERUSALEM BY MOONLIGHT . . . . .                     |             | Benjamin Disraeli . . . . . 61   |
| XIX.—ABSALOM . . . . .                                      |             | N. P. Willis . . . . . 64        |
| XX.—REVERIES OF A BACHELOR . . . . .                        |             | D. G. Mitchell . . . . . 68      |
| XXI.—THE BATTLE OF THE ANTS . . . . .                       |             | Henry D. Thoreau . . . . . 71    |
| XXII.—LADY CLARE . . . . .                                  |             | Alfred Tennyson . . . . . 75     |
| XXIII.—A DAY IN LONDON . . . . .                            |             | Bayard Taylor . . . . . 80       |
| XXIV.—BUBBLES . . . . .                                     |             | William D. Howells . . . . . 87  |
| XXV.—A CHILD'S DREAM OF A STAR . . . . .                    |             | Charles Dickens . . . . . 88     |
| XXVI.—A BRAVE MAN'S DEED . . . . .                          |             | G. A. Bürger . . . . . 93        |
| XXVII.—FATE . . . . .                                       |             | Francis Br. Harte . . . . . 96   |
| XXVIII.—EULOGY ON JAMES A. GARFIELD . . . . .               |             | James G. Blaine . . . . . 97 ✓   |
| XXIX.—ODE—INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY . . . . .              |             | Wm. Wordsworth . . . . . 99      |
| XXX.—RAINY DAYS . . . . .                                   |             | Helen Hunt Jackson . . . . . 108 |

## CONTENTS.

| LESSON.  | SELECTIONS.   | AUTHORS.   | PAGE |
|--|---|------------|------|
| ✓ XXXI.—THE YOUTH OF WASHINGTON . . . . .            | Edward Everett . . . . .                                    | 113        |      |
| ✓ XXXII.—WASHINGTON . . . . .                        | Aaron Bancroft . . . . .                                    | 115        |      |
| XXXIII.—THE RISING . . . . .                         | Thos. Buchanan Read .                                       | 120        |      |
| XXXIV.—SPEECH ON A RESOLUTION TO PUT VIR-            |   |            |      |
| GINIA INTO A STATE OF DEFENCE . . . . .              | Patrick Henry . . . . .                                     | 123        |      |
| XXXV.—THE AMERICAN EAGLE . . . . .                   | John Neal . . . . .   | 127        |      |
| XXXVI.—BEAUTY OF THE CLOUDS . . . . .                | John Ruskin . . . . .                                       | 130        |      |
| XXXVII.—A BOY ON A FARM . . . . .                    | C. D. Warner . . . . .                                      | 134        |      |
| XXXVIII.—THE CLOUD . . . . .                         | P. B. Shelley . . . . .                                     | 136        |      |
| XXXIX.—A GREAT WORK . . . . .                        | J. M. Barrie . . . . .                                      | 140        |      |
| XL.—OVER THE HILL . . . . .                          | George Macdonald . .  | 144        |      |
| XLI.—CAPTURE OF TICONDEROGA . . . . .                | George Bancroft . . .                                       | 146        |      |
| XLII.—AN ERUPTION OF MOUNT VESUVIUS .                | George Berkeley . . .                                       | 148        |      |
| XLIII.—AUTUMNAL VESPERS . . . . .                    | Bayard Taylor . . . .                                       | 151        |      |
| XLIV.—THE RUNAWAY CANNON . . . . .                   | Victor Hugo . . . . .                                       | 153        |      |
| XLV.—PERFECT ENGLISH . . . . .                       | Bible . . . . .   | 160        |      |
| ✓ XLVI.—ELDORADO . . . . .                           | E. A. Poe . . . . .   | 164        |      |
| XLVII.—APRIL DAYS . . . . .                          | T. W. Higginson . . .                                       | 165        |      |
| XLVIII.—AN APRIL DAY . . . . .                       | Geoffrey Chaucer . .  | 167        |      |
| XLIX.—THE TWO ROADS . . . . .                        | J. P. Richter . . . . .                                     | 170        |      |
| ✓ L.—GOLDEN WORDS OF TWO PRESIDENTS                  | { William McKinley . . . . .<br>James A. Garfield . . . . . | 172<br>173 |      |
| LI.—MARCO BOZZARIS . . . . .                         | Fitz-Greene Halleck . .                                     | 173        |      |
| LII.—THE MILL ON THE FLOSS . . . . .                 | George Eliot . . . . .                                      | 176        |      |
| LIII.—JOAN OF ARC . . . . .                          | Thomas De Quincey .   | 179        |      |
| LIV.—HAVE FAITH . . . . .                            | Robert Southey . . . .                                      | 182        |      |
| LV.—WINTER IN NEW ENGLAND . . . . .                  | Nathaniel Hawthorne .                                       | 183        |      |
| LVI.—DESCRIPTIVE WRITING . . . . .                   | Hugh Blair . . . . .  | 190        |      |
| LVII.—TWO VIEWS OF NATURE . . . . .                  | F. A. Chateaubriand .                                       | 191        |      |
| LVIII.—A MORNING HYMN . . . . .                      | John Milton . . . . .                                       | 197        |      |
| LIX.—OUR DUTY TO THE REPUBLIC . . . . .              | Joseph Story . . . . .                                      | 199        |      |
| ✓ LX.—DRIVING HOME THE COWS . . . . .                | Kate Putnam Osgood .  | 202        |      |
| LXI.—THE BLIND PREACHER . . . . .                    | William Wirt . . . . .                                      | 203        |      |
| LXII.—FROM CHRIST'S SERMON ON THE MOUNTAIN . . . . . |   | 209        |      |
| LXIII.—A RILL FROM THE TOWN PUMP . . . .             | Nathaniel Hawthorne .                                       | 211        |      |
| LXIV.—NIGHT . . . . .                                | William Watson . . . .                                      | 217        |      |
| LXV.—AN AUTUMN SPECTACLE . . . . .                   | Helen Hunt Jackson .  | 218        |      |
| LXVI.—THE CLOSING SCENE . . . . .                    | Thos. Buchanan Read .                                       | 222        |      |
| LXVII.—THE LAST OF THE SIGNERS . . . . .             | George Lippard . . . .                                      | 226        |      |
| LXVIII.—THE UNWRITTEN SONG . . . . .                 | William H. Wall . . .                                       | 229        |      |

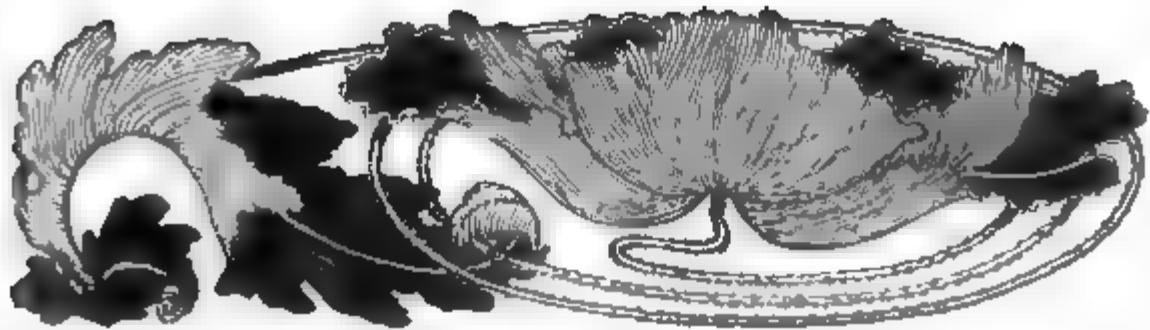
## CONTENTS.

15

| LESSON.  | SELECTIONS.                           | AUTHORS. | PAGE |
|--|---------------------------------------|----------|------|
| LXIX.—THE PLAGUE IN LONDON . . . . .                               | <i>John Lingard</i> . . . . .         | 231      |      |
| LXXX.—ELEGY . . . . .  | <i>Thomas Gray</i> . . . . .          | 238      |      |
| LXXI.—I WANDERED LONELY . . . . .                                  | <i>Wm. Wordsworth</i> . . . . .       | 243      |      |
| LXXII.—FRANKLIN'S ARRIVAL IN PHILA-<br>DELPHIA . . . . .           | <i>Benjamin Franklin</i> . . . . .    | 244      |      |
| LXXIII.—TELL ON THE MOUNTAINS . . . . .                            | <i>J. Sheridan Knowles</i> . . . . .  | 247      |      |
| LXXIV.—INFLUENCE OF ATHENS . . . . .                               | <i>Thos. B. Macaulay</i> . . . . .    | 249      |      |
| LXXV.—MORALS OF THE HOMERIC AGE . . . . .                          | <i>Wm. E. Gladstone</i> . . . . .     | 252      |      |
| LXXVI.—NOW . . . . .   | <i>Charles Mackay</i> . . . . .       | 256      |      |
| LXXVII.—THE BASHFUL MAN . . . . .                                  | <i>Anonymous</i> . . . . .            | 259      |      |
| LXXVIII.—RIENZI'S ADDRESS TO THE ROMANS .                          | <i>Mary R. Mitford</i> . . . . .      | 264      |      |
| LXXIX.—THE FIRST CONTINENTAL CONGRESS                              | <i>Henry Armitt Brown</i> . . . . .   | 267      |      |
| LXXX.—VALLEY FORGE . . . . .                                       | <i>Henry Armitt Brown</i> . . . . .   | 271      |      |
| LXXXI.—THE EPOCH ENDS . . . . .                                    | <i>Matthew Arnold</i> . . . . .       | 279      |      |
| LXXXII.—THE WHITE MAN'S BOOK . . . . .                             | <i>Hee-oh'ks-te-kin</i> . . . . .     | 281      | ✓    |
| LXXXIII.—NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS . . . . .                          | <i>Charles Sprague</i> . . . . .      | 283      |      |
| LXXXIV.—A DAY IN JUNE . . . . .                                    | <i>James R. Lowell</i> . . . . .      | 285      |      |
| LXXXV.—HUNTING THE HONEY BEE . . . . .                             | <i>John Burroughs</i> . . . . .       | 289      | —    |
| LXXXVI.—AFTER DEATH IN ARABIA . . . . .                            | <i>Edwin Arnold</i> . . . . .         | 294      |      |
| LXXXVII.—ESCAPE FROM DOUBTING CASTLE .                             | <i>John Bunyan</i> . . . . .          | 296      |      |
| LXXXVIII.—THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE                          | <i>W. H. Russell</i> . . . . .        | 300      |      |
| LXXXIX.—THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE<br>AT BALAKLAVA . . . . .  | <i>Alfred Tennyson</i> . . . . .      | 303      |      |
| XC.—NATURE STUDY IS NATURE LOVE . . . . .                          |                                       | 305      |      |
| XCI.—THE HEART OF AFRICA . . . . .                                 | <i>Henry Drummond</i> . . . . .       | 309      |      |
| XCII.—ALHAMBRA . . . . .   | <i>Washington Irving</i> . . . . .    | 315      |      |
| XCIII.—THE SNOWSTORM . . . . .                                     | <i>John G. Whittier</i> . . . . .     | 321      |      |
| XCIV.—A SNOWSTORM . . . . .  | <i>John Burroughs</i> . . . . .       | 325      |      |
| ✓XCV.—LAST DAYS OF ULYSSES S. GRANT .                              | <i>Hamlin Garland</i> . . . . .       | 332      | ✓    |
| XCVI.—DIRGE FOR THE SOLDIER . . . . .                              | <i>George H. Boker</i> . . . . .      | 337      | ✓    |
| XCVII.—MRS. CAUDLE URGING THE NEED OF<br>SPRING CLOTHING . . . . . | <i>Douglas W. Jerrold</i> . . . . .   | 338      |      |
| ✓XCVIII.—THE SOUTHERN SOLDIER . . . . .                            | <i>Henry Grady</i> . . . . .          | 342      | —    |
| XCIX.—BEETHOVEN'S MOONLIGHT SONATA .                               | <i>Anonymous</i> . . . . .            | 344      |      |
| C.—HASTE NOT, REST NOT . . . . .                                   | <i>Johann W. von Goethe</i> . . . . . | 348      |      |
| CI.—ABOU BEN ADHEM . . . . .                                       | <i>Leigh Hunt</i> . . . . .           | 349      |      |
| CII.—THE EAGLE'S NEST . . . . .                                    | <i>John Wilson</i> . . . . .          | 351      |      |
| CIII.—THE COAL IN THE FIRE . . . . .                               | <i>Charles Kingsley</i> . . . . .     | 359      |      |
| CIV.—THE FIRST SNOWFALL . . . . .                                  | <i>James R. Lowell</i> . . . . .      | 362      |      |
| CV.—THE DEATH OF GEORGE HERBERT .                                  | <i>Izaak Walton</i> . . . . .         | 365      |      |
| CVI.—YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND . . . . .                              | <i>Thomas Campbell</i> . . . . .      | 369      |      |

## CONTENTS.

| LESSON. | SELECTIONS.   | AUTHORS.                             | PAGE |
|---------|---|--------------------------------------|------|
|         | <b>CVII.—AMONG MY BOOKS . . . . .</b>                           | <i>Alexander Smith . . . . .</i>     | 371  |
|         | <b>CVIII.—THE LIBRARY . . . . .</b>                             | <i>John G. Saxe . . . . .</i>        | 373  |
|         | <b>CIX.—OLIVER GOLDSMITH . . . . .</b>                          | <i>Wm. M. Thackeray . . . . .</i>    | 375  |
|         | <b>CX.—SELECTIONS . . . . .</b>                                 | <i>John Ruskin . . . . .</i>         | 381  |
|         | <b>CXI.—ALPINE SCENERY . . . . .</b>                            | <i>Lord Byron . . . . .</i>          | 383  |
| ✓       | <b>CXII.—HYMN TO MONT BLANC . . . . .</b>                       | <i>Samuel T. Coleridge . . . . .</i> | 387  |
| ✓       | <b>CXIII.—THE COYOTE . . . . .</b>                              | <i>Mark Twain . . . . .</i>          | 390  |
|         | <b>CXIV.—THE VAGABONDS . . . . .</b>                            | <i>John T. Trowbridge . . . . .</i>  | 393  |
|         | <b>CXV.—WINTER-LIFE IN ST. PETERSBURG . . . . .</b>             | <i>Bayard Taylor . . . . .</i>       | 397  |
|         | <b>CXVI.—THE ESQUIMAUX FAMILY . . . . .</b>                     | <i>G. L. Figuier . . . . .</i>       | 402  |
|         | <b>CXVII.—A FOREST HYMN . . . . .</b>                           | <i>William C. Bryant . . . . .</i>   | 406  |
|         | <b>CXVIII.—BUNKER HILL MONUMENT—WHAT GOOD? . . . . .</b>        | <i>Edward Everett . . . . .</i>      | 411  |
|         | <b>CXIX.—AFTON WATER . . . . .</b>                              | <i>Robert Burns . . . . .</i>        | 413  |
|         | <b>CXX.—TO MARY IN HEAVEN . . . . .</b>                         | <i>Robert Burns . . . . .</i>        | 414  |
|         | <b>CXXI.—BURDENS OF MANKIND . . . . .</b>                       | <i>Joseph Addison . . . . .</i>      | 417  |
|         | <b>CXXII.—SUPPOSED SPEECH OF JOHN ADAMS . . . . .</b>           | <i>Daniel Webster . . . . .</i>      | 424  |
|         | <b>CXXIII.—EACH AND ALL . . . . .</b>                           | <i>Ralph W. Emerson . . . . .</i>    | 428  |
| ✓       | <b>CXXIV.—THE BURNING OF MOSCOW . . . . .</b>                   | <i>Joel T. Headley . . . . .</i>     | 430  |
|         | <b>CXXV.—THE YOSEMITE VALLEY . . . . .</b>                      | <i>Thomas S. King . . . . .</i>      | 437  |
| ✓       | <b>CXXVI.—IN SCHOOL DAYS . . . . .</b>                          | <i>John G. Whittier . . . . .</i>    | 441  |
|         | <b>CXXVII.—PLEASURES AND PERILS OF AFRICAN TRAVEL . . . . .</b> | <i>Henry Drummond . . . . .</i>      | 444  |
|         | <b>CXXVIII.—ENTRANCE OF CORTES INTO MEXICO . . . . .</b>        | <i>William H. Prescott . . . . .</i> | 452  |
|         | <b>CXXIX.—FAMOUS SONNETS . . . . .</b>                          |                                      | 457  |
|         | <b>CXXX.—THE LAST DAYS OF COLONEL NEWCOME . . . . .</b>         |                                      |      |
| ✓       | <b>CXXXI.—THE CLOSING YEAR . . . . .</b>                        | <i>Wm. M. Thackeray . . . . .</i>    | 461  |
| ✓       | <b>CXXXII.—A PENNSYLVANIA SUGAR-CAMP . . . . .</b>              | <i>George D. Prentice . . . . .</i>  | 467  |
|         | <b>CXXXIII.—O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN! . . . . .</b>                | <i>George M. Wertz . . . . .</i>     | 471  |
|         | <b>CXXXIV.—THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA . . . . .</b>               | <i>Walt Whitman . . . . .</i>        | 476  |
|         | <b>CXXXV.—THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS . . . . .</b>                  | <i>Washington Irving . . . . .</i>   | 478  |
|         | <b>CXXXVI.—THE TRUE GRANDEUR OF NATIONS . . . . .</b>           | <i>Oliver W. Holmes . . . . .</i>    | 483  |
|         | <b>CXXXVII.—OTHELLO BEFORE THE SENATE . . . . .</b>             | <i>Charles Sumner . . . . .</i>      | 485  |
|         |   | <i>William Shakespeare . . . . .</i> | 489  |



## FIFTH READER.

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### I.—ADDRESS AT GETTYSBURG.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation—or any nation so conceived and so dedicated—can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We are met to dedicate a portion of that field as the final resting-place of those who here gave their lives that that nation might live.

It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here.

It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they have thus far so nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

---

## II.—LINCOLN'S LETTER TO MRS. BIXBY OF BOSTON.

DEAR MADAM: I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the Adjutant-General of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any words of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering to you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the republic they died to save.

I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom. Yours, very sincerely and respectfully,

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

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## III.—LINCOLN'S PASSING BELL.

*April 15, 1865.*

LUCY LARCOM.

Tolling, tolling, tolling !  
All the bells of the land !  
Lo ! the patriot martyr  
Taketh his journey grand ;  
Travels into the ages,  
Bearing a hope how dear !  
Into life's unknown vistas,  
Liberty's great pioneer.

Tolling, tolling, tolling !  
Do the budded violets know  
The pain of the lingering clangor  
Shaking their bloom out so ?  
They open into strange sorrow,  
The rain of a nation's tears ;  
Into the saddest April  
Twined with the New World's years.

Tolling, tolling, tolling !  
See, they come as a cloud—  
Hearts of a mighty people,  
Bearing his pall and shroud !  
Lifting up, like a banner,  
Signals of loss and woe !  
Wonder of breathless nations,  
Moveth the solemn show.

Tolling, tolling, tolling !  
 Was it, O man beloved—  
 Was it thy funeral only,  
 Over the land that moved ?  
 Veiled by that hour of anguish,  
 Borne with the rebel rout,  
 Forth into utter darkness,  
 Slavery's corse went out.

## NOTES FOR STUDY.

## I.

LUCY LARCOM (1826-1893) began life as an operator in a mill in Lowell, Massachusetts; became a teacher in Massachusetts and Illinois; then a journalist, editing *Our Young Folks* (now *St. Nicholas*), and, finally, a poetess. Her *Hannah Binding Shoes* first brought her into notice. Some other notable works are: *A New England Childhood*, *Wild Roses of Cape Ann*, *Roadside Poems*. All her writings have as central thoughts the nobleness of the life of common folk and the dignity of work.

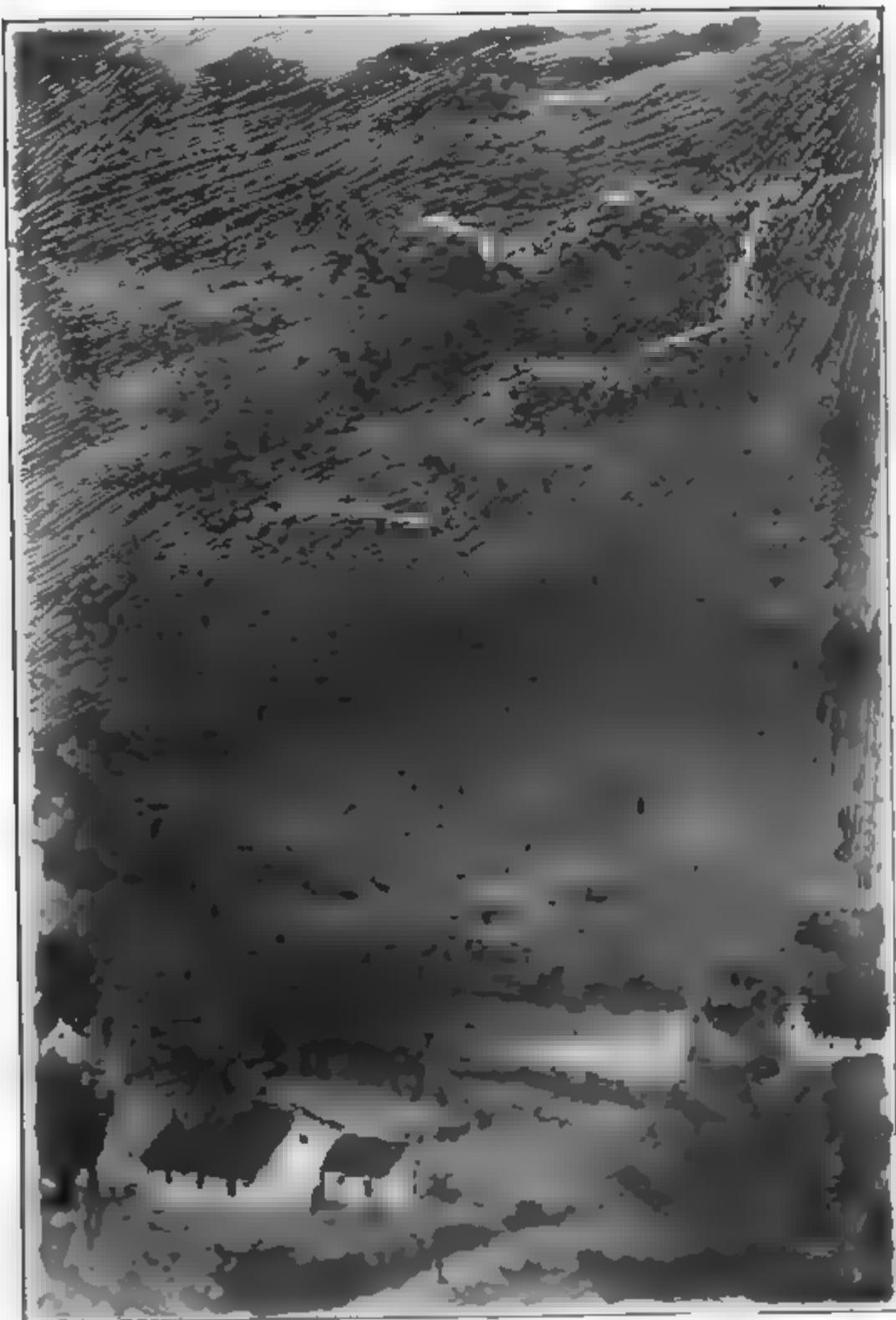
## II.

|  |  |
|--|--|
| MAR'TYR, one who dies for a great principle.                     | PALL, a heavy black cloth thrown over a coffin at a funeral. |
| VIS'TA, a view.  | CORSE, same as corpse, a dead body.                          |
| PI O NEER', one who goes before and prepares the way for others. | ROUT, uproar, tumult.  |

## IV.—THUNDER-STORM IN THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND.

JAMES WILSON.

An enormous thunder-cloud had lain all day over Ben Nevis, shrouding its summit in thick darkness, blackening its sides and base, wherever they were beheld from the surrounding country, with masses of deep shadow, and especially



flinging down a weight of gloom upon that magnificent glen that bears the same name with the mountain, till now the afternoon was like twilight, and the voice of all the streams was distinct in the breathlessness of the vast solitary hollow.

The inhabitants of all the straths, vales, glens, and dells, round and about the monarch of Scottish mountains, had, during each successive hour, been expecting the roar of thunder and the deluge of rain; but the huge conglomeration of lowering clouds would not rend asunder, although it was certain that a calm, blue sky could not be restored till all that dreadful assemblage had melted away into torrents, or been driven off by a strong wind from the sea.

All the cattle on the hills, and in the hollows, stood still or lay down in their fear—the wild deer sought in herds the shelter of the pine-covered cliffs—the raven hushed his hoarse croak in some grim cavern, and the eagle left the dreadful silence of the upper heavens. Now and then the shepherds looked from their huts, while the shadow of the thunder-clouds deepened the hues of their plaids and tartans; and at every creaking of the heavy branches of the pines, or wide-armed oaks in the solitude of their inaccessible birthplace, the hearts of the lonely dwellers quaked, and they lifted up their eyes to see the first wide flash—the disparting of the masses of darkness—and paused to hear the long, loud rattle of heaven's artillery, shaking the foundations of the everlasting mountains. But all was yet silent.

The peal came at last, and it seemed as if an earthquake had smote the silence. Not a tree—not a blade of grass moved, but the blow stunned, as it were, the heart of the solid globe. Then was there a low, wild, whispering, wailing voice, as of many spirits all joining together from every

point of heaven—it died away—and then the rushing of rain was heard through the darkness; and, in a few minutes, down came all the mountain torrents in their power, and the sides of all the steeps were suddenly sheeted, far and wide, with waterfalls. The element of water was let loose to run its rejoicing race—and that of fire lent its illumination, whether sweeping in floods along the great open straths, or tumbling in cataracts from cliffs overhanging the eagle's eyry.

Great rivers were suddenly flooded—and the little mountain rivulets, a few minutes before only silver threads, and in whose fairy basins the minnow played, were now scarcely fordable to shepherds' feet. It was time for the strongest to take shelter, and none now would have liked to issue from it; for while there was real danger to life and limb in the many raging torrents, and in the lightning's flash, the imagination and the soul themselves were touched with awe in the long resounding glens, and beneath the savage scowl of the angry sky.

It was such a storm as becomes an era among the mountains; and it was felt that before next morning there would be a loss of lives—not only among the beasts that perish, but among human beings overtaken by the wrath of that irresistible tempest.

---

#### NOTES FOR STUDY.

##### I.

JAMES WILSON (1795-1856), the brother of John Wilson ("Christopher North"), was a Scotch naturalist. He published several works, besides writing the articles on natural history for the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*. His keen observation of nature and his graceful style are worthy of note.

## II.

|   |  |
|---|--|
| STRATH ( <i>sträth</i> ), a large valley through which a river flows. | IN ACCESS'BLE, not within reach.   |
| CON GLOM ER A'TION, a gathering into a mixed mass.                    | DIS PART'ING, cleaving, scattering.  |
| PLAID, a striped piece of cloth, or garment.                          | SHEET'ED, covered.   |
| TAR'TANS, woollen cloth of varied colors.                             | EY'RY ( <i>ā'rÿ</i> ), nest of a bird of prey, generally in a lofty place. |
|   | CAT'A RACTS, large waterfalls.   |
|   | BEN NEVIS, a mountain in Scotland.   |

## V.—FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

When the hours of Day are numbered,  
 And the voices of the Night  
 Wake the better soul that slumbered,  
 To a holy, calm delight ;

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,  
 And, like phantoms grim and tall,  
 Shadows from the fitful firelight  
 Dance upon the parlor wall ;

Then the forms of the departed  
 Enter at the open door ;  
 The beloved, the true-hearted,  
 Come to visit me once more ;

He, the young and strong, who cherished  
 Noble longings for the strife,  
 By the roadside fell and perished,  
 Weary with the march of life !

They, the holy ones and weakly,  
 Who the cross of suffering bore,

Folded their pale hands so meekly,  
Spake with us on earth no more !

And with them the Being Beauteous,  
Who unto my youth was given,  
More than all things else to love me,  
And is now a saint in heaven.

With a slow and noiseless footstep  
Comes that messenger divine,  
Takes the vacant chair beside me,  
Lays her gentle hand in mine.

And she sits and gazes at me  
With those deep and tender eyes,  
Like the stars, so still and saint-like,  
Looking downward from the skies.

Uttered not, yet comprehended,  
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer,  
Soft rebukes in blessings ended,  
Breathing from her lips of air.

O, though oft depressed and lonely,  
All my fears are laid aside,  
If I but remember only  
Such as these have lived and died !

---

#### NOTES FOR STUDY.

**HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW** (1807-1882), the most popular of American poets, was born in Portland, Maine. At the age of fourteen he entered Bowdoin College, and, on his graduation in 1825, he was elected professor of Modern Languages. In preparation for this work he spent three years in Europe and became familiar with eight languages. After six years at Bowdoin, he was called to a professorship

at Harvard. Some of his most generally read poems are: *Evangeline*, *Tales of a Wayside Inn*, and *Courtship of Miles Standish*.

---

## VI.—THE GREAT STONE FACE.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

ONE afternoon, when the sun was going down, a mother and her little boy sat at the door of their cottage, talking about the Great Stone Face. They had but to lift their eyes, and there it was plainly to be seen, though miles away, with the sunshine brightening all its features.

And what was the Great Stone Face?

Embosomed among a family of lofty mountains, there was a valley so spacious that it contained many thousand inhabitants. Some of these good people dwelt in log huts, with the black forest all around them, on the steep and difficult hill-sides. Others had their homes in comfortable farm-houses, and cultivated the rich soil on the gentle slopes or level surfaces of the valley. Others, again, were congregated into populous villages, where some wild highland rivulet, tumbling down from its birthplace in the upper mountain region, had been caught and tamed by human cunning, and compelled to turn the machinery of cotton factories.

The inhabitants of this valley, in short, were numerous, and of many modes of life. But all of them, grown people and children, had a kind of familiarity with the Great Stone Face, although some possessed the gift of distinguishing this grand natural phenomenon more perfectly than many of their neighbors.

The Great Stone Face, then, was a work of nature in her mood of majestic playfulness, formed on the perpendicular

side of a mountain by some immense rocks, which had been thrown together in such a position as, when viewed at a proper distance, precisely to resemble the features of the human countenance.

It seemed as if an enormous giant, or Titan, had sculptured his own likeness on the precipice. There was the broad arch of the forehead, a hundred feet in height; the nose, with its long bridge; and the vast lips, which, if they could have spoken, would have rolled their thunder-accents from one end of the valley to the other.

True it is, that if the spectator approached too near, he lost the outline of the gigantic visage, and could discern only a heap of ponderous and gigantic rocks, piled in chaotic ruin one upon another. Retracing his steps, however, the wondrous features would again be seen; and the farther he withdrew from them, the more like a human face, with all its original divinity intact, did they appear; until, as it grew dim in the distance, with the clouds and glorified vapor of the mountains clustering about it, the Great Stone Face seemed positively to be alive.

It was a happy lot for children to grow up to manhood or womanhood with the Great Stone Face before their eyes, for all the features were noble, and the expression was grand and sweet, as if it were the glow of a vast, warm heart, that embraced all mankind in its affections, and had room for more.

It was an education only to look at it. According to the belief of many people, the valley owed much of its fertility to this benign aspect that was continually beaming over it, illuminating the clouds, and infusing its tenderness into the sunshine.

As we began with saying, a mother and her little boy sat

at their cottage door gazing at the Great Stone Face, and talking about it. The child's name was Ernest.

"Mother," said he, while the Titanic visage smiled on him, "I wish that it could speak, for it looks so very kindly, that its voice must needs be pleasant. If I were to see a man with such a face, I should love him dearly."

"If an old prophecy should come to pass," answered his mother, "we may see a man, some time or other, with exactly such a face as that."

"What prophecy do you mean, dear mother?" eagerly inquired Ernest. "Pray tell me all about it!"

So his mother told him a story that her own mother had told to her, when she herself was younger than little Ernest: a story, not of things that were past, but of what was yet to come; a story, nevertheless, so very old, that even the Indians, who formerly inhabited this valley, had heard it from their forefathers, to whom, as they affirmed, it had been murmured by the mountain-streams, and whispered by the wind among the tree-tops.

The purport was, that at some future day a child should be born hereabouts, who was destined to become the greatest and noblest personage of his time, and whose countenance in manhood should bear an exact resemblance to the Great Stone Face.

Not a few old-fashioned people, and young ones likewise, in the ardor of their hopes, still cherished an enduring faith in this old prophecy. But others, who had seen more of the world, had watched and waited till they were weary, and had beheld no man with such a face, nor any man that proved to be much greater or nobler than his neighbors, concluded it to be nothing but an idle tale. At all events, the great man of the prophecy had not appeared.

“Oh, mother, dear mother!” cried Ernest, clapping his hands above his head, “I do hope that I shall live to see him!”

His mother was an affectionate and thoughtful woman, and felt that it was wisest not to discourage the generous hopes of her little boy; so she only said to him, “Perhaps you may.”

And Ernest never forgot the story that his mother told him; it was always in his mind whenever he looked upon the Great Stone Face. He spent his childhood in the log cottage where he was born, and was dutiful to his mother, and helpful to her in many things, assisting her much with his little hands, and more with his loving heart.

In this manner, from a happy yet often pensive child, he grew up to be a mild, quiet, unobtrusive boy, and sun-browned with labor in the fields, but with more intelligence brightening his aspect than is seen in many lads who have been taught in famous schools.

Yet Ernest had had no teacher, save only that the Great Stone Face became one to him. When the toil of the day was over, he would gaze at it for hours, until he began to imagine that those vast features recognized him and gave him a smile of kindness and encouragement, responsive to his own look of veneration. We must not take upon us to affirm that this was a mistake, although the face may have looked no more kindly at Ernest than at all the world besides. But the secret was that the boy’s tender and confiding simplicity discerned what other people could not see; and thus the love, which was meant for all, became his peculiar portion.

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**NOTES FOR STUDY.****I.**

**NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE** (1804–1864), was born in Salem, Massachusetts, and was graduated from Bowdoin College in the same class

with Longfellow. He occupied several political posts, among others that of consul at Liverpool. *The Scarlet Letter*, *The House of Seven Gables*, *The Marble Faun*, and *Tanglewood Tales* are his most important works. Of his style, Longfellow says, "It is as clear as running waters are; indeed, he uses words merely as stepping-stones, upon which, with a free and youthful bound, his spirit crosses and recrosses the bright and rushing stream of thought."

## II.

CON'GREGA TED, assembled, gathered.

PHE NOM'E NON, an unusual appearance.

PER PEN DIC'U LAR, upright, vertical.

TI'TAN, a fabled giant of great strength.

PREC'I PICE, an overhanging rock.

VIS'AGE, face, or look of a person.

CHA OT'IC, confused, without order.

PROPH'E CY, a pointing out of something to come.

UN OB TRU'SIVE, modest.

VEN ER A'TION, respect mingled with awe.

## VII.—A BRAVE RESCUE.

RICHARD DODDRIDGE BLACKMORE.

It happened upon a November evening that the ducks in the court made a terrible quacking, instead of marching off to their pen, one behind another. Thereupon Annie and I ran out to see what might be the sense of it. There were thirteen ducks, and ten lily-white, not, I mean, twenty-three in all, but ten white and three brown-striped ones; and without being nice about their color, they all quacked very merrily. They pushed their gold-colored bills here and there, and they jumped on the triangles of their feet, and sounded out of their nostrils; and some of the over-excited ones ran along low on the ground, quacking grievously, with their bills snapping and bending, and the roof of their mouths exhibited.

Annie began to cry "dilly, dilly, einy, einy, ducksey," ac-

cording to the burden of a tune they seem to have accepted as the national ducks' anthem ; but instead of being soothed by it, they only quacked three times as hard, and ran round till they were giddy. And then they shook their tails all together, and looked grave, and went round and round again.

Now, I am uncommonly fond of ducks, whether royster-  
ing, roosting, or roasted ; and it is a fine sight to behold them walk, paddling one after another, with their toes out, like soldiers drilling, and their little eyes cocked all ways at once, and the way that they dib with their bills, and dabble, and throw up their heads and enjoy something, and then tell the others about it. Therefore, I knew at once, by the way they were carrying on, that there must be something or other gone wholly amiss in the duck world. Sister Annie perceived it, too, but with a greater quickness ; for she counted them like a good duck-wife, and could only tell thirteen of them, when she knew there ought to be fourteen.

And so we began to search about, and the ducks ran to lead us aright, having come that far to fetch us ; and when we got down to the foot of the courtyard where the two great ash-trees stand by the side of the little water, we found good reason for the urgance and melancholy of the duck-birds. Lo ! the old white drake, the father of all, a bird of high manners and chivalry, always the last to help himself from the pan of barley-meal, and the first to show fight to a dog or cock intruding upon his family, this fine fellow, and a pillar of the state, was now in a sad predicament, yet quacking very stoutly.

For the brook, wherewith he had been familiar from his callow childhood, and wherein he was wont to quest for water-newts, and tadpoles, and caddice-worms, and other game, this

brook, which afforded him very often scanty space to dabble in, and sometimes starved the cresses, was now coming down in a great brown flood, as if the banks never belonged to it. The foaming of it, and the noise, and the cresting of the corners, and the up and down, like the wave of the sea, were enough to frighten any duck, though bred upon stormy waters, which our ducks never had been.

There is always a hurdle six feet long and four and a half in depth, swung by a chain at either end from an oak laid across the channel. And the use of this hurdle is to keep our kine at milking-time from straying away and to fence strange cattle, or Farmer Snowe's horses, from coming along the bed of the brook unknown, to steal our substance. But now this hurdle, which hung in the summer a foot above the trickle, would have been dipped more than two feet deep but for the power against it. For the torrent came down so vehemently that the chains at full stretch were creaking, and the hurdle buffeted almost flat, and thatched (so to say), with the drift-stuff, was going see-saw with a sulky splash on the dirty red comb of the waters.

But saddest to see was between two bars, where a fog was of rushes, and flood-wood, and wild-celery haulm, and dead crow's-foot, who but our venerable mallard jammed in by the joint of his shoulder, speaking aloud as he rose and fell, with his top-knot full of water, unable to comprehend it, with his tail washed far away from him, but often compelled to be silent, being ducked very harshly against his will by the choking fall-to of the hurdle.

For a moment I could not help laughing; because, being borne up high and dry by the tumult of the torrent, he gave me a look from his one little eye (having lost one in a fight

with a turkey-cock), a gaze of appealing sorrow, and then a loud quack to second it. But the quack came out of time, I suppose, for his throat got filled with water, as the hurdle carried him back again. And then there was scarcely the screw of his tail to be seen until he swung up again, and left small doubt by the way he spluttered, and failed to quack, and hung down his poor crest, but what he must drown in another minute, and frogs triumph over his body.

Annie was crying and wringing her hands, and I was about to rush into the water, although I liked not the look of it, but hoped to hold on by the hurdle, when a man on horse-back came suddenly round the corner of the great ash-hedge on the other side of the stream, and his horse's feet were in the water.

"Ho, there," he cried ; "get thee back, boy. The flood will carry thee down like a straw. I will do it for thee, and no trouble."

With that he leaned forward, and spoke to his mare—she was just of the tint of a strawberry, a young thing, very beautiful—and she arched up her neck, as misliking the job ; yet trusting him, would attempt it. She entered the flood, with her dainty forelegs sloped farther and farther in front of her, and her delicate ears pricked forward, and the size of her great eyes increasing ; but he kept her straight in the turbid rush, by the pressure of his knee on her. Then she looked back, and wondered at him, as the force of the torrent grew stronger, but he bade her go on ; and on she went, and it foamed up over her shoulders ; and she tossed up her lip and scorned it, for now her courage was waking.

Then, as the rush of it swept her away, and she struck with her fore-feet down the stream, he leaned from his saddle

in a manner which I never could have thought possible, and caught up old Tom with his left hand, and set him between his holsters, and smiled at his faint quack of gratitude. In a moment all three were carried down stream, and the rider lay flat on his horse, and tossed the hurdle clear from him, and made for the bend of smooth water.

They landed some thirty or forty yards lower, in the midst of our kitchen garden, where the winter cabbage was ; but though Annie and I crept in through the hedge, and were full of our thanks and admiring him, he would answer us never a word until he had spoken in full to the mare, as if explaining the whole to her.

“ Sweetheart, I know thou couldst have leaped it,” he said, as he patted her cheek, being on the ground by this time, and she was nudging up to him, with the water pattering off from her ; “ but I had good reason, Winne dear, for making thee go through it.”

She answered him kindly with her soft eyes, and sniffed at him very lovingly, and they understood one another. Then he took from his waistcoat two peppercorns, and made the old drake swallow them, and tried him softly upon his legs, where the leading gap in the hedge was. Old Tom stood up quite bravely, and clapped his wings, and shook off the wet from his tail feathers ; and then away into the courtyard, and his family gathered around him, and they all made a noise in their throats, and stood up, and put their bills together, to thank God for his great deliverance.

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#### NOTES FOR STUDY.

##### I.

RICHARD DODDRIDGE BLACKMORE (1825-1900) is a present-day writer of fiction. He is a graduate of Oxford University ; but, be-

cause of poor health, is engaged as a market-gardener near London. His masterpiece is the semi-historical novel, *Lorna Doone*, from which this selection is taken. Other works are: *Mary Anerley*, *Christowell*, *Perlycross*, and *Dariel*.

## II.

|  |  |
|--|--|
| BOYS'TER ING, noisy, acting like a                     | MEL'AN CHO LY, gloomy, very unhappy.                   |
| CHIV'AL RY, bravery, like that of the ancient knights. | PRE DIC'A MENT, a trying or puzzling position.         |
| CAD'DICE-WORM, larva or worm of a caddice-fly.         | HUR'DLE, a barrier as a gate, made of twigs or stakes. |
| HAULM, bare stems or stalks of plants.                 | DRAKE, a male duck.                                    |
| NUDG'ING, touching gently.                             | MAL'LARD, the common wild duck, a drake.               |

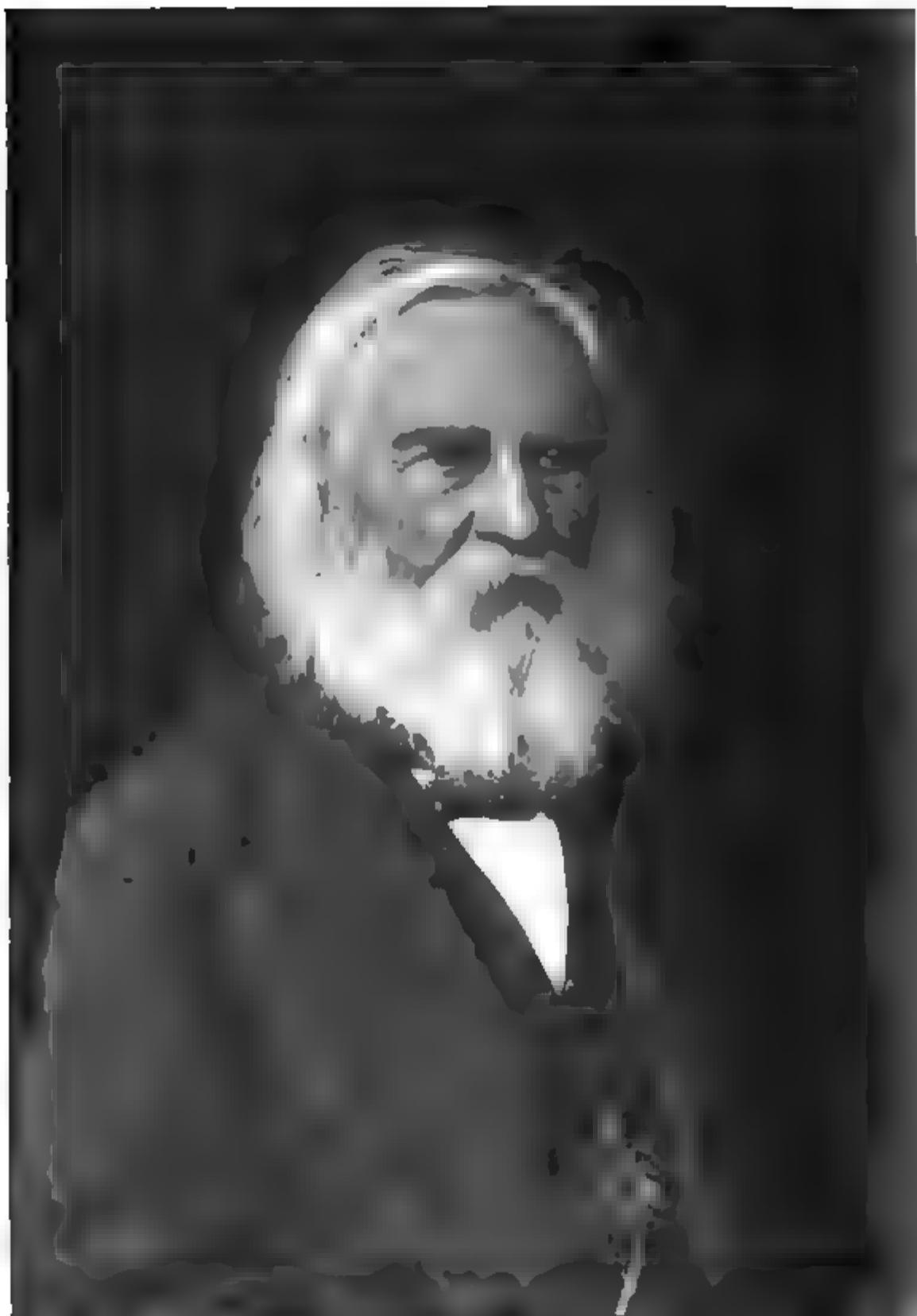
## VIII.—THE LEGEND BEAUTIFUL.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

“Hadst thou stayed, I must have fled !”  
That is what the Vision said.

In his chamber all alone,  
Kneeling on the floor of stone,  
Prayed the Monk in deep contrition  
For his sins of indecision,  
Prayed for greater self-denial  
In temptation and in trial ;  
It was noonday by the dial,  
And the Monk was all alone.

Suddenly, as if it lightened,  
An unwonted splendor brightened  
All within him and without him  
In that narrow cell of stone ;



HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

And he saw the Blessed Vision  
Of our Lord, with light Elysian,  
Like a vesture wrapped about Him,  
Like a garment round Him thrown.

Not as crucified and slain,  
Not in agonies of pain,  
Not with bleeding hands and feet,  
Did the Monk his Master see ;  
But as in the village street,  
In the house or harvest-field,  
Halt and lame and blind he healed,  
When He walked in Galilee.

In an attitude imploring,  
Hands upon his bosom crossed,  
Wondering, worshiping, adoring,  
Knelt the Monk in rapture lost.  
Lord, he thought, in heaven that reignest,  
Who am I, that thus Thou deignest  
To reveal Thyself to me ?  
Who am I, that from the center  
Of Thy glory Thou should enter  
This poor cell, my guest to be ?

Then amid his exaltation,  
Loud the convent bell appalling,  
From its belfry calling, calling,  
Rang through court and corridor  
With persistent iteration  
He had never heard before.  
It was now the appointed hour  
When, alike in shine or shower,

Winter's cold or summer's heat,  
 To the convent portals came  
 All the blind and halt and lame,  
 All the beggars of the street,  
 For their daily dole of food  
 Dealt them by the brotherhood ;  
 And their almoner was he  
 Who upon his bended knee,  
 Rapt in silent ecstasy  
 Of divinest self-surrender,  
 Saw the Vision and the Splendor.

Deep distress and hesitation  
 Mingled with his adoration ;  
 Should he go, or should he stay ?  
 Should he leave the poor to wait  
 Hungry at the convent gate,  
 Till the Vision passed away ?  
 Should he slight his radiant guest,  
 Slight this visitant celestial,  
 For a crowd of ragged, bestial  
 Beggars at the convent gate ?  
 Would the Vision there remain,  
 Would the Vision come again ?

Then a voice within his breast  
 Whispered audible and clear,  
 As if to the outward ear :  
 " Do thy duty ; that is best ;  
 Leave unto thy Lord the rest ! "

Straightway to his feet he started,  
And with longing look intent  
On the Blessed Vision bent,  
Slowly from his cell departed,  
Slowly on his errand went.

At the gate the poor were waiting,  
Looking through the iron grating,  
With that terror in the eye  
That is only seen in those  
Who amid their wants and woes  
Hear the sound of doors that close,  
And of feet that pass them by ;  
Grown familiar with disfavor,  
Grown familiar with the savor  
Of the bread by which men die !  
But to-day, they knew not why,  
Like the gate of Paradise  
Seemed the convent gate to rise,  
Like a sacrament divine  
Seemed to them the bread and wine.

In his heart the Monk was praying,  
Thinking of the homeless poor,  
What they suffer and endure ;  
What we see not, what we see ;  
And the inward voice was saying :  
“ Whatsoever thing thou doest  
To the least of mine and lowest,  
That thou doest unto me ! ”

Unto me ! but had the Vision  
 Come to him in beggar's clothing,  
 Come a mendicant imploring,  
 Would he then have knelt adoring,  
 Or have listened with derision,  
 And have turned away with loathing ?

Thus his conscience put the question,  
 Full of troublesome suggestion,  
 As at length, with hurried pace,  
 Toward his cell he turned his face,  
 And beheld the convent bright  
 With a supernatural light,  
 Like a luminous cloud expanding  
 Over floor and wall and ceiling.

But he paused with awe-struck feeling  
 At the threshold of his door,  
 For the vision still was standing  
 As he left it there before,  
 When the convent bell appalling,  
 From its belfry calling, calling,  
 Summoned him to feed the poor.  
 Through the long hour intervening  
 It had waited his return,  
 And he felt his bosom burn,  
 Comprehending all the meaning,  
 When the Blessed Vision said,  
 " Hadst thou stayed, I must have fled ! "

## NOTES FOR STUDY.

|   |   |
|---|---|
| CON TRI'TION, deep sorrow for sin.                | E LYS'I AN, heavenly.   |
| DEIGN ( <i>dān</i> ), worthy of notice.           | VEST'URE, a garment, clothing.                                |
| EX AL TA'TION, the act of raising high.           | COR'RI DOR, a gallery or passageway.                          |
| IT ER A'TION, repetition.                         | AL'MON ER, one who gives alms, especially in a religious way. |
| SA'VOR, taste, flavor.                            |   |
| THRESH'OLD, the door-sill, the place of entrance. | MEN'DI CANT, a beggar.  |

## IX.—A VIEW OF NIAGARA.

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON.

After wandering on some of our great lakes for many months, I bent my course toward the celebrated Falls of Niagara, being desirous of taking a sketch of them. This was not my first visit to them, and I hoped it would not be the last. Returning, as I then was, from a tedious journey, and possessing little more than some drawings of rare birds and plants, I reached the tavern at Niagara Falls in such plight as might have deterred many an individual from obtruding himself upon a circle of well-clad and, perhaps, well-bred society.

Months had passed since the last of my linen had been taken from my body and used to clean my gun. I was, in fact, covered just like one of the poorer class of Indians, and was rendered even more disagreeable to the eye of civilized man by not having, like them, plucked my beard or trimmed my hair in any way. Had Hogarth been living, he could not have found a fitter subject for a Robinson Crusoe. My beard covered my neck in front, my hair fell much lower at my back, the leather dress which I wore had for months stood in need of repair, a large knife hung at my side, a rusty tin box,

containing my drawings and colors and wrapped up in a worn-out blanket that had served me for a bed, was buckled to my shoulders.

To every one I must have seemed immersed in the depths of poverty, perhaps of despair. Nevertheless, as I cared little about my appearance during those happy rambles, I pushed into the sitting-room, unstrapped my burden and asked how soon breakfast would be ready. No one knew who I was, and the landlord, looking at me with an eye of close scrutiny, answered that breakfast would be on the table as soon as the company should come down from their rooms. I approached this important personage, told him of my avocations, and convinced him that he might feel safe as to remuneration.

He talked a good deal of the many artists who had visited the Falls that season, and he offered such accommodations as I might require to finish my drawings. He left me, and as I looked about the room I saw several views of the Falls, by which I was so disgusted that I suddenly came to my better senses. "What!" thought I; "have I come here to mimic Nature in her grandest enterprise, and add my caricature of one of the wonders of the world to those which I here see? No; I give up the vain attempt. I will look on these mighty cataracts, and imprint them where they alone can be represented—on my mind!"

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NOTES FOR STUDY.

I.

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON (1780-1851), a celebrated American student of birds, was born of French parents in Louisiana. His father encouraged the boy's love for drawing and for the study of nature, and at the age of fourteen sent him to Paris to study art. In early life

he lived in Pennsylvania. He published, in four large volumes, a work on *The Birds of America* with life-sized colored plates of over four hundred American birds. The work sold for one thousand dollars.

## II.

|                                     |  |
|-------------------------------------|--|
| PLIGHT, in a condition of distress. | OB TRUDE', to push into company        |
| SCRU'TI NY, a close examination.    | without being welcome.                 |
| AV O CA'TION, calling, employment.  | RE MU NER A'TION, pay, reward.         |
| Ho'GARTH, a noted English painter.  | MIM'IC, to imitate.                    |
|                                     | CAR'I CA TURE, an exaggerated picture. |

## X.—THOU WILT NEVER GROW OLD.

E. C. HOWARTH.

Thou wilt never grow old,  
 Nor weary, nor sad, in the home of thy birth.  
 My beautiful lily, thy leaves will unfold  
 In a clime that is purer and brighter than earth.  
 O holy and fair ! I rejoice thou art there,  
 In that kingdom of light with its cities of gold,  
 Where the air thrills with angel hosannas, and where  
 Thou wilt never grow old, love ;  
 Never grow old !

I am a pilgrim, with sorrow and sin  
 Haunting my footsteps wherever I go ;  
 Life is a warfare my title to win ;  
 Well will it be if it end not in woe.  
 Pray for me, sweet : I am laden with care ;  
 Dark are my garments with mildew and mould :  
 Thou, my bright angel, art sinless and fair,  
 And wilt never grow old, love ;  
 Never grow old !

Now canst thou hear from thy home in the skies

    All the fond words I am whispering to thee?

Dost thou look down on me with the soft eyes

    That greeted me oft ere thy spirit was free?

So I believe, though the shadows of time

    Hide the bright spirit I yet shall behold:

Thou wilt still love me, and—pleasure sublime!—

    Thou wilt never grow old, love;

        Never grow old!

Thus wilt thou be when the pilgrim grown gray,

    Weeps when the vines from the hearthstone are riven:

Faith shall behold thee as pure as the day

    Thou wert torn from the earth and transplanted in heaven,

O holy and fair! I rejoice thou art there,

    In that kingdom of light with its cities of gold,

Where the air thrills with angel hosannas, and where

    Thou wilt never grow old, love;

        Never grow old!

## XI.—LIBERTY AND UNION.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

I profess, sir, in my career hitherto, to have kept steadily in view the prosperity and honor of the whole country, and the preservation of our Federal Union. It is to that Union we owe our safety at home, and our consideration and dignity abroad. It is to that Union we are chiefly indebted for whatever makes us most proud of our country. That Union we reached only by the discipline of our virtues, in the severe school of adversity.

It had its origin in the necessities of disordered finance, prostrate commerce, and ruined credit. Under its benign influences, these great interests immediately awoke, as from the dead, and sprang forth with newness of life. Every year of its duration has teemed with fresh proofs of its utility and its blessings ; and although our territory has stretched out wider and wider, and our population spread farther and farther, they have not outrun its protection or its benefits. It has been to us all a copious fountain of national, social, personal happiness.

I have not allowed myself, sir, to look beyond the Union, to see what might lie hidden in the dark recess behind. I have not coolly weighed the chances of preserving liberty when the bonds that unite us together shall be broken asunder. I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion, to see whether, with my short sight, I can fathom the depth of the abyss below ; nor could I regard him as a safe counsellor in the affairs of this Government whose thoughts should be mainly bent on considering, not how the Union should be best preserved, but how tolerable might be the condition of the people when it shall be broken up and destroyed.

While the Union lasts we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and for our children. Beyond that I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant that, in my day at least, that curtain may not rise ! God grant that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind ! When my eyes shall be turned to behold, for the last time, the sun in Heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union ; on States, severed, discordant, belligerent ; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood !

Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the Republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured,—bearing, for its motto, no such miserable interrogatory as “What is all this worth?”—nor those other words of delusion and folly, “Liberty first and Union afterward,”—but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart—Liberty *and* Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!

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#### NOTES FOR STUDY.

##### I.

DANIEL WEBSTER (1782–1852) was born at Salisbury, now Franklin, New Hampshire, and educated at Dartmouth College. He practised law and for two terms represented New Hampshire in Congress. Afterward he removed to Boston and became a Senator from Massachusetts. He was twice Secretary of State and later a presidential aspirant. In Congress he became distinguished as the greatest American orator. His chief efforts were his Plymouth Rock and Bunker Hill orations and his speech in reply to Hayne, from which this selection is taken. His literary fame rests upon his published speeches which fill six large volumes.

##### II.

BE NIGN', gentle, kind.

FATH'OM, to measure, to find the bottom.

FEUD (*fūd*), a quarrel, deadly hatred, strife.

CO'PI OUS, plentiful, bountiful.

A BYSS', a bottomless depth.

BEL LIG'ER ENT, war-like.

EN'SIGN, a flag of a country.

TRO'PHY, a sign of victory.

## XII.—UNION AND LIBERTY.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Lord of the universe ! shield us and guide us !  
 Trusting thee always through shadow and sun,  
 Thou hast united us ! Who shall divide us ?  
 Keep us, oh, keep us the many in one.  
 Up with our banner bright,  
 Sprinkled with starry light !  
 Spread its fair emblem from mountain to shore ;  
 While through the sounding sky  
 Loud rings the nation's cry,  
 Union and liberty ! One evermore !

## XIII.—OLD IRONSIDES.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down !  
 Long has it waved on high,  
 And many an eye has danced to see  
 That banner in the sky ;  
 Beneath it rang the battle shout,  
 And burst the cannon's roar ;  
 The meteor of the ocean air  
 Shall sweep the clouds no more !

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,  
 Where knelt the vanquished foe,  
 When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,  
 And waves were white below,  
 No more shall feel the victor's tread,  
 Or know the conquered knee ;  
 The harpies of the shore shall pluck  
 The eagle of the sea !

O better that her shattered hulk  
 Should sink beneath the wave !  
 Her thunders shook the mighty deep,  
 And there should be her grave !  
 Nail to the mast her holy flag,  
 Set every threadbare sail,  
 And give her to the god of storms,  
 The lightning and the gale !

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## NOTES FOR STUDY.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES (1809-1894) was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and educated at Harvard College. He afterward studied medicine and became a professor in the Harvard Medical School. Most of his poetry has been called forth by special occasions, notably *Old Ironsides*, which was written to prevent the destruction of the frigate *Constitution*. Besides numerous scientific papers and occasional poems, Dr. Holmes wrote *Elsie Venner*, *The Guardian Angel*, and *A Mortal Antipathy*, and several series of papers for the *Atlantic Monthly*.—*The Autocrat at the Breakfast Table*, *The Professor at the Breakfast Table*, *The Poet at the Breakfast Table*, and *Over the Teacups*. He is one of the most brilliant and witty of American writers, with an undercurrent of keen observations on life.

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## XIV.—THE LAUNCH OF THE SHIP.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

Then the master,  
 With a gesture of command,  
 Waved his hand.  
 And at the word,  
 Loud and sudden there was heard,  
 All around them and below,  
 The sound of hammers, blow on blow,

Knocking away the shores and spurs.  
And see!—she stirs!  
She starts! she moves! she seems to feel  
The thrill of life along her keel!  
And, spurning with her foot the ground,  
With one exulting, joyous bound,  
She leaps into the ocean's arms!

And lo! from the assembled crowd  
There rose a shout, prolonged and loud,  
That to the ocean seemed to say,  
“Take her, O Bridegroom, old and gray,  
Take her to thy protecting arms,  
With all her youth and all her charms!”  
How beautiful she is! How fair  
She lies within those arms, that press  
Her form with many a soft caress  
Of tenderness and watchful care!  
Sail forth into the sea, O ship!  
Through wind and wave, right onward steer;  
The moistened eye, the trembling lip,  
Are not the signs of doubt or fear.

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!  
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!  
Humanity, with all its fears,  
With all the hopes of future years,  
Is hanging breathless on thy fate.  
We know what Master laid thy keel—  
What workmen wrought thy ribs of steel—  
Who made each mast and sail and rope;

What anvils rang, what hammers beat ;  
 In what a forge, and what a heat,  
 Were shaped the anchors of thy hope.

Fear not each sudden sound and shock—  
 'Tis of the wave, and not the rock ;  
 'Tis but the flapping of the sail,  
 And not a rent made by the gale.  
 In spite of rock and tempest's roar,  
 In spite of false lights on the shore,  
 Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea.  
 Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee ;  
 Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,  
 Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,  
 Are all with thee—are all with thee !

---

#### XV.—NEVER-ENDING PROGRESS.

BISHOP SPALDING.

It is a man's chief blessedness that there lie in his nature infinite possibilities of growth. The growth of animals comes quickly to an end, and when they cease to grow they cease to be joyful; but man, whose bodily development even is slow, is capable of rising to wider knowledge and purer love through unending ages. Hence, even when he is old—if he has lived for what is great and exalted—his mind is clear, his heart is tender, and his soul is glad.

Only those races are noble, only those individuals are worthy, who yield without reserve to the power of this impulse to ceaseless progress. Behold how the race from which we have sprung—the Aryan—breaks forth into ever new developments of strength and beauty in Greece, in Italy, in France, in England, in Germany, in America; creating

literature, philosophy, science, art ; receiving Christian truth, and through its aid rising to diviner heights of wisdom, power, love, and knowledge.

And so there are individuals—and they are born to teach and rule—for whom to live is to grow ; who, forgetting what they have been and what they are, think ever only of becoming more and more. Their education is never finished ; their development is never complete ; their work is never done.

From victories won they look forward with confidence to other battle-fields ; from every height of knowledge they peer into the widening nescience ; from all achievements and possessions they turn away toward the unapproachable Infinite to whom they are drawn. Walking in the shadow of the too great light of God, they are illumined and they are darkened.

This made Newton think his knowledge ignorance ; this makes St. Paul think his heroic virtue naught. Oh, blessed men, who make us feel that we are of the race of God ; who measure and weigh the heavens ; who love with boundless love ; who toil and are patient ; who teach us that workers can wait. They are in love with life ; they yearn for fuller life. Life is good, and the highest life is God ; and wherever man grows in knowledge, wisdom, strength ; in faith, hope and love ; he walks in the way of heaven.

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#### NOTES FOR STUDY.

##### I.

JOHN LANCASTER SPALDING (1840—) is the Roman Catholic bishop of Peoria. He was educated at Mt. St. Mary's College and at Louvain University in Belgium. Bishop Spalding is the author of *Life of Most Rev. M. J. Spalding, Archbishop of Baltimore*, and of several works on education that are attracting wide attention. He discusses education from the Christian point of view.

## II.

|  |  |
|--|--|
| AR'YAN, one of the earliest of<br>the white races, hence the same<br>as Caucasian. | NES'CIENCE, ignorance, want of<br>knowledge. |
| PEER, to look steadily.  | IL LU'MINE, to light up.                     |

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## XVI.—TO A WATERFOWL.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

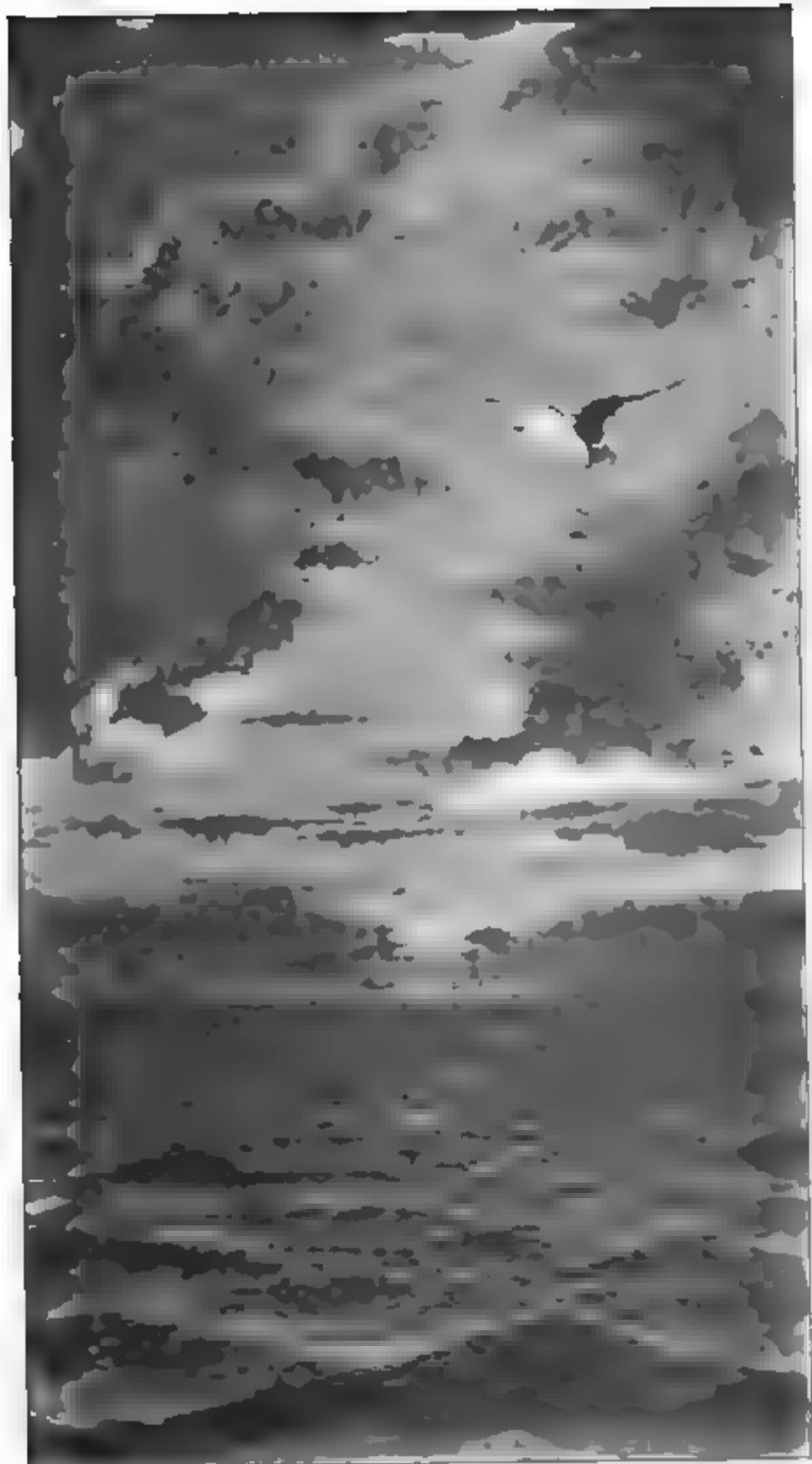
Whither, midst falling dew,  
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,  
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue  
Thy solitary way ?

Vainly the fowler's eye  
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,  
As, darkly seen against the crimson sky,  
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink  
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,  
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink  
On the chafed ocean-side ?

There is a Power whose care  
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast—  
The desert and the illimitable air—  
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,  
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,  
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,  
Though the dark night is near.



And soon that toil shall end ;  
 Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,  
 And scream among thy fellows ; reeds shall bend  
 Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone ; the abyss of heaven  
 Hath swallowed up thy form ; yet on my heart  
 Deeply has sunk the lesson thou hast given,  
 And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,  
 Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,  
 In the long way that I must tread alone,  
 Will lead my steps aright.

---

#### NOTES FOR STUDY.

##### I.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT (1794-1878), a distinguished poet and journalist, was born in Hampshire, Mass. He was only ten when his first work was published, and but eighteen when he composed *Thanatosis*. For ten years he practised law, after which, in company with a friend, he established the *New York Review*. He was also editor of the *New York Evening Post*. Some of his works are: *The Fountain and other Poems*, *Letters of a Traveler in Europe and America*, metrical translations of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, and a *History of the United States*. Bryant was a true lover of nature, and his poetry conveys the impressions awakened by our mountains, lakes, and streams.

##### II.

|  |                                      |
|--|--------------------------------------|
| FOWL'ER, one who hunts wild fowls, a gunner for birds. | CHAFED (chāf'd) worn by rubbing.     |
| PLASH'Y, watery, splashy.                              | IL LIM'IT A BLE, without a boundary. |
| MARGE, same as margin, border.                         |                                      |

## XVII.—JERUSALEM.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

Jerusalem stands upon the point of the long reach of table-land over which we had approached it, as upon a promontory. The ravines between the city and the adjacent hills are the valleys of Jehoshaphat and Hinnom. The Mount of Olives is the highest of these adjacent hills, and commands Jerusalem. It is crowned by a convent, deserted now, and at its foot toward the city, on the shore of the brook Kedron, is the garden of Gethsemane, a small white-walled inclosure of old olives.

There are no roads about the city. It is not accessible for carriages, nor would its narrow streets permit them to pass. This profound silence characterizes all the Eastern cities, in which wheels do not roar, nor steam shriek, and it invests them, by contrast, with a wonderful charm. The ways that lead to the gates of Jerusalem are horse-paths, like dry water-courses.

No dwellings cluster about the city, except the village of Siloam,—a group of gray stone houses on the steep side of the deepest part of the valley of Jehoshaphat. In that valley also is the tomb of Absalom,—a clumsy structure, but one of the most conspicuous objects outside of the walls,—and the graves of the Jews covered with flat slabs, the great number of which crowded together seems to pave parts of the valley. Pools and fountains are there also, sacred in all Christian memories.

Toward the south-east from the city, the mountain lines are depressed, and the eye escapes to the dim vastness of the Moab Mountains, brooding over the Dead Sea. From the Mount of Olives you see the Dead Sea, dark and misty, and

solemn, like Swiss lakes seen from mountains among mountains. The hill-sides around the city are desolate.

But in the valley bottoms, on the soil that has washed from the hills, are olive groves, and in the largest and fairest stands a ruin of no great antiquity, but picturesque and graceful among the trees. This ruin and the mossy greenness and fresh foliage around the pool where "the waters of Siloam go softly" are the only objects which are romantic rather than grave in the melancholy landscape.

These are the features of that bright and arid, but still melancholy, landscape. It lies hushed in awe and desolation; and sad as itself are the feelings with which you regard it. One only figure is in your mind; but, remembering him and all his personal and traditional relations with the city, the single pure romance which flashes across the gravity of its history returns to you as you gaze. Looking wistfully from the walls, you hear again, as under the olive-trees in the mountains, the barbaric clang of the Crusaders' army. Listen, and listen long. The finest strain you hear is not the clash of arms or the peal of trumpets.

The hush of this modern noon is filled with the murmurous sound of chanted Psalms; and along the olive valleys, toward Mount Olivet, you see the slow procession of the Christian host, not with banners, but with crosses, to-day, pouring on in sacred pomp, singing hymns; and the hearts of the Saracens within the walls are chilled by that strange battle-cry.

Night and silence follow. Under the Syrian stars, this motley host, driven by fierce religious fury from the whole civilized world, kneels in its camp around Jerusalem, singing and praising God. The holy sound dies while we listen, and the clash of arms arises, with the sun, upon the air.

Jerusalem bleeds rivers of blood, that flow down the steep mountain sides, and a roar more terrible than the raging sea curdles the hot silence of noon. The clash of arms dies, with the sun, upon the air. No muezzin at twilight calls to prayer. But in the court of the Temple, ten thousand of his faith lie slain, and the advancing Crusaders ride to their horses' bellies in blood. It is the 15th of July, 1099; and that evening Jerusalem is, for the first time, properly a Christian city.

But once more, while we yet stand lost in these memories of the city, an odor, as of rose-water, sweetens the air. The Christian bells have ceased ringing suddenly. A long procession files from the gates, and the muezzin again vibrates through the city. It is Saladin, Sultan of the Saracens, who is purifying the mosque of Omar, who is melting the Christian bells, and dragging the Christain cross through the mire; but who, receiving the Christian prisoners with gracious courtesy, repays their sanguinary madness with oriental generosity, sending them away loaded with presents, and retaining in the city the military friars of St. John to nurse the sick.

Thus bold and defined, like its landscape, are your first emotions in Jerusalem. But while you stand and see the last pomp of its history pitching its phantom-camp around the city, the sun is setting. The bare landscape fades away; around you are domes and roofs, and beyond the walls you see the convent of the Mount of Olives.

Thoughts more solemn than these romantic dreams throw their long shadows across your mind, even as the shadows of the minarets fall upon the silent city. Again, you see the waving of palm-boughs, and a faint cry of hosanna trembles

in the twilight. Again, that figure rides slowly in at the golden gate, and you hear the voice,—“Daughter of Zion, behold thy King cometh!”

## NOTES FOR STUDY.

## I.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS (1824-1892) was born in Rhode Island. As a boy he was a clerk in New York, and at eighteen he entered the Brook Farm Community. After extensive travel in Egypt, he returned and wrote *Nile Notes of a Howadji*. He gained considerable celebrity as a lecturer and essayist. For many years he sat in “The Easy Chair” of *Harper’s Monthly* and was editor of *Harper’s Weekly*. Other notable works are: *The Potiphar Papers*, *True and I*, and *Trumpets*. He is one of our most graceful essayists.

## II.

|  |  |
|--|--|
| CON SPIC’U OUS, open to view,                            | PROM’ON TO RY, a high point of rock extending into the water.                                  |
| AD JA’CENT, lying near, adjoining.                       | AR’ID (är’id), dry.  |
| GRAV’I TY, seriousness.                                  | CRU SA’DER, one engaged in an attempt to capture the place of Christ’s death from the heathen. |
| MU EZ’ZIN, a Mohammedan crier of the hour of prayer.     | FRI’ARS, members of a religious order.   |
| SAN’GUI NA RY, bloody.                                   |  |
| MIN’A RETS, slender, lofty towers on Mohammedan mosques. |  |

## III.

|   |   |
|---|---|
| AB’SA LOM, the third son of David, was a handsome but wild youth. He was slain by Joab. | SAL’A DIN, Sultan of Egypt and Syria (1137-1193), defeated the Christians in the great battle of Tiberias in 1187. He captured Jerusalem the same year. The third Crusade stopped his victories and defeated him at Acre in 1191. |
| GETH SEM’A NE, a famous garden on the slopes of the Mount of Olives.                    |   |
| SAR’A CENS, the Mohammedans who opposed the Crusaders in the Middle Ages.               |   |

## XVIII.—JERUSALEM BY MOONLIGHT.

BENJAMIN DISRAELI.

The broad moon lingers on the summit of Mount Olivet, but its beam has long left the garden of Gethsemane and the tomb of Absalom, the waters of Kedron, and the dark abyss of Jehoshaphat. Full falls its splendor, however, on the opposite city, vivid and defined in its silver blaze. A lofty wall, with turrets and towers and frequent gates, undulates with the unequal ground which it covers, as it encircles the lost capital of Jehovah.

It is a city of hills far more famous than those of Rome ; for all Europe has heard of Zion and of Calvary, while the Arab and the Assyrian, and the tribes and nations beyond are as ignorant of the Capitoline and Aventine mounts as they are of the Malvern or the Chiltern hills.

The broad steep of Zion, crowned with the tower of David ; nearer still, Mount Moriah, with the gorgeous temple of the God of Abraham, but built, alas, by the child of Hagar, and not by Sarah's chosen one ; close to its cedars and its cypresses, its lofty spires and airy arches, the moonlight falls upon Bethesda's pool ; farther on, entered by the gate of St. Stephen, the eye, though 'tis the noon of night, traces with ease the Street of Grief, a long winding ascent to a vast cupolaed pile that now covers Calvary, called the Street of Grief because there the most illustrious of the human as well as of the Hebrew race, the descendant of King David, and the divine Son of the most favored of women, twice sank under that burden of suffering and shame which is now throughout all Christendom the emblem of triumph and of honor.

Passing over groups and masses of houses built of stone, with terraced roofs, or surmounted with small domes, we reach the hill of Salem, where Melchizedek, king and prophet, built his mystic citadel ; and still remains the hill of Scopas, where Titus gazed upon Jerusalem on the eve of his final assault. Titus destroyed the temple. The religion of Judæa has in turn subverted the fanes which were raised to his father and to himself in their imperial capital ; and the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob is now worshipped before every altar in Rome.

Jerusalem by moonlight ! 'Tis a fine spectacle, apart from all its indissoluble associations of awe and beauty. The mitigating hour softens the austerity of a mountain landscape, magnificent in outline, however harsh and severe in detail ; and, while it retains all its sublimity, removes much of the savage sternness of the strange and unrivalled scene. A fortified city, almost surrounded by ravines, and rising in the centre of chains of far-spreading hills, occasionally offering, through their rocky glens, the gleams of a distant and richer land !

The moon has sunk behind the Mount of Olives, and the stars in the darker sky shine doubly bright over the sacred city. The all-pervading stillness is broken by a breeze that seems to have traveled over the plain of Sharon from the sea. It wails among the tombs, and sighs among the cypress groves. The palm-tree trembles, as it passes, as if it were a spirit of woe. Is it the breeze that has traveled over the plain of Sharon from the sea ? Or is it the haunting voice of prophets mourning over the city that they could not save ? Their spirits surely would linger on the land where their Creator had deigned to dwell, and over whose impending fate

Omnipotence had shed human tears. From this Mount who can but believe that, at the midnight hour, from the summit of the Ascension, the great departed of Israel assemble to gaze upon the battlements of their mystic city?

There might be counted heroes and sages, who need shrink from no rivalry with the brightest and the wisest of other lands; but the law-giver of the time of the Pharaohs, whose laws are still obeyed; the monarch whose reign has ceased for three thousand years, but whose wisdom is a proverb in all nations of the earth; the teacher whose doctrines have modelled civilized Europe—the greatest of legislators, the greatest of administrators, and the greatest of reformers—what race, extinct or living, can produce three such men as these?

The last light is extinguished in the village of Bethany. The wailing breeze has become a moaning wind; a white film spreads over the purple sky; the stars are veiled, the stars are hid; all becomes as dark as the waters of Kedron and the valley of Jehoshaphat. The tower of David merges into obscurity; no longer glitter the minarets of the mosque of Omar; Bethesda's angelic waters, the gate of Stephen, the street of Sacred Sorrow, the hill of Salem, and the heights of Scopas, can no longer be discerned. Alone in the increasing darkness, while the very line of the walls gradually eludes the eye, the church of the Holy Sepulchre is a beacon light.

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NOTES FOR STUDY.

I.

**BENJAMIN DISRAELI**, Earl of Beaconsfield (1805–1881), was born in London and received a careful private education. He early began to write novels and political essays and became a conservative politician. Because of his ridiculous gestures in his maiden speech in Parliament

he was compelled to sit down, but only after giving this prophecy: "I shall sit down now, but the time will come when you shall hear me." Thirty years later, Disraeli became Premier of England. He is the author of *Vivian Grey*, *The Young Duke*, *Coningsby*, and many other novels.

## II.

UN'DU LATE, to move up and down, as the waves of the sea.  
 CU'PO LA, a round roof, a dome.  
 SUB VERT', to overthrow, to ruin.  
 FANES, temples, churches.  
 MIT'I GATE, to soften, to render less harsh.

AUS TER'I TY, harshness, strictness.  
 CAP'I TO LINE and AV'EN TINE, hills of ancient Rome.  
 MAL'VERN and CHIL'TERN, hills of England.

## XIX.—ABSALOM.

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.

The waters slept. Night's silvery veil hung low  
 On Jordan's bosom, and the eddies curled  
 Their glassy rings beneath it, like the still,  
 Unbroken beating of the sleeper's pulse.  
 The reeds bent down the stream ; the willow leaves,  
 With a soft cheek upon the lulling tide,  
 Forgot the lifting winds ; and the long stems,  
 Whose flowers the water, like a gentle nurse,  
 Bears on its bosom, quietly gave way,  
 And leaned in graceful attitudes to rest.  
 How strikingly the course of nature tells,  
 By its light heed of human suffering,  
 That it was fashioned for a happier world !

King David's limbs were weary. He had fled  
 From far Jerusalem ; and now he stood,

With his faint people, for a little rest,  
Upon the shore of Jordan. The light wind  
Of morn was stirring, and he bared his brow  
To its refreshing breath ; for he had worn  
The mourner's covering, and he had not felt  
That he could see his people until now.  
They gathered round him on the fresh green bank,  
And spoke their kindly words ; and as the sun  
Rose up in heaven, he knelt among them there,  
And bowed his head upon his hands to pray.  
Oh, when the heart is full—when bitter thoughts  
Come crowding thickly up for utterance,  
And the poor, common words of courtesy  
Are such an empty mockery—how much  
The bursting heart may pour itself in prayer !

He prayed for Israel ; and his voice went up  
Strongly and fervently. He prayed for those  
Whose love had been his shield ; and his deep tones  
Grew tremulous. But oh ! for Absalom—  
For his estranged, misguided Absalom—  
The proud, bright being who had burst away  
In all his princely beauty, to defy  
The heart that cherished him—for him he poured,  
In agony that would not be controlled,  
Strong supplication, and forgave him there,  
Before his God, for his deep sinfulness. . . .

The pall was settled. He who slept beneath  
Was straightened for the grave ; and as the folds  
Sunk to the still proportions, they betrayed  
The matchless symmetry of Absalom.

His hair was yet unshorn, and silken curls  
 Were floating round the tassels as they swayed  
 To the admitted air, as glossy now  
 As when, in hours of gentle dalliance, bathing  
 The snowy fingers of Judea's daughters.  
 His helm was at his feet ; his banner, soiled  
 With trailing through Jerusalem, was laid,  
 Reversed, beside him ; and the jeweled hilt,  
 Whose diamonds lit the passage of his blade,  
 Rested, like mockery, on his covered brow.

The soldiers of the King trod to and fro,  
 Clad in the garb of battle ; and their chief,  
 The mighty Joab, stood beside the bier,  
 And gazed upon the dark pall steadfastly,  
 As if he feared the slumberer might stir.  
 A slow step startled him. He grasped his blade  
 As if a trumpet rang ; but the bent form  
 Of David entered, and he gave command,  
 In a low tone, to his few followers,  
 And left him with his dead. The King stood still  
 Till the last echo died ; then, throwing off  
 The sackcloth from his brow, and laying back  
 The pall from the still features of his child,  
 He bowed his head upon him, and broke forth  
 In the resistless eloquence of woe :

“ Alas, my noble boy, that thou shouldst die !  
 Thou, who wert made so beautifully fair !  
 That death should settle in thy glorious eye,  
 And leave his stillness in this clustering hair !

How could he mark thee for the silent tomb,  
My proud boy, Absalom ?

“Cold is thy brow, my son, and I am chill  
As to my bosom I have tried to press thee !  
How I was wont to feel my pulses thrill,  
Like a rich harp string, yearning to caress thee,  
And hear thy sweet ‘*My father!*’ from these dumb  
And cold lips, Absalom !

“But death is on thee. I shall hear the gush  
Of music, and the voices of the young ;  
And life will pass me in the mantling blush,  
And the dark tresses to the soft winds flung—  
But thou, no more, with thy sweet voice, shalt come  
To meet me, Absalom !

“And oh ! when I am stricken, and my heart,  
Like a bruised reed, is waiting to be broken,  
How will its love for thee, as I depart,  
Yearn for thine ear to drink its last deep token !  
It were so sweet, amid death’s gathering gloom,  
To see thee, Absalom !

“And now, farewell ! ‘Tis hard to give thee up,  
With death so like a gentle slumber on thee ;  
And thy dark sin ! Oh, I could drink the cup,  
If from this woe its bitterness had won thee.  
May God have called thee, like a wanderer, home,  
My lost boy, Absalom !”

He covered up his face, and bowed himself  
 A moment on his child ; then, giving him  
 A look of melting tenderness, he clasped  
 His hands convulsively, as if in prayer ;  
 And, as if strength were given him of God,  
 He rose up calmly, and composed the pall  
 Firmly and decently, and left him there,  
 As if his rest had been a breathing sleep.

## NOTES FOR STUDY.

## I.

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS (1807-1867) was born in Portland, Maine, and educated at Yale College. While still in college he received a prize for his *Scriptural Poems*. He was contributor, publisher, and editor of several periodicals. His collected works in prose and verse fill twenty-seven volumes. He was an artistic writer, ready in expression, with a quaint and graceful humor, or a deep and touching pathos.

## II.

|   |   |
|---|---|
| ED'DY, a current of water running<br>in a circle.     | SUP PLI CA'TION, prayer, petition.                            |
| COUR'TE SY, politeness, good man-<br>ners.            | SYM'ME TRY, well proportioned.                                |
| ES TRANGE', to cease to be friendly,<br>to turn from. | DAL'LI ANCE, fondling, caressing.<br>HILT, handle of a sword. |

## XX.—REVERIES OF A BACHELOR.

DONALD GRANT MITCHELL.

Isabel and I—she is my cousin, and is seven years old, and I am ten—are sitting together on the bank of the stream, under an oak-tree that leans half-way over to the water. I am much stronger than she, and taller by a head. I hold in

my hands a little alder rod, with which I am fishing for the roach and minnows that play in the pool below us.

She is watching the cork tossing on the water, or playing with the captured fish that lie upon the bank. She has auburn ringlets, that fall down upon her shoulders; and her straw hat lies back upon them, held only by the strip of ribbon that passes under her chin. But the sun does not shine upon her head; for the oak-tree above us is full of leaves; and only here and there a dimple of the sunlight plays upon the pool where I am fishing.

Her eye is hazel and bright; and now and then she turns it on me with a look of girlish curiosity, as I lift up my rod—and again in playful menace, as she grasps in her little fingers one of the dead fish, and threatens to throw it back upon the stream. Her little feet hang over the edge of the bank; and from time to time she reaches down to dip her toe into the water, and laughs a girlish laugh of defiance, as I scold her for frightening away the fishes.

“Bella,” I say, “what if you should tumble into the river?”

“But I will not.”

“Yes, but if you should?”

“Why, then you would pull me out.”

“But if I would not pull you out?”

“But I know you would; wouldn’t you, Paul?”

“What makes you think so, Bella?”

“Because you love Bella.”

“How do you know I love Bella?”

“Because once you told me so; and because you pick flowers for me that I cannot reach; and because you let me take your rod when you have a fish upon it.”

“But that’s no reason, Bella.”

“Then what is, Paul?”

“I am sure I don’t know, Bella.”

A little fish has been nibbling for a long time at the bait; the cork has been bobbing up and down—and now he is fairly hooked, and pulls away toward the bank, and you cannot see the cork.

“Here, Bella, quick!”—and she springs eagerly to clasp her little hands around the rod. But the fish has dragged it away on the other side of me; and as she reaches farther and farther, she slips, cries—“Oh, Paul!”—and falls into the water.

The stream, they told us, when we came, was over a man’s head;—it is surely over little Isabel’s. I fling down the rod, and thrusting one hand into the roots that support the overhanging bank, I grasp at her hat, as she comes up; but the ribbons give way, and I see the terribly earnest look upon her face as she goes down again. “Oh, my mother!”—thought I—“if you were only here!”

But she rises again; this time I thrust my hand into her dress, and, struggling hard, keep her at the top, until I can place my foot down upon a projecting root; and so bracing myself, I drag her to the bank, and having climbed up, take hold of her belt firmly with both hands, and drag her out; and poor Isabel, choked, chilled, and wet, is lying upon the grass.

I commence crying aloud. The workmen in the fields hear me, and come down. One takes Isabel in his arms, and I follow on foot to our uncle’s home upon the hill.

“Oh, my children!” says my mother, and she takes Isabel in her arms; and presently, with dry clothes and blazing

wood-fire, little Bella smiles again; I am at my mother's knee.

"I told you so, Paul," says Isabel. "Aunty, doesn't Paul love me?"

"I hope so, Bella," said my mother.

"I know so," said I; and kissed her cheek.

And how did I know it? The boy does not ask; the man does. Oh, the freshness, the honesty, the vigor of a boy's heart!—how the memory of it refreshes like the first gush of spring, or the break of an April shower!

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#### NOTES FOR STUDY.

##### I.

DONALD GRANT MITCHELL, "Ik Marvel" (1822—), lives at Edgewood Farm, near New Haven, Conn. He was educated at Yale College, has traveled extensively in Europe, and for two years was United States consul at Venice. He is the author of *Dream Life*, *Reveries of a Bachelor*, *My Farm at Edgewood*, *English Lands*, *Letters and Kings*. His style is remarkable for its ease and gracefulness.

##### II.

AU'BURN, reddish-brown.

HA'ZEL, light brown.

PRO JECT'ING, jutting, extending  
beyond something else.

DIM'PLE, a slight natural hollow  
in cheek or chin.

MEN'ACE, to threaten.

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#### XXI.—THE BATTLE OF THE ANTS.

HENRY DAVID THOREAU.

One day when I went out to my wood-pile, or rather my pile of stumps, I observed two large ants, the one red, the other much larger, nearly half an inch long, and black, fiercely contending with one another. Having once got hold, they

never let go, but struggled and wrestled and rolled on the chips incessantly.

Looking farther, I was surprised to find that the chips were covered with such combatants ; that it was not a *duellum*, but a *bellum*—a war between two races of ants, the red always pitted against the black, and frequently two red ones to one black. The legions of these myrmidons covered all the hills and vales in my wood-yard, and the ground was already strewn with the dead and dying, both red and black.

It was the only battle which I have ever witnessed, the only battlefield I ever trod while the battle was raging ; internecine war—the red republicans on the one hand, and the black imperialists on the other. On every side they were engaged in deadly combat, yet without any noise that I could hear ; and human soldiers never fought so resolutely.

I watched a couple that were fast locked in each other's embrace, in a little sunny valley amid the chips, now at noon-day prepared to fight till the sun went down or life went out. The smaller red champion had fastened himself like a vise to his adversary's front, and through all the tumblings on that field never for an instant ceased to gnaw at one of his feelers near the root, having already caused the other to go by the board ; while the stronger black one dashed him from side to side, and, as I saw on looking nearer, had already divested him of several of his members.

They fought with more pertinacity than bull-dogs. Neither manifested the least disposition to retreat. It was evident that their battle-cry was “Conquer, or die !” In the meanwhile, there came along a single red ant on the hill-side of this valley, evidently full of excitement, who either had dispatched his foe, or had not yet taken part in the battle—prob-

ably the latter, for he had lost none of his limbs—whose mother had charged him to return with his shield or upon it.

Or perchance he was some Achilles, who had nourished his wrath apart, and had now come to avenge or rescue his Patroclus. He saw this unequal combat from afar—for the blacks were nearly twice the size of the reds. He drew near with rapid pace till he stood on his guard within half an inch of the combatants; then, watching his opportunity, he sprang upon the black warrior, and commenced his operations near the root of his right foreleg, leaving the foe to select among his own members; and so there were three united for life, as if a new kind of attraction had been invented which put all other locks and cements to shame.

I should not have wondered by this time to find that they had their respective musical bands stationed on some eminent chip, and playing their national airs the while, to excite the slow and cheer the dying combatants. I was myself excited somewhat, even as if they had been men. The more you think of it, the less the difference. And certainly there is not the fight recorded in Concord history at least, if in the history of America, that will bear a moment's comparison with this, whether for the numbers engaged in it, or for the patriotism and heroism displayed.

For numbers and for carnage it was an Austerlitz or Dresden. I have no doubt that it was a principle they fought for, as much as our ancestors, and not to avoid a three-penny tax on their tea; and the results of this battle will be as important and memorable to those whom it concerns, as those of the battle of Bunker Hill, at least.

I took up the chip on which the three I have particularly described were struggling, carried it into my house, and

placed it under a tumbler on my window-sill, in order to see the issue. Holding a microscope to the first-mentioned red ant, I saw that, though he was assiduously gnawing at the near fore-leg of his enemy, having severed his remaining feeler, his own breast was all torn away, exposing what vitals he had there to the jaws of the black warrior, whose breast-plate was apparently too thick for him to pierce ; and the dark carbuncles of the sufferer's eyes shone with ferocity such as war only could excite.

They struggled half an hour longer under the tumbler, and when I looked again the black soldier had severed the heads of his foes from their bodies, and the still living heads were hanging on either side of him like ghastly trophies at his saddle-bow, still apparently as firmly fastened as ever, and he was endeavoring with feeble struggles, being without feelers and with only the remnant of a leg, and I know not how many other wounds, to divest himself of them ; which at length, after half an hour more, he accomplished. I raised the glass, and he went off over the window-sill in that crippled state.

Whether he finally survived that combat, and spent the remainder of his days in some *Hôtel des Invalides*, I do not know ; but I thought that his industry would not be worth much thereafter. I never learned which party was victorious, nor the cause of the war ; but I felt for the rest of that day as if I had had my feelings excited and harrowed by witnessing the struggle, the ferocity and carnage, of a human battle before my door.

#### NOTES FOR STUDY.

##### I.

**HENRY DAVID THOREAU** (1817-1862) was born in Massachusetts, and, after graduating at Harvard, taught school for three years. He

then entered upon a life of frugal independence, working as a carpenter and mechanic simply to obtain the necessities of life, and passing the remainder of his time in study. His careful observations of natural phenomena and animal life made him an authority on these subjects. He wrote *A Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers*, *Walden*, or *Life in the Woods*, *The Maine Woods*, *Cape Cod*, etc. His works are noted for their freshness of tone and fulness of detail.

## II.

IN CES'SANT LY, constantly.  
MYR'MI DONS, cruel soldiers.  
IM PE'RI AL IST, an advocate or  
subject of a monarchy.  
CAR'BUN CLES, gems of a deep-red  
color, hence fiery.

COM'BAT ANTS, fighters.  
IN TER NE'CINE, deadly, destruc-  
tive.  
PER TI NAC'I TY, stubbornness,  
firmness.  
AS SID'U OUS LY, diligently.

## III.

A CHIL'LES, a Greek hero, who won  
fame at the siege of Troy. Leader  
of the Myrmidons.

DRES'DEN, a city in Germany, fa-  
mous for Napoleon's last great  
victory, 1813.

PAT RO'CLUS, a friend of Achilles,  
slain by Hector.

AUS'TER LITZ, a place in Austria,  
noted for Napoleon's victory in  
1805.

HO TEL DES IN VAL I DES, a fa-  
mous home for old French sol-  
diers in Paris. Napoleon is  
buried here.

## XXII.—LADY CLARE.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

It was the time when lilies blow,  
And clouds were highest up in air,  
Lord Ronald brought a lily-white doe  
To give his cousin, Lady Clare.

I trow they did not part in scorn :  
 Lovers long betrothed were they :  
 They two will wed the morrow morn ;  
 God's blessing on the day !

“ He does not love me for my birth,  
 Nor for my lands so broad and fair ;  
 He loves me for my own true worth,  
 And that is well,” said Lady Clare.

In there came old Alice, the nurse,  
 Said, “ Who was this that went from thee ? ”  
 “ It was my cousin,” said Lady Clare ;  
 “ To-morrow he weds with me.”

“ O God be thanked ! ” said Alice, the nurse,  
 “ That all comes round so just and fair :  
 Lord Ronald is heir of all your lands,  
 And you are not the Lady Clare.”

“ Are ye out of your mind, my nurse, my nurse ? ”  
 Said Lady Clare, “ that ye speak so wild ? ”  
 “ As God's above,” said Alice, the nurse,  
 “ I speak the truth : you are my child.

“ The old Earl's daughter died at my breast ;  
 I speak the truth, as I live by bread !  
 I buried her like my own sweet child,  
 And put my child in her stead.”

“ Falsely, falsely have ye done,  
O mother,” she said, “ if this be true,  
To keep the best man under the sun  
So many years from his due.”

“ Nay now, my child,” said Alice, the nurse,  
“ But keep the secret for your life,  
And all you have will be Lord Ronald’s,  
When you are man and wife.”

“ If I’m a beggar born,” she said,  
“ I will speak out, for I dare not lie :  
Pull off, pull off the brooch of gold,  
And fling the diamond necklace by.”

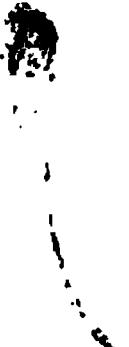
“ Nay now, my child,” said Alice, the nurse,  
“ But keep the secret all ye can.”  
She said, “ Not so : but I will know  
If there be any faith in man.”

“ Nay now, what faith ?” said Alice, the nurse,  
“ The man will cleave unto his right.”  
“ And he shall have it,” the lady replied,  
“ Though I should die to-night.”

“ Yet give one kiss to your mother dear !  
Alas, my child, I sinned for thee.”  
“ O mother, mother, mother,” she said,  
“ So strange it seems to me.

“ Yet here’s a kiss for my mother dear,  
 My mother dear, if this be so ;  
 And lay your hand upon my head,  
 And bless me, mother, ere I go.”

She clad herself in a rustic gown—  
 She was no longer Lady Clare :  
 She went by dale, and she went by down,  
 With a single rose in her hair.

 The lily-white doe Lord Ronald had brought  
 Leapt up from where she lay,  
 Dropt her head in the maiden’s hand,  
 And followed her all the way.

Down stept Lord Ronald from his tower,  
 “ O Lady Clare, you shame your worth !  
 Why come you drest like a village maid,  
 That are the flower of all the earth ?”

“ If I come drest like a village maid,  
 I am but as my fortunes are :  
 I am a beggar born,” she said,  
 “ And not the Lady Clare.”

“ Play me no tricks,” said Lord Ronald,  
 “ For I am yours in word and deed !  
 Play me no tricks,” said Lord Ronald,  
 “ Your riddle is hard to read.”

Oh, and proudly stood she up !

Her heart within her did not fail :  
She looked into Lord Ronald's eyes,  
And told him all her nurse's tale.

He—laughed a laugh of merry scorn :

He turned and kissed her where she stood :  
“ If you are not the heiress born,  
And I,” said he, “ the next of blood—  
“ If you are not the heiress born,  
And I,” said he, “ the lawful heir,  
We two will wed to-morrow morn,  
And you shall still be—Lady Clare.”

#### NOTES FOR STUDY.

##### I.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON (1810–1892) was born in Lincolnshire, and gave early signs of his genius in 1827, when he, with his brother Charles, issued a small volume, entitled *Poems, by Two Brothers*. While at Trinity College, Cambridge, he gained the chancellor's medal for his poem, *Timbuctoo*, written in blank verse. His early work was severely criticised, but after the edition of 1833 his fame steadily increased. On the death of Wordsworth, in 1850, he became poet-laureate, and is now recognized as the greatest English poet of his time. Among his most beautiful poems are: *In Memoriam*, *The Idylls of the King*, and *The Princess*. His style is faultless, showing a highly cultivated and thoughtful mind, and such a choice of words as to make every line a word-picture.

##### II.

|   |                                     |
|---|-------------------------------------|
| TROW (trō), think, consider, to speak truly.  | BE TROTHED', engaged to be married. |
| EARL, a nobleman; in England, a member of the nobility next above a viscount and below a marquis. | BROOCH, a breastpin.                |
|   | RUS'TIC, rural, plain, homely.      |
|   | DALE (dāl), a small valley, a dell. |
|   | DOWN, a grassy summit.              |

## XXIII.—A DAY IN LONDON.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

After breakfast on the first day we set out for a walk through London. Entering the main artery of this mighty city, we passed on, through Aldgate and Cornhill, to St. Paul's with still-increasing wonder. Farther on, through Fleet Street and the Strand, what a world ! Here come the ever-thronging, ever-rolling waves of life, pressing and whirling on in their tumultuous career. Here, day and night, pours the stream of human beings, seeming, amid the roar and din and clatter of the passing vehicles, like the tide of some great combat.

How lonely it makes one to stand still and feel that, of all the mighty throng which divides itself around him, not a being knows or cares for him ! What knows he, too, of the thousands who pass him by ? How many who bear the impress of godlike virtue or hide beneath a goodly countenance a heart black with crime ! How many fiery spirits all glowing with hope for the yet unclouded future or brooding over a darkened and desolate past in the agony of despair ! There is a sublimity in this human Niagara that makes one look on his own race with something of awe.

St. Paul's is on a scale of grandeur excelling everything I have yet seen. The dome seems to stand in the sky as you look up to it ; the distance from which you view it, combined with the atmosphere of London, gives it a dim, shadowy appearance that startles one with its immensity. The roof from which the dome springs is itself as high as the spires of most other churches ; blackened for two hundred years with the coal-smoke of London, it stands like a relic of the

giant architecture of the early world. The interior is what one would expect to behold after viewing the outside. A maze of grand arches on every side encompasses the dome, at which you gaze up as at the sky, and from every pillar and wall look down the marble forms of the dead.

There is scarcely a vacant niche left in all this mighty hall, so many are the statues that meet one on every side. With the exception of John Howard, Sir Astley Cooper, and Wren, whose monument is the church itself, they are all to military men. I thought if they had all been removed except Howard's it would better have suited such a temple and the great soul it commemorated.

I never was more impressed with the grandeur of human invention than when ascending the dome. I could with difficulty conceive the means by which such a mighty edifice had been lifted into the air. The small frame of Sir Christopher Wren must have contained a mind capable of vast conceptions. The dome is like the summit of a mountain, so wide is the prospect and so great the pile upon which you stand.

London lay beneath us like an ant-hill with the black insects swarming to and fro in their long avenues, the sound of their employments coming up like the roar of the sea. A cloud of coal-smoke hung over it, through which many a pointed spire was thrust up; sometimes the wind would blow it aside for a moment and the thousands of red roofs would shine out clearer. The bridged Thames, covered with craft of all sizes, wound beneath us like a ringed and spotted serpent.

It was a relief to get into St. James's Park, among the trees and flowers, again. Here beautiful winding walks led

around little lakes in which were hundreds of waterfowl swimming. Groups of merry children were sporting on the green lawn, enjoying the privilege of roaming everywhere at will, while the older bipeds were confined to the regular walks. At the western end stood Buckingham Palace, looking over the trees toward St. Paul's; and through the grove, on the eminence above, the towers of St. James could be seen. But there was a dim building with two lofty square towers, decorated with a profusion of pointed Gothic pinnacles, that I looked at with more interest than these appendages of royalty. I could not linger long in its vicinity, but, going back again by the Horse-Guards, took the road to Westminster Abbey.

We approached by the general entrance, Poets' Corner. I hardly stopped to look at the elaborate exterior of Henry the Seventh's Chapel, but passed on to the door. On entering, the first thing that met my eyes were the words "O Rare Ben Jonson!" under his bust. Near by stood the monuments of Spenser and Gay, and a few paces farther down the sublime countenance of Milton. Never was a spot so full of intense interest. The light was just dim enough to give it a solemn, religious air, making the marble forms of poets and philosophers so shadowy and impressive that I felt as if standing in their living presence.

Every step called up some mind linked with the associations of my childhood. There was the gentle, feminine countenance of Thomson and the majestic head of Dryden; Addison with his classic features, and Gray, full of the fire of lofty thought. In another chamber I paused long before the tablet to Shakespeare, and while looking at the monument of Garrick started to find that I stood upon his grave. What



WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

a glorious galaxy of genius is here collected ! What a constellation of stars whose light is immortal !

The side-chapels are filled with tombs of knightly families, the husband and wife lying on their backs on the tombs with their hands clasped, while their children—about the size of dolls—are kneeling around. Numberless are the barons and earls and dukes whose grim effigies stare from their tombs. In opposite chapels are the tombs of Mary and Elizabeth, and near the former that of Darnley.

We descended to the chapel of Edward the Confessor, within the splendid shrine of which his ashes repose. Here the chair on which the English monarchs have been crowned for several hundred years was exhibited. Under the seat is the stone brought from the abbey of Scone, whereon the kings of Scotland were crowned. The chair is of oak, carved and hacked over with names. We sat down and rested in it without ceremony. Near this is the hall where the knights of the Order of the Bath met.

Over each seat their dusty banners are still hanging, each with its crest, and their armor is rusting upon the wall. It resembled a banqueting-hall of the olden time where the knights had left their seats for a moment vacant. Entering the nave, we were lost in the wilderness of sculpture. Here stood the forms of Pitt, Fox, Burke, Sheridan, and Watts, from the chisels of Chantrey, Bacon, and Westmacott. Farther down were Sir Isaac Newton and Sir Godfrey Kneller ; opposite André and Paoli the Italian who died here in exile. How can I convey an idea of the scene ! Notwithstanding all the descriptions I had read, I was totally unprepared for the reality ; nor could I have anticipated the hushed and breathless interest with which I paced the dim aisles, gazing

at every step on the last resting-place of some great and familiar name.

A place so sacred to all who inherit the English tongue is worthy of a special pilgrimage across the deep. To those who are unable to visit it a description may be interesting, but so far does it fall short of the scene itself that if I thought it would induce a few of our wealthy idlers, or even those who, like myself, must travel with toil and privation, to come hither, I would write till the pen dropped from my hand.

We walked down the Thames through the narrow streets of Wapping. Over the mouth of the tunnel is a large circular building with a dome to light the entrance below. Paying a fee of a penny, we descended by a winding staircase to the bottom, which is seventy-three feet below the surface. The carriage-way, still unfinished, will extend farther into the city. From the bottom the view of the two arches of the tunnel, brilliantly lighted with gas, is very fine ; it has a much less heavy and gloomy appearance than I expected. As we walked along under the bed of the river two or three girls at one end began playing on the French horn and bugle, and the echoes, when not sufficient to confuse the melody, were remarkably beautiful.

Between the arches of the division separating the two passages, are shops occupied by vendors of fancy articles, views of the tunnel, engravings, etc. In the middle is a small printing-press, where a sheet containing a description of the whole work is printed for those who desire it. As I was no stranger to this art, I requested the boy to let me print one myself ; but he had such a bad roller I did not succeed in getting a good impression. The air within is somewhat damp, but fresh and agreeably cool ; and one can

scarcely realize, in walking along the light passage, that a river is rolling above his head.

The immense solidity and compactness of the structure preclude the danger of accident, each of the sides being arched outward, so that the heaviest pressure only strengthens the work. It will long remain a noble monument of human daring and ingenuity.

#### NOTES FOR STUDY.

##### I.

**BAYARD TAYLOR** (1825–1878), an American author and traveler, was born in Chester County, Pennsylvania. When about twenty, he made a tour of Europe on foot, and, later, traveled in other countries. Near the close of his life he was United States ambassador at Berlin. Some of his works are: *Story of Kennett*, *Hannah Thurston*, *Views Afoot*, *Lands of the Saracen*, *Home Pastorals*, *The Poet's Journal*. Some of his poetry is of a high order, and perhaps his most noble production is his *Centennial Ode*, recited by him in Philadelphia, July 4, 1876.

##### II.

**JOHN HOW'ARD**, (1726–1790), a celebrated English philanthropist.

**SIR AST'LEY COOP'ER**, a famous English surgeon.

**SIR CHRIS'TO PHER WREN** (1632–1723), a great architect and mathematician. He designed St. Paul's Cathedral in London.

**DR. THOMAS SHER'I DAN**, (1684–1738), an eminent teacher.

**DR. ISAAC WATTS** (1674–1748), a famous divine and hymnist.

**SIR FRANCIS CHAN'TREY** (1781–1842), **FRANCIS BA'CON** (1740–1799), and **WEST'MA COTT** (1775–1856), famous sculptors.

**WEST MIN'STER AB'BEY**, the famous church in which the rulers of England are crowned. Here also are buried most of the distinguished men of England.

**WILLIAM PITT** (1759–1806), **CHARLES JAMES FOX** (1748–1806), and **EDMUND BURKE** (1730–1797), three of England's greatest statesmen.

**SIR GOD'FREY KNEL'LER** (1646–1723), an eminent portrait painter.

**JOHN AN DRÉ**, a major in the British Army in America, executed as a spy.

## XXIV.—BUBBLES.

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

## I.

I stood on the brink in childhood,  
And watched the bubbles go  
From the rock-fretted, sunny ripple  
To the smoother tide below ;

And over the white creek-bottom,  
Under them every one,  
Went golden stars in the water,  
All luminous with the sun.

But the bubbles broke on the surface,  
And under, the stars of gold  
Broke ; and the hurrying water  
Flowed onward, swift and cold.

## II.

I stood on the brink in manhood,  
And it came to my weary brain,  
And my heart, so dull and heavy  
After the years of pain,—

That every hollowest bubble  
Which over my life had passed  
Still into its deeper current  
Some heavenly gleam had cast ;

That, however I mocked it gayly,  
And guessed at its hollowness,  
Still shone with each bursting bubble,  
One star in my soul the less.

## NOTES FOR STUDY.

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS (1837—), formerly chiefly known as a poet, is now in the front rank of novelists. Following his apprenticeship as a printer came positions on various newspapers and magazines. For several years he was editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and was later connected with the *Century Magazine*. A few of his best known publications are: *Their Wedding Journey*, *A Modern Instance*, *The Rise of Silas Lapham*, *The Sleeping Car* (a farce).

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## XXV.—A CHILD'S DREAM OF A STAR.

CHARLES DICKENS.

There was once a child who strolled about a good deal, and thought of a number of things. He had a sister, who was a child too, and his constant companion. These two used to wonder all day long. They wondered at the beauty of the flowers ; they wondered at the height and blueness of the sky ; they wondered at the depth of the bright water ; they wondered at the goodness and the power of God who made the lovely world.

They used to say to one another sometimes, “Supposing all the children upon earth were to die, would the flowers, and the water, and the sky be sorry ?” They believed they would be sorry. “For,” said they, “the buds are the children of the flowers, and the little playful streams that gambol down the hillsides are the children of the water ; and the smallest bright specks, playing at hide-and-seek in the sky all night, must surely be the children of the stars ; and they would all be grieved to see their playmates, the children of men, no more.”

There was one clear, shining star that used to come out in the sky before the rest, near the church-spire, above the graves. It was larger and more beautiful, they thought, than all the others ; and every night they watched for it, standing hand in hand at a window. Whoever saw it first cried out, “I see the star !” And often they cried out both together, knowing so well when it would rise, and where. So they grew to be such friends with it, that, before lying down in their beds, they always looked out once again to bid it good-night ; and when they were turning round to sleep, they used to say, “God bless the star !”

But while she was still very young—oh, very, very young,—the sister drooped, and came to be so weak that she could no longer stand in the window at night ; and then the child looked sadly out by himself, and, when he saw the star, turned round and said to the patient pale face on the bed, “I see the star !” and then a smile would come upon the face, and a little weak voice used to say, “God bless my brother and the star !”

And so the time came—all too soon—when the child looked out alone ; and when there was no face on the bed ; and when there was a little grave among the graves, not there before ; and when the star made long rays down toward him, as he saw it through his tears.

Now these rays were so bright, and they seemed to make such a shining way from earth to heaven, that when the child went to his solitary bed he dreamed about the star ; and he dreamed that, lying where he was, he saw a train of people taken up that sparkling road by angels. And the star, opening, showed him a great world of light, where many more such angels waited to receive them.

All these angels who were waiting, turned their beaming eyes upon the people who were carried up into the star, and some came out from the long rows in which they stood, and fell upon the people's necks, and kissed them tenderly, and went away with them down avenues of light, and were so happy in their company, that, lying in his bed, he wept for joy.

But there were many angels who did not go with them, and among them one he knew. The patient face that once had lain upon the bed was glorified and radiant; but his heart found out his sister among all the host.

His sister's angel lingered near the entrance of the star, and said to the leader among those who had brought the people thither, "Is my brother come?"

And he said, "No."

She was turning hopefully away when the child stretched out his arms, and cried, "O sister, I am here! Take me!" And then she turned her beaming eyes upon him, and it was night; and the star was shining into the room, making long rays down toward him as he saw it through his tears.

From that hour forth, the child looked out upon the star as on the home to which he was to go, when his time should come; and he thought that he did not belong to the earth alone, but to the star too, because of his sister's angel gone before.

There was a baby born to be a brother to the child; and, while he was so little that he never yet had spoken a word, he stretched his tiny form out on his bed and died.

Again the child dreamed of the opened star, and of the company of angels, and the train of people, and the rows of angels with their beaming eyes all turned upon the people's faces.

Said his sister's angel to the leader, "Is my brother come?"  
And he said, "Not that one, but another."

As the child beheld his brother's angel in her arms, he cried, "O sister, I am here! Take me!" And she turned and smiled upon him. And the star was shining.

He grew to be a young man, and was busy at his books, when an old servant came to him, and said, "Thy mother is no more. I bring her blessing on her darling son."

Again at night he saw the star, and all that former company. Said his sister's angel to the leader, "Is my brother come?"

And he said, "Thy mother!"

A mighty cry of joy went forth through all the star, because the mother was reunited to her two children. And he stretched out his arms and cried, "O mother, sister, and brother, I am here! Take me!" And they answered him, "Not yet." And the star was shining.

He grew to be a man whose hair was turning gray, and he was sitting in his chair by the fireside, heavy with grief, and with his face bedewed with tears, when the star opened again.

Said his sister's angel to the leader, "Is my brother come?"

And he said, "Nay, but his maiden daughter."

And the man who had been the child saw his daughter, newly lost to him, a celestial creature among those three; and he said, "My daughter's head is on my sister's bosom, and her arm is round my mother's neck, and at her feet there is the baby of old time, and I can hear the parting from her, God be praised!" And the star was shining.

Thus the child came to be an old man; and his once smooth face was wrinkled, and his steps were slow and feeble, and his

back was bent. And one night as he lay upon his bed, his children standing round, he cried, as he had cried so long ago, "I see the star!"

They whispered one to another, "He is dying."

And he said, "I am. My age is falling from me like a garment, and I move toward the star as a child. And oh, my Father, now I thank thee that it has so often opened to receive those dear ones who await me!"

And the star was shining ; and it shines upon his grave.

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#### NOTES FOR STUDY.

##### I.

CHARLES DICKENS (1812-1870) was the most popular English novelist of his time. His father was a Parliamentary reporter and the son followed successfully in his footsteps. While on the staff of the *Morning Chronicle* he gave first evidence of his talents in the lively *Sketches by Boz*. This was followed by the *Pickwick Papers*, *Nicholas Nickleby*, *Oliver Twist*, *The Old Curiosity Shop*, and *Barnaby Rudge*. Then he made his first visit to America, where he obtained material for the *American Notes* and *Martin Chuzzlewit*. Other works are: *David Copperfield*, *The Tale of Two Cities*, and *Dombey and Son*. His writings are characterized by a keen sense of humor as well as a sympathetic tenderness. "It was Dickens's mission to portray the lives of the poor and lowly; to delineate their wrongs and wretchedness; to show that purity, goodness, and true nobility may dwell in the hovel as well as in the palace, and thus to preach humanity to man."

##### II.

GAM'BOL, to frisk, to hop.

SOL'I TA RY, living alone.

AV'E NUES, walks, streets, passages.

RA'DI ANT, shining from a center, giving off rays.

BE DEWED', covered with dew.

CE LES'TIAL, heavenly.

## XXVI.—A BRAVE MAN'S DEED.

GOTTFRIED AUGUST BÜRGER.

The thaw-wind came from the Southern sea,  
 Dewy and dark, o'er Italy ;  
 The scattered clouds fled far aloof,  
 As flies the flock before the wolf ;  
 It swept o'er the plain, and it strewed the wood,  
 And it burst the ice-bands on river and flood.

On pillars stout and arches wide,  
 A bridge of granite stems the tide ;  
 And midway o'er the foaming flood  
 Upon the bridge the toll-house stood ;  
 There dwelleth the toll-man, with babes and wife :  
 O toll-man ! O toll-man ! quick ! flee for thy life !

Upon the river's farther strand  
 A trembling crowd of gazers stand ;  
 In wild despair their hands they wring,  
 Yet none may hope or succor bring ;  
 And the hapless toll-man, with babes and wife,  
 Is screaming for help through the stormy strife.

When shall the brave man's praises swell  
 As organ blast or clang of bell ?  
 Ah ! name him now—he tarries long !—  
 Name him at last, my glorious song !  
 Oh speed, for the terrible death draws near !  
 O brave man ! O brave man ! arise, appear !

Quick gallops up, with headlong speed,  
 A noble count on noble steed :

And, lo ! on high his fingers hold  
A purse well stored with shining gold.

“ Two hundred pistoles for the man who shall save  
Yon perishing wretch from the yawning wave ! ”

And ever higher swell the waves,  
And louder still the storm-wind raves,  
And lower sink their hearts in fear :  
O brave man ! brave man ! haste, appear !  
Buttress and pillar, they groan and strain,  
And the rocking arches are rent in twain !

But who amid the crowd is seen,  
In peasant garb, with simple mien,  
Firm leaning on a trusty stave,  
In form and feature tall and grave ?  
He hears the count and the scream of fear ;  
He sees that the moment of death draws near !

Into a skiff he boldly sprang ;  
He braved the storm that round him rang ;  
He called aloud on God’s great name,  
And backward, a deliverer, came.  
But the fisher’s skiff seemed all too small  
From the raging waters to save them all.

The river around him boiled and surged ;  
Thrice through the waves his skiff he urged,  
Till back through the wind and the water’s roar  
He brought all safely to the shore :  
So fierce rolled the river that scarce the last  
In the little skiff through the danger passed.

Out spake the count: "Right boldly done !  
 Here, take thy purse ; 'twas nobly won."—  
 A generous act, in truth, was this  
 And truly the count right noble is ;  
 But loftier still was the soul displayed  
 By him in the peasant garb arrayed.

"Poor though I be, thy hand withhold !  
 I barter not, count, my life for gold !  
 Yon hapless man is ruined now :  
 On him, on him thy gift bestow."  
 He spake from his heart in his honest pride,  
 And turned on his heel and strode aside.

Then loudly let his praises swell  
 As organ blast or clang of bell ;  
 Of lofty soul, of spirit strong,  
 He asks not gold, he asks but song !  
 So glory to God, by whose gift I raise  
 The tribute of song to the brave man's praise !

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#### NOTES FOR STUDY.

##### I.

GOTTFRIED AUGUST BÜRGER (1748-1794), a celebrated German poet, was born in Prussian Saxony. After studying law and theology, he devoted himself to literature. His most popular ballads are: *Leonora*, *Lenado* and *Blandine*, and *The Wild Huntsman*.

##### II.

SUC'COR, to help, to aid in distress.  
 PIS TOLE', a Spanish gold coin  
 worth about \$3.90.  
 MIEN (*mēn*), appearance, look.  
 HAP'LESS, unfortunate, luckless.

COUNT, a nobleman in Europe of  
 the rank of an English earl.  
 BUT'TRESS, a prop, a support as  
 for a bridge.

## XXVII.—FATE.

FRANCIS BRET HARTE.

“The sky is clouded, the rocks are bare ;  
The spray of the tempest is white in air ;  
The winds are out with the waves at play,  
And I shall not tempt the sea to-day.”

“The trail is narrow, the wood is dim,  
The panther clings to the arching limb ;  
And the lion’s whelps are abroad at play,  
And I shall not join in the chase to-day.”

But the ship sailed safely over the sea,  
And the hunters came from the chase in glee ;  
And the town that was builded upon a rock  
Was swallowed up in the earthquake shock.

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## NOTES FOR STUDY.

FRANCIS BRET HARTE (1837—) was born in Albany, N. Y. At the age of seventeen he went to California, where he became successively a school teacher, a miner, a printer, and editor-in-chief of the *Californian*. In 1878 he was appointed to a consulship in Europe, and he has resided abroad ever since, chiefly in London. His reputation was gained by his descriptions of mining life. He wrote *The Luck of Roaring Camp*, *The Outcasts of Poker Flat*, *Tennessee’s Partner*, *Twins of Table Mountains*, *Thankful Blossom*, *John Burns of Gettysburg*, and other stories and poems. His earlier works are generally considered his best.

## XXVIII.—EULOGY ON JAMES A. GARFIELD.

JAMES GILLESPIE BLAINE.

Surely, if happiness can ever come from the honors or triumphs of this world, on that quiet July morning James A. Garfield may well have been a happy man. No foreboding of evil haunted him; no slightest premonition of danger clouded his sky. His terrible fate was upon him in an instant. One moment he stood erect, strong, confident in the years stretching peacefully out before him. The next he lay wounded, bleeding, helpless, doomed to weary weeks of torture, to silence, and the grave.

Great in life, he was surpassingly great in death. For no cause, in the very frenzy of wantonness and wickedness, by the red hand of murder, he was thrust from the full tide of this world's interest, from its hopes, its aspirations, its victories, into the visible presence of death;—and he did not quail.

Not alone for one short moment in which, stunned and dazed, he could give up life, hardly aware of its relinquishment, but through days of deadly languor, through weeks of agony, that was not less agony because silently borne, with clear sight and calm courage, he looked into his open grave. What blight and ruin met his anguished eyes, whose lips may tell?—what brilliant, broken plans, what baffled, high ambitions, what sundering of strong, warm manhood's friendships, what bitter rending of sweet household ties!

Behind him a proud, expectant nation, a great host of sustaining friends, a cherished and happy mother, wearing the full, rich honors of her early toil and tears; the wife of his youth, whose whole life lay in his; the little boys,

not yet emerged from childhood's day of frolic ; the fair, young daughter ; the sturdy sons, just springing into closest companionship, claiming every day, and every day rewarding a father's love and care ; and in his heart eager, rejoicing power to meet all demand. Before him, desolation and great darkness ! And his soul was not shaken.

His countrymen were thrilled with instant, profound, and universal sympathy. Masterful in his mortal weakness, he became the center of a nation's love, enshrined in the prayers of a world. But all the love and all the sympathy could not share with him his suffering. He trod the wine-press alone. With unfaltering front he faced death. With unflinching tenderness he took leave of life. Above the demoniac hiss of the assassin's bullet, he heard the voice of God. With simple resignation he bowed to the Divine decree.

As the end drew near, his early craving for the sea returned. The stately mansion of power had been to him the wearisome hospital of pain, and he begged to be taken from its prison walls, from its oppressive, stifling air, from its homelessness and its hopelessness. Gently, silently the love of a great people bore the pale sufferer to the longed-for healing of the sea, to live or to die, as God should will, within sight of its heaving billows, within sound of its manifold voices.

With wan, fevered face tenderly lifted to the cooling breeze, he looked out wistfully upon the ocean's changing wonders ; on its far sails, whitening in the morning light ; on its restless waves, rolling shoreward to break and die beneath the noonday sun ; on the red clouds of evening, arching low to the horizon ; on the serene and shining pathway of the stars.

Let us think that his dying eyes read a mystic meaning which only the rapt and parting soul may know. Let us believe that in the silence of the receding world he heard the great waves breaking on a further shore, and felt already upon his wasted brow the breath of the eternal morning.

## NOTES FOR STUDY.

## I.

JAMES GILLESPIE BLAINE (1830-1893) was born in Pennsylvania. Soon after his graduation from Washington College, Pennsylvania, he went to Maine, and that State was thereafter his home. He early became connected with several prominent newspapers, and drifted into the field of politics, serving successively in the Maine Legislature, in Congress, in the United States Senate, and as a Cabinet officer. He was also several times a candidate for the Presidency. His great work is *Twenty Years in Congress*. He was an able writer and speaker and few men have had a more enthusiastic following.

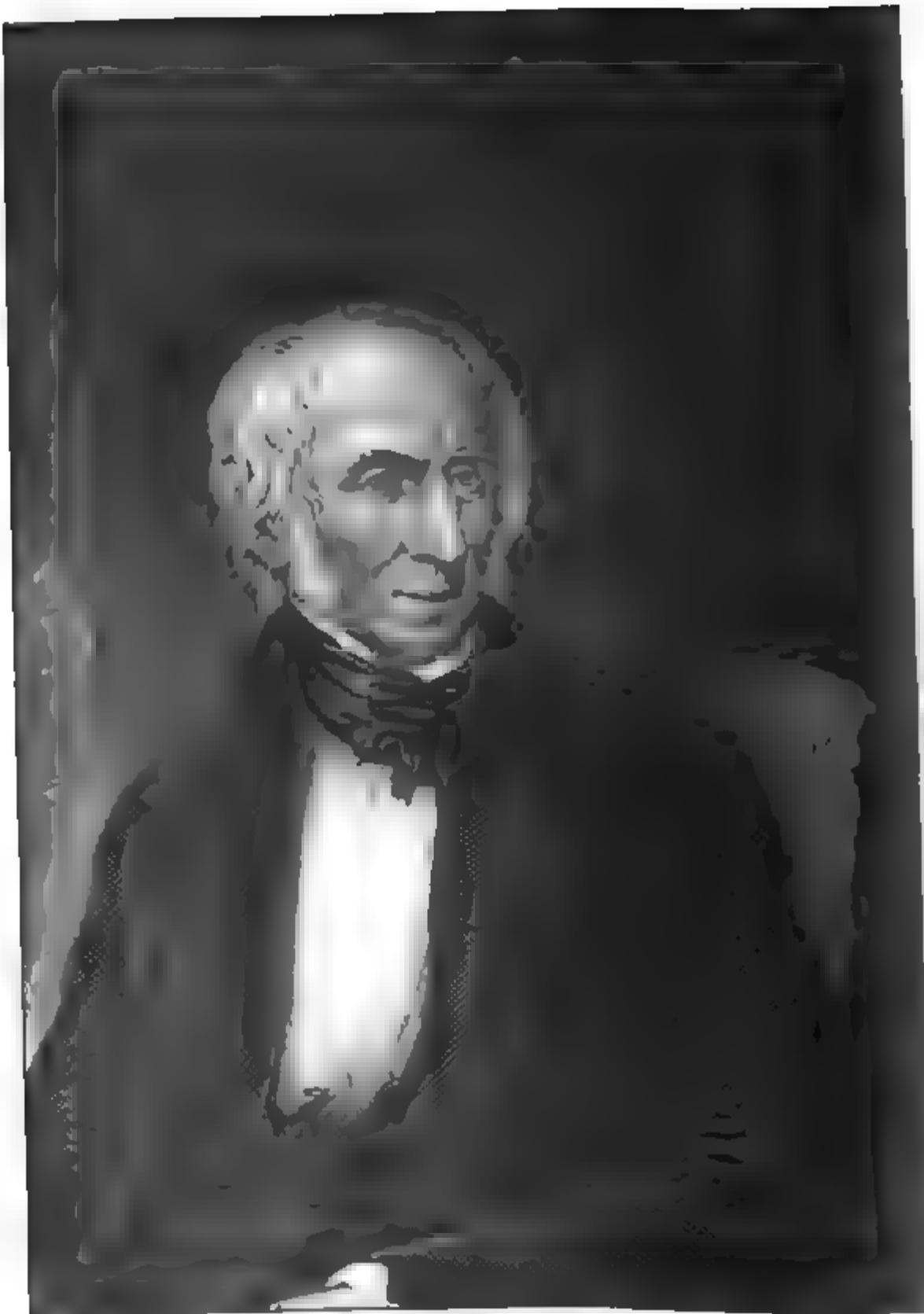
## II.

|   |  |
|---|--|
| PRE MO NI'TION, forewarning.                      | DE MO'NI AC, devilish, influenced              |
| FREN'ZY, madness, rage, agitation<br>of the mind. | by evil.                                       |
| QUAIL, cower, shrink.                             | AS SAS'SIN, one who kills another<br>secretly. |
| LAN'GUOR, listlessness, dullness of<br>mind.      | STI'FLING, choking.                            |
| E MERGE', come forth, appear.                     | WIST'FUL LY, eagerly, longingly.               |

## XXIX.—ODE—INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,  
The earth, and every common sight,  
    To me did seem  
        Apparelled in celestial light,  
The glory and the freshness of a dream.



WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

It is not now as it hath been of yore ;  
Turn wheresoe'er I may,  
By night or day,  
The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

The rainbow comes and goes,  
And lovely is the rose ;  
The moon doth with delight  
Look round her when the heavens are bare ;  
Waters on a starry night  
Are beautiful and fair ;  
The sunshine is a glorious birth ;  
But yet I know, where'er I go,  
That there hath passed away a glory from the earth.

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,  
And while the young lambs bound  
As to the tabor's sound,  
To me alone there came a thought of grief ;  
A timely utterance gave that thought relief,  
And I again am strong.

The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep ;  
No more shall grief of mine the season wrong ;  
I hear the echoes through the mountains throng ;  
The winds come to me from the fields of sleep,

And all the earth is gay ;  
Land and sea  
Give themselves up to jollity,  
And with the heart of May  
Doth every beast keep holiday.

Thou child of joy,  
Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy shepherd boy !

Ye blessed creatures, I have heard the call

Ye to each other make ; I see

The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee ;

My heart is at your festival.

My head hath its coronal,

The fulness of your bliss, I feel—I feel it all.

O evil day, if I were sullen

When earth herself is adorning

This sweet May morning,

And the children are culling

On every side,

In a thousand valleys far and wide,

Fresh flowers, while the sun shines warm,

And the babe leaps up on his mother's arm !

I hear, I hear, with joy I hear !—

But there's a tree, of many one,

A single field which I have looked upon,

Both of them speak of something that is gone ;

The pansy at my feet

Doth the same tale repeat.

Whither is fled the visionary gleam ?

Where is it now, the glory and the dream ?

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting :

The soul that rises with us, our life's star,

Hath elsewhere had its setting,

And cometh from afar ;

Not in entire forgetfulness,

And not in utter nakedness,

But trailing clouds of glory do we come

From God, who is our home.

Heaven lies about us in our infancy !  
Shades of the prison-house begin to close  
    Upon the growing boy,  
But he beholds the light and whence it flows,  
        He sees in it his joy ;  
The youth, who daily farther from the East  
        Must travel, still is nature's priest,  
        And by the vision splendid  
        Is on his way attended ;  
At length the man perceives it die away,  
And fade into the light of common day.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own ;  
Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,  
And even with something of a mother's mind,  
    And no unworthy aim,  
    The homely nurse doth all she can  
To make her foster-child, her inmate man,  
        Forget the glories he hath known,  
        And that imperial palace whence he came.  
Behold the child among his new-born blisses,  
A six years' darling of a pygmy size !  
See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,  
Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,  
With light upon him from his father's eyes !  
See at his feet some little plan or chart,  
Some fragment from his dream of human life,  
Shaped by himself with newly learned art—  
    A wedding or a festival,  
    A mourning or a funeral ;  
        And this hath now his heart,

And unto this he frames his song.  
 Then will he fit his tongue  
 To dialogues of business, love, or strife ;  
 But it will not be long  
 Ere this be thrown aside,  
 And with new joy and pride  
 The little actor cons another part,  
 Filling from time to time his “humorous stage”  
 With all the persons, down to palsied age,  
 That Life brings with her in her equipage ;  
 As if his whole vocation  
 Were endless imitation.

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie  
 Thy soul’s immensity ;  
 Thou best philosopher, who yet dost keep  
 Thy heritage ; thou eye among the blind,  
 That, deaf and silent, read’st the eternal deep,  
 Haunted forever by the eternal mind—  
 Mighty prophet ! seer blest !  
 On whom those truths do rest  
 Which we are toiling all our lives to find,  
 In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave ;  
 Thou, over whom thy immortality  
 Broods like the day, a master o’er a slave,  
 A presence which is not to be put by ;  
 Thou little child, yet glorious in the might  
 Of heaven-born freedom on thy being’s height,  
 Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke  
 The years to bring the inevitable yoke,

Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife ?  
Full soon thy soul shall have her earthly freight,  
And custom lie upon thee with a weight  
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life !

Oh joy, that in our embers  
Is something that doth live,  
That nature yet remembers  
What was so fugitive !

The thought of our past years in me doth breed  
Perpetual benediction : not indeed  
For that which is most worthy to be blest—  
Delight and liberty, the simple creed  
Of childhood, whether busy or at rest,  
With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast :

Not for these I raise  
The song of thanks and praise ;  
But for those obstinate questionings  
Of sense and outward things,  
Fallings from us, vanishings,  
Blank misgivings of a creature

Moving about in worlds not realized,  
High instincts, before which our mortal nature  
Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised :

But for those first affections,  
Those shadowy recollections,  
Which, be they what they may,  
Are yet the fountain light of all our day,  
Are yet a master light of all our seeing,  
Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make  
Our noisy years seem moments in the being  
Of the eternal silence : truths that wake,

To perish never,  
 Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavor,  
 Nor man nor boy,  
 Nor all that is at enmity with joy,  
 Can utterly abolish or destroy !

Hence, in a season of calm weather,  
 Though inland far we be,  
 Our souls have sight of that immortal sea,  
 Which brought us hither,  
 Can in a moment travel thither,  
 And see the children sport upon the shore,  
 And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.  
 Then sing, ye birds—sing, sing a joyous song !

And let the young lambs bound  
 As to the tabor's sound !

We in thought will join your throng,  
 Ye that pipe, and ye that play,  
 Ye that through your hearts to-day  
 Feel the gladness of the May !

What though the radiance which was once so bright  
 Be now forever taken from my sight—

Though nothing can bring back the hour  
 Of splendor in the grass, of glory in the flower ?

We will grieve not, rather find  
 Strength in what remains behind ;  
 In the primal sympathy  
 Which, having been, must ever be,  
 In the soothing thoughts that spring  
 Out of human suffering,  
 In the faith that looks through death,  
 In years that bring the philosophic mind.

And O ye fountains, meadows, hills, and groves,  
 Think not of any severing of our loves !  
 Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might ;  
 I only have relinquished one delight  
 To live beneath your more habitual sway.  
 I love the brooks which down their channels fret,  
 Even more than when I tripped lightly as they ;  
 The innocent brightness of a new-born day  
 Is lovely yet ;  
 The clouds that gather round the setting sun  
 Do take a sober coloring from an eye  
 That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality ;  
 Another race hath been, and other palms are won.  
 Thanks to the human heart by which we live,  
 Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,  
 To me the meanest flower that blows can give  
 Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

## NOTES FOR STUDY.

## I.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH (1770-1850), the Poet Laureate following Southey, was chief of the so-called "Lake poets." He was educated at St. John's College, Cambridge. With the appearance of his great philosophical poem, *The Excursion*, his fame was established. Other notable works are: *Sonnets on the River Duddon*, *Yarrow Revisited*, and other poems. Of his shorter poems, *Ode on Immortality*, *Ode to Duty*, and *We are Seven*, are best loved.

## II.

YORE, long ago, in early times.

TA'BOR, a small drum.

COR'ONAL, relating to a crown.

VI'SION A RY, fanciful, dream-like.

PYG'MY, a dwarf, an insignificant person.

AP PAR'ALLED, dressed.

EQ'UI PAGE, equipment, supplies.

SEM'BLANCE, appearance, likeness.

BEN E DIC'TION, blessing, short prayer at close of worship.

## XXX.—RAINY DAYS.

HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

With what subtle and assured tyranny they take possession of the world! Stoutest hearts are made subject, plans of conquerors set aside,—the heavens and the earth and man,—all alike at the mercy of the rain. Come when they may, wait long as they will, give what warnings they can, rainy days are always interruptions. No human being has planned for them then and there. “If it had been but yesterday,” “If it were only to-morrow,” is the cry from all lips. Ah! a lucky tyranny for us is theirs. Were the clouds subject to mortal call or prohibition, the seasons would fail and death get upper hand of all things before men agreed on an hour of common convenience.

What tests they are of people’s souls! Show me a dozen men and women in the early morning of a rainy day, and I will tell by their words and their faces who among them is rich and who is poor—who has much goods laid up for just such times of want, and who has been spendthrift and foolish. That curious, shrewd, underlying instinct, common to all ages, which takes shape in proverbs, recognized this long ago. Who knows when it was first said of a man laying up money, “He lays by for a rainy day”? How close the parallel is between the man who, having spent on each day’s living the whole of each day’s income, finds himself helpless in an emergency of sickness whose expenses he has no money to meet, and the man who, having no intellectual resources, no self-reliant habit of occupation, finds himself shut up in the house idle and wretched for a rainy day. I confess that on rainy mornings in country houses, among well-dressed and

so-called intelligent and Christian people, I have been seized with stronger disgusts and despairs about the capacity and worth of the average human creature than I have ever felt in the worst haunts of ignorant wickedness.

“What is there to do to-day?” is the question they ask. I know they are about to ask it before they speak. I have seen it in their listless and disconcerted eyes at breakfast. It is worse to me than the tolling of a bell; for saddest dead of all are they who have only a “name to live.”

The truth is, there is more to do on a rainy day than on any other. In addition to all the sweet, needful, possible business of living and working, and learning and helping, which is for all days, there is the beauty of the rainy day to see, the music of the rainy day to hear. It drums on the window-panes, chuckles and gurgles at corners of houses, tinkles in spouts, makes mysterious crescendoes and arpeggio chords through the air; and all the while drops from the eaves and upper window-ledges are beating time as rhythmical and measured as that of a metronome,—time to which our own souls furnish tune, sweet or sorrowful, inspiring or saddening, as we will. It is a curious experiment to try repeating or chanting lines in time and cadence following the patter of raindrops on windows. It will sometimes be startling in its effect: no metre, no accent fails of its response in the low, liquid stroke of the tender drops,—there seems an uncanny *rappo*rt between them at once.

And the beauty of the rain, not even love can find words to tell it. If it left but one trace, the exquisite shifting sheen of pearls on the outer side of the window-glass, that alone one might watch for a day. In all times it has been thought worthy of kings, of them who are royally rich, to

have garments sown thick in dainty lines with fine seed pearls.

Who ever saw any such embroidery which could compare with the beauty of one pane of glass wrought on a single side with the shining white transparent globulets of rain? They are millions; they crowd; they blend; they become a silver stream; they glide slowly down, leaving tiniest silver threads behind; they make of themselves a silver bank of miniature sea at the bottom of the pane; and, while they do this, other millions are set pearl-wise at the top, to crowd, blend, glide down in their turn, and overflow the miniature sea. This is one pane, a few inches square; and rooms have many windows of many panes.

And looking past this spectacle, out of our windows, how is it that we do not each rainy day weep with pleasure at sight of the glistening show? Every green thing, from tiniest grass-blade lying lowest, to highest waving tips of elms, also set thick with the water-pearls; all tossing and catching, and tossing and catching, in fairy game with the wind, and with the rain itself, always losing, always gaining, changing shape and place and number every moment, till the twinkling and shifting dazzle all eyes.

Then at the end comes the sun, like a magician for whom all had been made ready; at sunset, perhaps, or at sunrise, if the storm has lasted all night. In one instant the silver balls begin to disappear. By countless thousands at a time he tosses them back whence they came; but as they go, he changes them, under our eyes, into prismatic globes, holding very light of very light in their tiny circles, shredding and sorting it into blazing lines of rainbow color.

All the little children shout with delight, seeing these

things ; and call dull, grown-up people to behold. They reply, " Yes, the storm is over ;" and this is all it means to most of them. This kingdom of heaven they cannot enter, not being " as a little child."

It would be worth while to know, if we could, just what our betters—the birds and insects and beasts—do on rainy days. But we cannot find out much. It would be a great thing to look inside of an ant-hill in a long rain. All we know is that the doors are shut tight, and a few sentinels, who look as if India-rubber coats would be welcome, stand outside. The stillness and look of intermission in the woods on a really rainy day is something worth getting wet to observe.

It is like Sunday in London, or Fourth of July in a country town which has gone bodily to a picnic in the next village. The strays who are out seem like accidentally arrived people, who have lost their way. One cannot fancy a caterpillar's being otherwise than very uncomfortable in wet hair ; and what can there be for butterflies and dragon-flies to do, in the close corners into which they creep, with wings shut up as tight as an umbrella ? The beasts fare better, being clothed in hides. Those whom we oftenest see out in rains (cows and oxen and horses) keep straight on with their perpetual munching as content wet as dry, though occasionally we see them accept the partial shelter of a tree from a particularly hard shower.

Hens are the forlornest of all created animals when it rains. Who can help laughing at sight of a flock of them huddled up under lee of a barn, limp, draggled, spiritless, shifting from one leg to the other, with their silly heads hanging inert to right or left, looking as if they would die for want of a

yawn? One sees just such groups of other two-legged creatures in parlors, under similar circumstances.

The truth is, a hen's life at best seems poorer than that of any other known animal. Except when she is setting, I cannot help having a contempt for her. This also has been recognized by that common instinct of people which goes to the making of proverbs; for "Hen's time ain't worth much" is a common saying among farmers' wives. How she dawdles about all day, with her eyes not an inch from the ground, forever scratching and feeding in dirtiest places,—a sort of animated muck-rake, with a mouth and an alimentary canal! No wonder such an inane creature is wretched when it rains, and her soulless business is interrupted. She is, I think, likest of all to the human beings, men or women, who do not know what to do with themselves on rainy days.

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#### NOTES FOR STUDY.

##### I.

**HELEN FISKE (HUNT) JACKSON (1831-1885).** Helen Fiske was born in Massachusetts, the daughter of Prof. Fiske, of Amherst College. She was twice married. As Mrs. Hunt, she wrote, under the *nom-de-plume*, *H. H.*, some of her best poems, as *October*, *Poppies in the Wheat*, and *Resurgam*. Two of her prose works, *A Century of Dishonor* and *Ramona*, deal with the wrongs done to the American Indian.

##### II.

**PRO HI BI'TION**, a forbidding.

**CRES CEN'DOES**, increasing volume  
of voice.

**AR PEG'GIO**, a production of tones  
in rapid succession.

**CA'DENCE**, a fall of the voice.

**SHEEN**, bright, showy, glittering.

**MET'RO NOME**, an instrument for  
measuring the length of musical  
sounds.

**GLOB'U LETS**, little globes, small  
bits of matter.

**DAW'DLE**, to trifle, to be idle.

**IN ANE'**, empty, senseless.

## XXXI.—THE YOUTH OF WASHINGTON.

EDWARD EVERETT.

At a period of life when, in a more advanced stage of society, the intelligent youth is occupied in the elementary studies of schools and colleges, Washington was carrying the surveyor's chain through the fertile valleys of the Blue Ridge and the Alleghany Mountains; passing days and weeks in the wilderness beneath the shadow of eternal forests; listening to the voice of the waterfalls, which man's art had not yet set to the healthful music of the saw-mill or the trip-hammer; reposing from the labors of the day on a bear-skin, with his feet to the blazing logs of a camp fire, and sometimes startled from deep slumber by the alarm of the Indian war-whoop.

This was the gymnastic school in which Washington was brought up; in which his quick glance was formed, destined to range hereafter across the battle-field through clouds of smoke and bristling rows of bayonets; the school in which his senses, weaned from the taste for those detestable indulgences, miscalled pleasures, in which the flower of adolescence so often languishes and pines away, were early braced up to the sinewy manhood which becomes the "lord of the lion heart and eagle eye."

There is preserved among the papers of Washington a letter written while he was engaged on his first surveying tour, and when he was but sixteen years of age. "Your letter," he writes, "gave me the more pleasure, as I received it among barbarians and an uncouth set of people. Since you received mine of October last, I have not slept above three or four nights in a bed, but, after walking a good deal all the day, I have lain down before the fire upon a little hay, straw,

fodder or a bear-skin, whichever was to be had, with man, wife and children, like dogs and cats, and happy is he who gets the berth nearest the fire. Nothing would make it pass off tolerably but a good reward. A doubloon is my constant gain every day that the weather will permit my going out, and sometimes six pistoles."

If there is an individual in the morning of life who is ashamed to get his living by any branch of honest labor, let him reflect that the youth who was carrying the theodolite and surveyor's chain through the mountain passes of the Alleghanies in the month of March, sleeping on a bundle of hay before the fire in a settler's log cabin, and not ashamed to boast that he did it for a doubloon a day, is George Washington ; that the life he led trained him up to command the armies of united America ; that the money he earned was the basis of that fortune which enabled him afterward to bestow his services, without reward, on a bleeding and impoverished country.

For three years was the young Washington employed the greater part of the time, and whenever the season would permit, in this laborious and healthful occupation ; and I know not if it would be deemed unbecoming were a thoughtful student of our history to say that he could almost hear the voice of Providence, in the language of Milton, announce its high purpose :

" To exercise him in the wilderness ;  
There shall he first lay down the rudiments  
Of his great warfare, ere I send him forth  
To conquer ! "

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## NOTES FOR STUDY.

## I.

EDWARD EVERETT (1794-1865) was born in Dorchester, Massachusetts, and educated at Harvard College. Four years after his graduation he was made Professor of Greek and, in 1845, President of Harvard College. In public life he served in both Houses of Congress, was Minister to England, Secretary of State and Governor of Massachusetts. For many years he was editor of the *North American Review*. He is chiefly noted as an orator. His oration on the *Life and Character of Washington* was delivered one hundred and fifty times, and the proceeds, amounting to nearly \$100,000, he gave for the purchase of Washington's residence at Mount Vernon.

## II.

|                                   |                                     |
|-----------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| GYMNAS'TICS, athletic exercises.  | DOUB' LOON', a Spanish coin worth   |
| DE TEST'A BLE, despicable, loath- | about \$8.00 or two pistoles.       |
| some.                             | THE OD'O LITE, a surveyor's instru- |
| AD O LES'CENCE, youth.            | ment, used to measure angles.       |

## XXXII.—WASHINGTON.

## AARON BANCROFT.

General Washington was exactly six feet in height; he appeared taller, as his shoulders rose a little higher than the true proportion. His eyes were of a gray and his hair of a brown color. His limbs were well formed, and indicated strength. His complexion was light, and his countenance serene and thoughtful. His manners were graceful, manly, and dignified. His general appearance never failed to engage the respect and esteem of all who approached him.

Possessing strong natural passions and having the nicest feelings of honor, he was in early life prone keenly to resent practices which carried the intention of abuse and insult; but

the reflections of maturer age gave him the most perfect government of himself. He possessed the faculty, above all other men, to hide the weaknesses inseparable from human nature, and he bore with meekness and equanimity his distinguished honors.

Reserved but not haughty in his disposition, he was accessible to all in concerns of business, but he opened himself only to his confidential friends; and no art or address could draw from him an opinion which he thought prudent to conceal. He was not so much distinguished for brilliancy of genius as for solidity of judgment and consummate prudence of conduct. He was not so eminent for any one quality of greatness and worth as for the union of those great, amiable, and good qualities which are very rarely combined in the same character.

His maxims were formed upon the result of mature reflection or extensive experience: they were the invariable rules of his practice; and on all important instances he seemed to have an intuitive view of what the occasion rendered fit and proper. He pursued his purpose with a resolution which—one solitary moment excepted—never failed him.

Alive to social pleasures, he delighted to enter into familiar conversation with his acquaintance, and was sometimes sportive in his letters to his friends; but he never lost sight of the dignity of his character, nor deviated from the decorous and appropriate behavior becoming his station in society.

He commanded from all the most respectful attention, and no man in his company ever fell into light or lewd conversation. His style of living corresponded with his wealth; but his extensive establishment was managed with the strictest economy, and he ever reserved ample funds liberally to pro-

mote schemes of private benevolence and works of public utility. Punctual himself to every engagement, he exacted from others a strict fulfillment of contracts; but to the necessitous he was diffusive in his charities, and he greatly assisted the poor classes of people in his vicinity by furnishing them with means successfully to prosecute plans of industry.

In domestic and private life he blended the authority of the master with the care and kindness of the guardian and friend. Solicitous for the welfare of his slaves, while at Mount Vernon he every morning rode around his estates to examine their condition: for the sick, physicians were provided, and to the weak and infirm every necessary comfort was administered. The servitude of the negroes lay with weight upon his mind: he often made it the subject of conversation and resolved several plans for their general emancipation, but could devise none which promised success, in consistency with humanity to them and safety to the state.

The address presented to him at Alexandria on the commencement of his Presidency fully shows how much he was endeared to his neighbors, and the affection and esteem in which his friends held his private character. His industry was unremitting, and his method so exact that all the complicated business of his military command and civil administration was managed without confusion and without hurry.

Not feeling the lust of power, and ambitious only for honorable fame, he devoted himself to his country upon the most disinterested principles; and his actions were not the semblance, but the reality, of virtue: the purity of his motives was accredited, and absolute confidence placed in his patriotism. While filling a public station the performance of his duty took the place of pleasure, emolument, and every pri-

vate consideration. During the more critical periods of the war a smile was scarcely seen upon his countenance ; he gave himself no moments of relaxation, but his whole mind was engrossed to execute successfully his trust.

As a military commander, he struggled with innumerable embarrassments arising from the short enlistment of his men, and from the want of provisions, clothing, arms, and ammunition ; and an opinion of his achievements should be formed in view of these inadequate means. The first years of his civil administration were attended with the extraordinary fact that, while a great proportion of his countrymen did not approve his measures, they universally venerated his character and relied implicitly on his integrity. Although his opponents eventually deemed it expedient to vilify his character that they might diminish his political influence, yet the moment he retired from public life they returned to their expressions of veneration and esteem, and after his death used every endeavor to secure to their party the influence of his name.

He was as eminent for piety as for patriotism. His public and private conduct evince that he impressively felt a sense of the superintendence of God and of the dependence of man. In his addresses while at the head of the army and of the national government, he gratefully noticed the signal blessings of Providence and fervently commended his country to divine benediction. In private, he was known to have been habitually devout.

During the war he not unfrequently rode ten or twelve miles from camp to attend public worship, and he never omitted his attendance when opportunity presented. In the establishment of his presidential household he reserved to

himself the Sabbath, free from the interruptions of private visits or public business, and throughout the eight years of his civil administration he gave to the institutions of Christianity the influence of his example.

He was as fortunate as he was great and good. Under his auspices, a civil war was conducted with mildness and a revolution with order. Raised himself above the influence of popular passions, he happily directed these passions to the most useful purposes. Uniting the talents of the soldier with the qualifications of the statesman, and pursuing, unmoved by difficulties, the noblest end by the purest means, he had the supreme satisfaction of beholding the complete success of his great military and civil services in the independence and happiness of his country.

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#### NOTES FOR STUDY.

##### I.

**AARON BANCROFT** (1755-1839), the father of the celebrated historian, George Bancroft, was born in Massachusetts, and was graduated from Harvard College. He was a Unitarian minister, and, besides many sermons, he published a *Life of Washington*, which is much praised for its easy and simple style.

##### II.

|  |  |
|--|--|
| <b>COM PLEX'ION</b> , color of the skin, especially of the face. | <b>VEN'ER ATED</b> , adored, revered.                            |
| <b>CON SUM'MATE</b> , to complete, perfect.                      | <b>IN SEP'A RA BLE</b> , not divisible.                          |
| <b>NE CES'SI TOUS</b> , being in want, very poor.                | <b>E QUA NIM'I TY</b> , calmness, evenness of mind.              |
| <b>E MAN CI PA'TION</b> , freedom, release.                      | <b>DEC'O ROUS</b> , fitting in time, place, or occasion, proper. |
|  | <b>E MOL'U MENT</b> , profit arising from office, gain.          |

## XXXIII.—THE RISING.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

Within its shade of elm and oak  
 The church of Berkley Manor stood ;  
 There Sunday found the rural folk,  
 And some esteemed of gentle blood.  
 In vain their feet with loitering tread  
 Passed 'mid the graves where rank is naught :  
 All could not read the lesson taught  
 In that Republic of the dead.

How sweet the hour of Sabbath talk,  
 The vale with peace and sunshine full,  
 Where all the happy people walk,  
 Decked in their homespun flax and wool,  
 Where youths' gay hats with blossoms bloom,  
 And every maid, with simple art,  
 Wears on her breast, like her own heart,  
 A bud whose depths are all perfume,  
 While every garment's gentle stir  
 Is breathing rose and lavender.

The pastor came ; his snowy locks  
 Hallowed his brow of thought and care ;  
 And calmly, as shepherds lead their flocks,  
 He led into the house of prayer.  
 Then soon he rose ; the prayer was strong ;  
 The psalm was warrior David's song ;  
 The text, a few short words of might,—  
 “ The Lord of hosts shall arm the right !”

He spoke of wrongs too long endured,—  
Of sacred rights to be secured ;  
Then from his patriot tongue of flame  
The startling words for freedom came.  
The stirring sentences he spake  
Compelled the heart to glow or quake,  
    And rising on his theme's broad wing,  
And grasping in his nervous hand  
The imaginary battle-brand,  
    In face of death he dared to fling  
    Defiance to a tyrant king.

Even as he spoke, his frame, renewed  
In eloquence of attitude,  
Rose, as it seemed, a shoulder higher ;  
Then swept his kindling glance of fire  
From startled pew to breathless choir,  
When suddenly his mantle wide  
His hands impatient flung aside,  
And lo ! he met their wondering eyes  
Complete in all a warrior's guise.

A moment there was awful pause,—  
    When Berkley cried, “Cease, traitor ! cease !  
    God's temple is the house of peace !”  
The other shouted, “Nay, not so !  
When God is with our righteous cause,  
    His holiest places then are ours ;  
    His temples are our forts and towers,  
That frown upon the tyrant foe.  
    In this the dawn of Freedom's day  
    There is a time to fight and pray.”

And now, before the open door,—  
 The warrior-priest had ordered so,—  
 The enlisting trumpet's sudden roar  
 Rang through the chapel, o'er and o'er,  
 Its long reverberating blow,  
 So loud and clear, it seemed the ear  
 Of dusty Death must wake and hear.

And there the startling drum and fife  
 Fired the living with fiercer life ;  
 While overhead, with wild increase,  
 Forgetting its ancient toll of peace,  
 The great bell swung as ne'er before :  
 It seemed as it would never cease ;  
 And every word its ardor flung  
 From off its jubilant iron tongue  
 Was, “ WAR ! WAR ! WAR ! ”

“ Who dares ”—this was the patriot's cry  
 As striding from the desk he came—  
 “ Come out with me, in Freedom's name,  
 For her to live, for her to die ? ”  
 A hundred hands flung up reply,  
 A hundred voices answered, “ I ! ”

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NOTES FOR STUDY.

I.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ (1822-1872) was born in Chester County, Pennsylvania. When only fourteen he entered a sculptor's studio in Cincinnati, but later turned his attention to painting and poetry. He spent much of his life in Italy. Among his works are *The New Pastoral*, *The Wagoner of the Alleghenies*, and *The House by the Sea*.

His most popular poem is *Sheridan's Ride*, and his most beautiful is *Drifting*.

## II.

|  |   |
|--|---|
| MAN'OR, estate of a person of rank or influence. | GUISE, outward appearance, disguise, dress. |
| LOI'TER ING, delaying, lounging.                 | RE VER'BER AT ING, re-echoing, resounding.  |
| LAV'EN DER, an aromatic plant.                   |   |
| HOME'SPUN, coarse, plain.                        |   |

### XXXIV.—SPEECH ON A RESOLUTION TO PUT VIRGINIA INTO A STATE OF DEFENCE.

PATRICK HENRY.

Mr. President,—No man thinks more highly than I do of the patriotism, as well as abilities, of the very worthy gentlemen who have just addressed the House. But different men often see the same subject in different lights; and, therefore, I hope it will not be thought disrespectful to those gentlemen, if, entertaining, as I do, opinions of a character very opposite to theirs, I shall speak forth my sentiments freely and without reserve. This is no time for ceremony. The question before the House is one of awful moment to this country.

For my own part, I consider it as nothing less than a question of freedom or slavery; and in proportion to the magnitude of the subject ought to be the freedom of the debate. It is only in this way that we can hope to arrive at truth, and fulfill the great responsibility which we hold to God and our country. Should I keep back my opinions at such a time, through fear of giving offence, I should consider myself as guilty of treason toward my country, and of an act of disloyalty toward the Majesty of Heaven, which I revere above all earthly kings.

Mr. President, it is natural to man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that siren till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not, the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth; to know the worst, and to provide for it.

I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided; and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British Ministry for the last ten years to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the House? Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir, it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss.

Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation—the last arguments to which kings resort. I ask, sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any

enemy, in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir, she has none. They are meant for us; they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains which the British Ministry have been so long forging.

And what have we to oppose to them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we anything new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find, which have not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer.

Sir, we have done everything that could be done to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned; we have remonstrated; we have supplicated; we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the Ministry and Parliament. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned, with contempt, from the foot of the throne!

In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free—if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending—if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon, until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained—we must fight!

I repeat it, sir, we must fight ! An appeal to arms and to the God of Hosts is all that is left us !

They tell us, sir, that we are weak ; unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger ? Will it be the next week, or the next year ? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house ? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction ? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs and hugging the delusive phantom of hope until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot ?

Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone ; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery ! Our chains are forged ! Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston ! The war is inevitable—and let it come ! I repeat it, sir, let it come !

It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, Peace, peace !—but there is no peace. The war is actually begun ! The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms ! Our brethren are already in the field ! Why stand we here idle ?

What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!

## NOTES FOR STUDY.

## I.

**PATRICK HENRY** (1736-1799), an eminent orator and statesman, was born in Virginia. He was an indifferent scholar, and his early career was full of failures. Having finally taken up the profession of law, he was asked to plead against an unpopular tax, and his peculiar gift of oratory suddenly blazed forth. Immediately his fortunes changed. He was the first to speak in the General Congress of 1774, and was for three terms Governor of Virginia.

## II.

|   |  |
|---|--|
| <b>CER'E MO NY</b> , outward form, as in religion or politics.        | <b>SUB JU GA'TION</b> , being under the power or authority of another. |
| <b>SI'REN</b> , a mythic maiden said to sing with alluring sweetness. | <b>PROS'TRATE</b> , to lie flat, to humble one's self.                 |
| <b>SOL'ACE</b> , to comfort in grief.                                 | <b>SU PINE'LY</b> , carelessly, drowsily.                              |
| <b>IN SID'I OUS</b> , lying in wait, treacherous.                     | <b>PHAN'TOM</b> , ghost.   |

## XXXV.—THE AMERICAN EAGLE.

JOHN NEAL.

There's a fierce gray Bird, with a bending beak,  
 With an angry eye, and a startling shriek,  
 That nurses her brood where the cliff-flowers blow,  
 On the precipice-top, in perpetual snow;  
 That sits where the air is shrill and bleak,  
 On the splintered point of a shivered peak,

Bald-headed and stripped,—like a vulture torn  
 In wind and strife—her feathers worn,  
 And ruffled and stained, while loose and bright  
 Round her serpent-neck, that is writhing and bare,  
 Is a crimson collar of gleaming hair,  
 Like the crest of a warrior, thinned in fight,  
 And shorn, and bristling :—See her ! where  
 She sits, in the glow of the sun-bright air,  
 With wing half poised, and talons bleeding,  
 And kindling eye, as if her prey  
 Had suddenly been snatched away,  
 While she was tearing it and feeding.—

Above the dark torrent, above the bright stream

The voice may be heard

Of the Thunderer's Bird

Calling out to her god in a clear, wild scream,  
 As she mounts to his throne, and unfolds in his beam ;  
 While her young are laid out in his rich, red blaze,  
 And their winglets are fledged in his hottest rays.

Proud Bird of the cliff ! where the barren yew springs,  
 Where the sunshine stays, and the wind-harp sings,  
 She sits, unapproachable, pluming her wings.—  
 She screams !—She's away !—over hill-top and flood,  
 Over valley and rock, over mountain and wood,  
 That Bird is abroad in the van of her brood !

'Tis the Bird of our banner, the free Bird that braves,  
 When the battle is there, all the wrath of the waves :  
 That dips her pinions in the sun's first gush ;  
 Drinks his meridian blaze, his farewell flush ;

Sits amid stirring stars and bends her beak,  
 Like the slipped falcon, when her piercing shriek  
 Tells that she stoops upon her cleaving wing,  
 To drink at some new victim's clear, red spring.

That monarch Bird ! she slumbers in the night  
 Upon the lofty air-peak's utmost height ;  
 Or sleeps upon the wing, amid the ray  
 Of steady, cloudless, everlasting day ;  
 Rides with the Thunderer in his blazing march,  
 And bears his lightnings o'er yon boundless arch ;  
 Soars wheeling through the storm, and screams away,  
 Where the young pinions of the morning play ;  
 Broods with her arrows in the hurricane ;  
 Bears her green laurel o'er the starry plain,  
 And sails around the skies, and o'er the rolling deeps,  
 With still unwearied wing, and eye that never sleeps.

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NOTES FOR STUDY.

I.

JOHN NEAL (1793-1876), a Quaker author and poet, was born at Portland, Maine. At twelve years of age he became an errand-boy, went into business at twenty-one and failed. He then studied law. In 1824 he went to England as a contributor to *Blackwood's Magazine*. On his return to America he devoted himself to his law practice, writing, editing newspapers, and lecturing.

II.

|                                   |   |
|-----------------------------------|---|
| POISED, balanced, suspended.      | YEW ( <i>yū</i> ), an evergreen tree of |
| TAL'ONS, claws of a bird of prey. | slow growth and long life.              |
| THUN'DER ER, the reference is to  | FAL'CON, a bird of prey used in         |
| Jupiter, the chief god of the     | hunting other birds, a hawk.            |
| Romans.                           |   |

## XXXVI.—BEAUTY OF THE CLOUDS.

JOHN RUSKIN.

It is a strange thing how little, in general, people know about the sky. It is that part of creation in which Nature has done more for the sake of pleasing man, more for the sole and evident purpose of talking to him, and teaching him, than in any other of her works ; and it is just the part in which we least attend to her. There are not many of her other works in which some more material or essential purpose than the mere pleasing of man is not answered by every part of their organization ; but every essential purpose of the sky might, so far as we know, be answered if, once in three days or thereabouts, a great, ugly, black rain-cloud were brought up over the blue, and everything well watered, and so all left blue again till next time, with, perhaps, a film of morning and evening mist for dew.

And instead of this, there is not a moment of any day of our lives when nature is not producing scene after scene, picture after picture, glory after glory, and working still upon such exquisite and constant principles of the most perfect beauty that it is quite certain that it is all done for us and intended for our perpetual pleasure. And every man, wherever placed, however far from other sources of interest or of beauty, has this done for him constantly.

The noblest scenes of the earth can be seen and known but by few ; it is not intended that man should always live in the midst of them : he injures them by his presence ; he ceases to feel them if he be always with them. But the sky is for all ; bright as it is, it is not “too bright nor too good for human nature’s daily food ;” it is fitted in all its functions for the



**JOHN RUSKIN.**

perpetual comfort and exalting of the heart; for soothing it, and purifying it from its dross and dust.

Sometimes gentle, sometimes capricious, sometimes awful; never the same for two moments together; almost human in its passions, almost spiritual in its tenderness, almost divine in its infinity, its appeal to what is immortal in us is as distinct as its ministry of chastisement or of blessing to what is mortal is essential.

And yet, we never attend to it; we never make it a subject of thought, but as it has to do with our animal sensations, we look upon all by which it speaks to us more clearly than to brutes, upon all which bears witness to the intention of the Supreme, that we are to receive more from the covering vault than the light and the dew which we share with the weed and the worm, only as a succession of meaningless and monotonous accidents, too common and too vain to be worthy of a moment of watchfulness or a glance of admiration.

If, in our moments of utter idleness and insipidity, we turn to the sky as a last resource, which of its phenomena do we speak of? One says it has been wet, and another it has been windy, and another it has been warm. Who among the whole chattering crowd can tell me of the forms and precipices of the chain of tall white mountains that gilded the horizon at noon yesterday? Who saw the narrow sunbeam that came out of the south, and smote upon their summits, until they melted and mouldered away in a dust of blue rain? Who saw the dance of the dead clouds, when the sunlight left them last night, and the west wind blew them before it like withered leaves?

All has passed unregretted or unseen; or, if the apathy be ever shaken off, even for an instant, it is only by what is

gross or what is extraordinary ; and yet it is not in the broad and fierce manifestations of the elemental energies, not in the clash of the hail, nor the drift of the whirlwind, that the highest characters of the sublime are developed.

God is not in the earthquake nor in the fire, but in the still, small voice. They are but the blunt and the low faculties of our nature which can only be addressed through lampblack and lightning. It is in quiet and subdued passages of unobtrusive majesty ; the deep, and the calm, and the perpetual ; that which must be sought ere it is seen, and loved ere it is understood ; things which the angels work out for us daily, and yet vary eternally ; which are never wanting, and never repeated ; which are to be found always, yet each found but once. It is through these that the lesson of devotion is chiefly taught and the blessing of beauty given.

#### NOTES FOR STUDY.

##### I.

JOHN RUSKIN (1819–1900) was born in London. He studied at Christ's Church, Oxford, taking his degree in 1842. He was for ten years Slade Professor of Art at Oxford, and received from Cambridge the degree of LL. D. His most notable works are *Modern Painters*, *The Seven Lamps of Architecture*, and *Stones of Venice*, from which this extract is taken. As an eloquent and original writer on art he is unequalled, and his influence on modern art has been great. He is the prose-poet of the present age.

##### II.

|  |   |
|--|---|
| ES SEN'TIAL, important in the highest degree, necessary. | CHAS'TISE MENT, punishment.                                       |
| OR GAN I ZA'TION, arranged in system, orderly.           | MO NOT'O NOUS, wearisome, without change of tone, unvaried.       |
| EX'QUI SITE, carefully selected, excellent in quality.   | HO RI'ZON, where the sky and earth seem to meet, limit of vision. |
| CA PRI'CIOUS, changeable, whimsical.                     | AP'A THY, lack of feeling, indifference.                          |

## XXXVII.—A BOY ON A FARM.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

Boys in general would be very good farmers if the current notions about farming were not so very different from those they entertain. What passes for laziness is very often an unwillingness to farm in a particular way. But say what you will about boys, it is my impression that a farm without a boy would very soon come to grief. What the boy does is the life of the farm. He is the factotum, always in demand, always expected to do the thousand indispensable things that nobody else will do. Upon him fall all the odds and ends, the most difficult things.

After everybody else is through, he has to finish up. His work is like a woman's—perpetual waiting on others. Everybody knows how much easier it is to eat a good dinner than it is to wash the dishes afterward. Consider what a boy on a farm is required to do; things that must be done, or life would actually stop.

It is understood, in the first place, that he is to do all the errands, to go to the store, to the post-office, and to carry all sorts of messages. If he had as many legs as a centipede, they would tire before night. His two short limbs seem to him entirely inadequate to the task. He would like to have as many legs as a wheel has spokes, and rotate about in the same way.

This he sometimes tries to do; and the people who have seen him "turning cart-wheels" along the side of the road have supposed that he was amusing himself and idling his time; he was only trying to invent a new mode of locomotion, so that he could economize his legs and do his errands with greater dispatch.

He practises standing on his head, in order to accustom himself to any position. Leap-frog is one of his methods of getting over the ground quickly. He would willingly go an errand any distance if he could leap-frog it with a few other boys. He has a natural genius for combining pleasure with business. This is the reason why, when he is sent to the spring for a pitcher of water, and the family are waiting at the dinner-table, he is absent so long, for he stops to poke the frog that sits on the stone, or, if there is a penstock, to put his hand over the spout, and squirt the water a little while.

He is the one who spreads the grass when the men have cut it ; he mows it away in the barn ; he rides the horse, to cultivate the corn, up and down the hot, weary rows ; he picks up the potatoes when they are dug ; he drives the cows night and morning ; he brings wood and water, and splits kindling ; he gets up the horse, and puts out the horse ; whether he is in the house or out of it, there is always something for him to do.

Just before school in winter he shovels paths ; in summer he turns the grindstone. He knows where there are lots of wintergreens and sweet flag-root ; but, instead of going for them, he is to stay in-doors and pare apples and stone raisins and pound something in a mortar. And yet, with his mind full of schemes of what he would like to do, and his hands full of occupations, he is an idle boy, who has nothing to busy himself with but school and chores !

He would gladly do all the work if somebody else would do the chores, he thinks ; and yet I doubt if any boy ever amounted to anything in the world, or was of much use as a man, who did not enjoy the advantages of a liberal education in the way of chores.

## NOTES FOR STUDY.

## I.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER (1829—), novelist and essayist, was born in Massachusetts. He was graduated at Hamilton College and studied law. He removed to Connecticut and became editor of the *Hartford Press*. He is the editor of the *American Men of Letters Series*, the first volume of which, the *Life of Irving*, is from his pen. Other works are: *Back Log Studies*, *Their Pilgrimage*, and *A Little Journey through the World*. His writings are full of delicious humor and rich and refined thought.

## II.

|  |   |
|--|---|
| CUR'RENT, common, present time.                              | IN AD'E QUATE, not enough, insufficient.                        |
| FAC TO'TUM, a person who does all kinds of work.             | LO CO MO'TION, the power of moving, going from place to place.  |
| IN DIS PEN'SA BLE, necessary, essential.                     | PEN'STOCK, a closed pipe for conducting water.                  |
| RO'TATE, to turn as a wheel.                                 | CHORES, small tasks, the regular or daily light work on a farm. |
| CEN'TI PEDE, an insect once supposed to have a hundred legs. |   |

## XXXVIII.—THE CLOUD.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,  
 From the seas and the streams ;  
 I bear light shade for the leaves when laid  
 In their noonday dreams.  
 From my wings are shaken the dews that waken  
 The sweet buds every one,  
 When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,  
 As she dances about the sun.  
 I wield the flail of the lashing hail,  
 And whiten the green plains under ;

And then again I dissolve it in rain,  
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,  
And their great pines groan aghast ;  
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,  
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.

Sublime on the towers of the skyey bowers  
Lightning, my pilot, sits ;

In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,  
It struggles and howls by fits ;

Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,  
This pilot is guiding me,

Lured by the love of the genii that move  
In the depths of the purple sea ;

Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,  
Over the lakes and the plains,

Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,  
The spirit he loves remains ;

And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,  
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,  
And his burning plumes outspread,  
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack  
When the morning star shines dead ;  
As, on the jag of a mountain crag,  
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,  
An eagle alit one moment may sit  
In the light of its golden wings,

And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,  
 Its ardors of rest and of love,  
 And the crimson pall of eve may fall  
 From the depth of heaven above,  
 With wings folded I rest on mine airy nest,  
 As still as a brooding dove.

That orbéd maiden, with white fire laden,  
 Whom mortals call the moon,  
 Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,  
 By the midnight breezes strewn ;  
 And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,  
 Which only the angels hear,  
 May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,  
 The stars peep behind her and peer ;  
 And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,  
 Like a swarm of golden bees,  
 When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,  
 Till the calm river, lakes, and seas,  
 Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,  
 Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,  
 And the moon's with a girdle of pearl ;  
 The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,  
 When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.  
 From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,  
 Over a torrent sea,  
 Sunbeam proof, I hang like a roof,  
 The mountains its columns be.

The triumphal arch through which I march,  
With hurricane, fire, and snow,  
When the powers of the air are chained to my chair,  
Is the million colored bow ;  
The sphere-fire above its soft colors wove,  
While the moist earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of the earth and water  
And the nursling of the sky ;  
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores ;  
I change, but I cannot die.  
For after the rain, when, with never a stain,  
The pavilion of heaven is bare,  
And the winds and sunbeams, with their convex gleams,  
Build up the blue dome of air,—  
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,  
And out of the caverns of rain,  
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,  
I arise and unbuild it again.

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NOTES FOR STUDY.

I.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY (1792-1822) was educated at Eton and Oxford, from which latter institution he was expelled on account of his atheistic principles. His health was delicate, so that much of his later life was spent in Italy, where he became intimately acquainted with Lord Byron. He was drowned in the Gulf of Spezzia and his body burned. His ashes were deposited by Byron in the Protestant cemetery at Rome. Besides two dramatic works, *Prometheus Unbound* and *The Cenci*, he has written many beautiful poems among which are *Alastor*, *The Revolt of Islam*, and the *Ode to a Skylark*. His genius was of a high order, showing intensity of feeling and powerful imagination.

## II.

|  |   |
|--|---|
| A GHAST', struck with terror and amazement.          | BASK, expose to warmth.                           |
| LURED, enticed, attracted under promise of pleasure. | RACK, thin flying or broken clouds.               |
| GE'NI I, a fabled race between men and angels.       | NURS'LING, an infant.                             |
|  | PA VIL'ION, a canopy, a large tent-like covering. |
|  | CEN'O TAPH, an empty tomb.                        |

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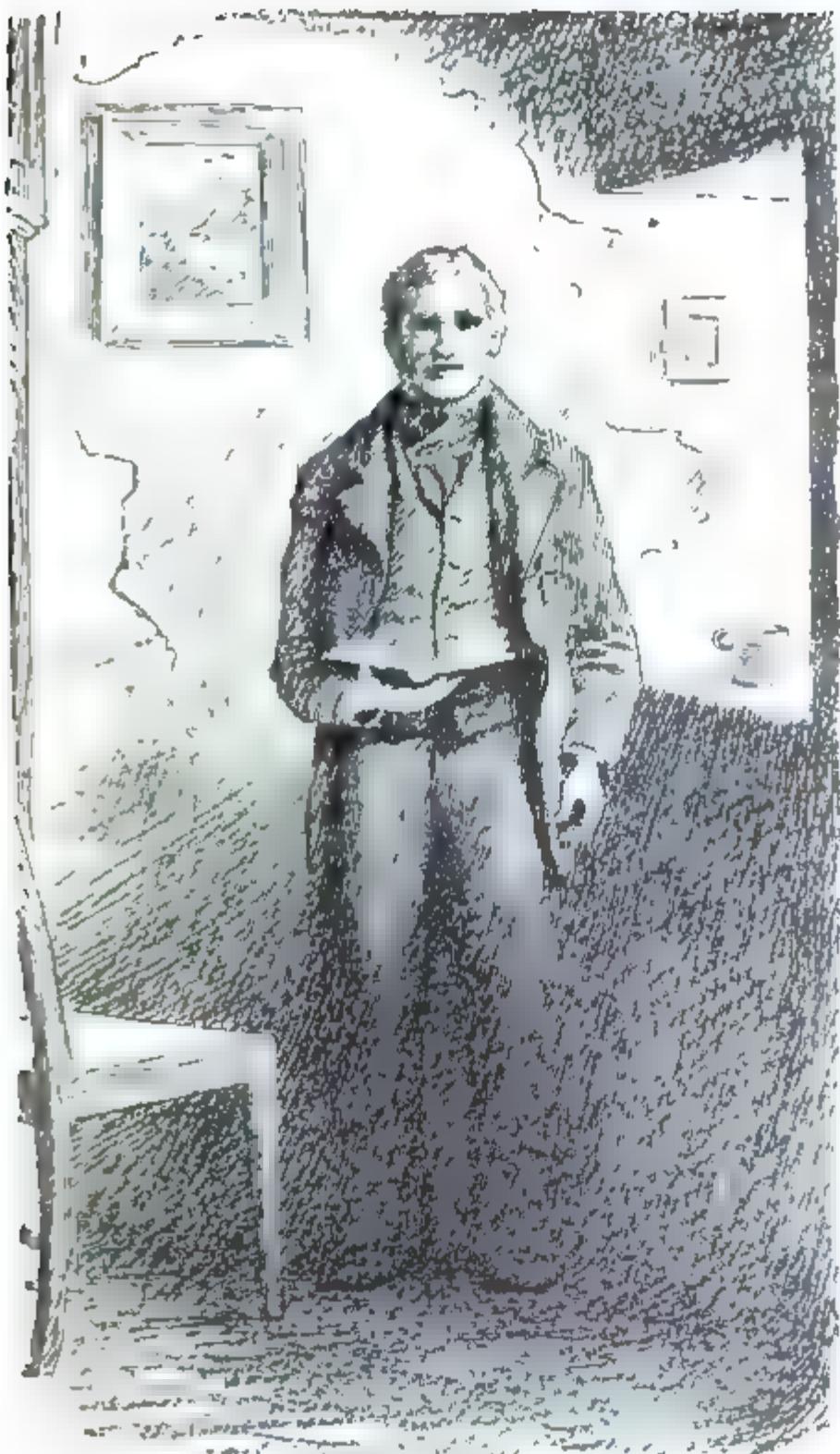
## XXXIX.—A GREAT WORK.

JAMES M. BARRIE.

Seeby came, but with a faded little book, the title already rubbed from its shabby brown covers. I opened it, and then all at once I saw before me again the man who wrote and printed it and died. He came hobbling up the brae, so bent that his body was almost at right angles to his legs, and his broken silk hat was carefully brushed as in the days when Janet, his sister, lived. There he stood at the top of the brae, panting.

I was but a boy when Jimsy Duthie turned the corner of the brae for the last time, with a score of mourners behind him. While I knew him there was no Janet to run to the door to see if he was coming. So occupied was Jimsy with the great affair of his life, which was brewing for thirty years, that his neighbors saw how he missed his sister better than he realized it himself. Only his hat was no longer carefully brushed, and his coat hung awry, and there was sometimes little reason why he should go home to dinner. It is for the sake of Janet, who adored him, that we should remember Jimsy in the days before she died.

Jimsy was a poet, and for the space of thirty years he lived



in a great epic on the Millennium. This is the book presented to me by Jess, that lies so quietly on my topmost shelf now. Open it, however, and you will find that the work is entitled “The Millennium : an Epic Poem, in Twelve Books : by James Duthie.” In the little hole in his wall where Jimsy kept his books there was, I have no doubt, a well-read copy of *Paradise Lost*. Some people would smile, perhaps, if they read the two epics side by side, and others might sigh, for there is a great deal in “The Millennium” that Milton could take credit for. Jimsy had educated himself after the idea came to him of writing something that the world would not willingly let die, and he began his book before his education was complete. So far as I know, he never wrote a line that had not to do with “The Millennium.”

By trade Jimsy was a printer, a master-printer with no one under him, and he printed and bound his book ten copies in all, as well as wrote it. To print the poem took him, I dare say, nearly as long as to write it ; and he set up the pages as they were written, one by one. The book is only printed on one side of the leaf, and each page was produced separately like a little hand-bill. Those who may pick up the book—but who will care to do so?—will think that the author or his printer could not spell—but they would not do Jimsy that injustice if they knew the circumstances in which it was produced.

He had but a small stock of type, and on many occasions he ran out of a letter. The letter *e* tried him sorely. Those who knew him best say that he tried to think of words without an *e* in them, but when he was baffled he had to use a little *a* or an *o* instead. He could print correctly, but in the book there are a good many capital letters in the middle of

words, and sometimes there is a note of interrogation after “Alas” or “Woes me,” because all the notes of exclamation had been used up.

Jimsy never cared to speak about his great poem, even to his closest friends; but Janet told how he read it out to her, and that his whole body trembled with excitement, while he raised his eyes to heaven as if asking for inspiration that would enable his voice to do justice to his writing. So grand it was, said Janet, that her stocking would slip from her fingers as he read—and Janet’s stockings, that she was always knitting when not otherwise engaged, did not slip from her hands readily. After her death he was heard by his neighbours reciting the poem to himself, generally with his door locked.

He is said to have declaimed part of it one still evening from the top of the commony like one addressing a multitude, and the idlers who crept up to jeer at him fell back when they saw his face. He walked through them, they told, with his old body straight once more, and a queer light playing on his face. His lips are moving as I see him turning the corner of the brae.

So he passed from youth to old age, and all his life seemed a dream, except that part of it in which he was writing, or printing, or stitching, or binding “The Millennium.” At last the work was completed.

“It is finished,” he printed at the end of the last book. “The task of thirty years is over.”

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#### NOTES FOR STUDY.

##### I.

JAMES M. BARRIE (1860—) was born and still lives in the village of Kirriemuir, Scotland. His best stories, among which may be

mentioned *Auld Licht Idyls*, *A Window in Thrums*, from which this selection is taken, and *Sentimental Tommy*, deal with the life in this Scotch village. His work is characterized by an accuracy of detail and vividness of description which make the unfamiliar scenes of his stories endure in the reader's mind.

## II.

**BRAE** (*brā*), a hill, a slope.

**BREW'ING**, mixing together.

**MIL LEN'NI UM**, a thousand years,

the time of the coming of Jesus.

**IN TER RO GA'TION**, inquiry, question mark.

**IN SPI RA'TION**, elevation of soul.

**A DORED'**, worshipped.

## XL.—OVER THE HILL.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

“Traveler, what lies over the hill?  
Traveler, tell to me;  
I am only a child,—from the window-sill  
Over I cannot see.”

“Child, there's a valley over there,  
Pretty and wooded and shy;  
And a little brook that says, ‘Take care,  
Or I'll drown you by and by.’”

“And what comes next?” “A little town,  
And a towering hill again;  
More hills and valleys, up and down,  
And a river now and then.”

“And what comes next?” “A lonely moor  
Without a beaten way;

And gray clouds sailing slow before  
A wind that will not stay."

"And then?" "Dark rocks and yellow sand,  
And a moaning sea beside."

"And then?" "More sea, more sea, more land,  
And rivers deep and wide."

"And then?" "Oh, rock and mountain and vale,  
Rivers and fields and men,  
Over and over—a weary tale—  
And round to your home again."

"And is that all? Have you told the best?"  
"No, neither the best nor the end.  
On summer eves, away in the west,  
You will see a stair ascend,

"Built of all colors of lovely stones,—  
A stair up into the sky,  
Where no one is weary and no one moans,  
Or wants to be laid by."

"I will go." "But the steps are very steep,  
If you would climb up there,  
You must lie at the foot, as still as sleep,  
A very step of the stair."

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NOTES FOR STUDY.

I.

GEORGE MACDONALD (1824—) is a Scotch poet and novelist. He first studied for the ministry, but removed to London and devoted

himself to literature. *David Elginbrod*, *Annals of a Quiet Neighborhood*, and *Malcolm* are among his well-known novels. Into all his stories he injects a high moral purpose and a practical religion.

## II.

This poem is an allegory. It pictures life as a journey. The child is told of the scenes and trials of life, and finally of the glorious end of a well-spent life.

## XLI.—CAPTURE OF TICONDEROGA.

GEORGE BANCROFT.

The men were at once drawn up in three ranks, and, as the first beams of morning broke upon the mountain peaks, Ethan Allen addressed them thus:

“Friends and fellow-soldiers, we must this morning quit our pretensions to valor or possess ourselves of this fortress; and inasmuch as it is a desperate attempt, I do not urge it on contrary to your will. You that will undertake it voluntarily poise your firelock.”

At the word every firelock was poised.

“Face to the right!” cried Allen, and placing himself at the head of the center file, Arnold keeping at his side, he marched to the gate. It was shut, but the wicket was open.

The sentry snapped a fusee at him.

The Americans rushed into the fort, darted upon the guards, and raising the Indian war-whoop, such as had not been heard there since the days of Montcalm, formed on the parade in hollow square to face each of the barracks.

One of the sentries, after wounding an officer, and being slightly wounded himself, cried out for quarter, and showed the way to the apartment of the commanding officer.

“Come forth instantly, or I will sacrifice the whole gar-

rison," cried Allen, as he reached the door. At this, Delaplace, the commander, came out, half dressed, with some of his clothes in his hand.

"Deliver to me the fort instantly," said Allen.

"By what authority?" asked Delaplace.

"In the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress!" answered Allen.

Delaplace began to speak again, but was interrupted; and at sight of Allen's drawn sword near his head he gave up the garrison, ordering his men to be paraded without arms.

Thus was Ticonderoga taken, in the gray of the morning of the tenth of May, 1775. What cost the British nation eight millions sterling, a succession of campaigns, and many lives, was won in ten minutes, by a few undisciplined men, without the loss of life or limb.

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#### NOTES FOR STUDY.

##### I.

**GEORGE BANCROFT** (1800-1891), the historian, entered Harvard College at thirteen years of age, and studied and traveled extensively in Germany before he was twenty-one. He was a noted statesman, occupying the posts of Secretary of the Navy, Minister to England, and Minister to Germany. While Secretary of the Navy he established an observatory at Washington and the Naval Academy at Annapolis. He is chiefly known for his great work, *The History of The United States*.

##### II.

|   |   |
|---|---|
| PRE TEN'SIONS, unfairly claiming what is not one's own. | WICK'ET, small gate or door.                  |
| VOL'UN TA RI LY, of one's own accord, willingly.        | FU SEE' (fū zē'), a flint-lock musket.        |
| POISE, balance, weight.                                 | GAR'RI SON, body of soldiers guarding a fort. |

## XLII.—AN ERUPTION OF MOUNT VESUVIUS.

GEORGE BERKELEY.

In the year 1717, in the middle of April, with much difficulty I reached the top of Mount Vesuvius, in which I saw a vast aperture full of smoke, that hindered me from seeing its depth and figure. I heard within that horrid gulf extraordinary sounds which seemed to proceed from the bowels of the mountain: and at intervals a noise like that of thunder or cannon, with a clattering like the falling of tiles from the tops of houses into the streets. Sometimes, as the wind changed, the smoke grew thinner, discovering a very ruddy flame and the circumference of the crater streaked with red and several shades of yellow.

After an hour's stay, the smoke being moved by the wind, we had short and partial prospects of the great hollow; in the flat bottom of which I could discern two furnaces almost contiguous: that on the left, seeming about three yards over, glowing with ruddy flame and throwing up red-hot stones with a hideous noise, which, as they fell back, caused the clattering already taken notice of.

May 8, in the morning, I ascended the top of Vesuvius a second time, and found a different face of things. The smoke ascending upright, afforded a full prospect of the crater, which, as far as I could judge, was about a mile in circumference and a hundred yards deep. Since my last visit a conical mount had been formed in the middle of the bottom. This was made by the stones thrown up and fallen back again into the crater. In this new hill remained the two furnaces already mentioned. The one was seen to throw up every three or four minutes, with a dreadful sound, a vast

number of red-hot stones, at least three hundred feet higher than my head ; but as there was no wind they fell perpendicularly back from whence they had been discharged. The other was filled with red-hot liquid matter like that in the furnace of a glass-house ; raging and working like the waves of the sea, with a short abrupt noise.

This matter sometimes boiled over and ran down the side of the conical hill, appearing at first red hot, but changing color as it hardened and cooled. Had the wind set toward us, we should have been in no small danger of being stifled by the sulphurous smoke or killed by the masses of melted minerals that were shot from the bottom. But as the wind was favorable, I had an opportunity of surveying this amazing scene for above an hour and a half together.

On the fifth of June, after a horrid noise, the mountain was seen at Naples to work over ; and about three days after its thunders were so renewed that not only the windows in the city, but all the houses shook. From that time it continued to flow, and sometimes at night exhibited columns of fire shooting upward from its summit. On the tenth, when all was thought to be over, the mountain again renewed its terrors, roaring and raging most violently. One cannot form a juster idea of the noise in the most violent fits of it than by imagining a mixed sound, made up of the raging of a tempest, the murmur of a troubled sea, and the roaring of thunder and artillery, all confused together. Though we heard this at the distance of twelve miles, yet it was very terrible.

We resolved to approach nearer to the mountain ; and, accordingly, three or four of us entered a boat, and were set ashore at a little town situated at the foot of the mountain.

From thence we rode about four or five miles before we came to the torrent of fire that was descending from the side of the volcano ; and here the roaring grew exceedingly loud and terrible. I observed a mixture of colors in the cloud above the crater—green, yellow, red, blue. There was likewise a ruddy dismal light in the air over that tract where the burning river flowed. These circumstances, set off and augmented by the horror of the night, formed a scene the most uncommon and astonishing I ever saw ; which still increased as we approached the burning river.

A vast torrent of liquid fire rolled from the top down the side of the mountain, and with irresistible fury bore down and consumed vines, olives, and houses ; and divided into different channels according to the inequalities of the mountain. The largest stream seemed at least half a mile broad and five miles long. I walked before my companions so far up the mountain, alongside of the river of fire, that I was obliged to retire in great haste, the sulphurous steam having surprised me and almost taken away my breath. During our return, which was about three o'clock in the morning, the roaring of the mountain was heard all the way, while we observed it throwing up huge spouts of fire and burning stones, which, falling, resembled the stars in a rocket. Sometimes I observed two or three distinct columns of flame, and sometimes one only that was large enough to fill the whole crater. These burning columns and fiery stones seemed to be shot a thousand feet perpendicularly above the summit of the volcano. In this manner the mountain continued raging for six or eight days. On the eighteenth of the same month the whole appearance ended, and Vesuvius remained perfectly quiet.

## NOTES FOR STUDY.

## I.

GEORGE BERKELEY (1684-1753), bishop of Cloyne, was born in Ireland and educated in Trinity College, Dublin. At twenty-five he produced a profound philosophical treatise entitled, *Towards a New Theory of Vision*. The next year appeared his *Treatise Concerning the Principles of Human Knowledge*. At one time he was interested in a school for the training of missionaries for the British colonies.

## II.

|                                 |  |
|---------------------------------|--|
| AP'ER TURE, an opening, a hole. | CON'IC AL, like a cone, rising to a point. |
| CRA'TER, mouth of a volcano.    |  |
| CON TIG'U OUS, touching, near.  | IR RE SIST'I BLE, overpowering.            |

## XLIII.—AUTUMNAL VESPERS.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

The clarion Wind, that blew so loud at morn,  
 Whirling a thousand leaves from every bough  
 Of the purple woods, has not a whisper now ;  
 Hushed on the uplands is the huntsman's horn,  
 And huskers whistling round the tented corn ;  
 The snug warm cricket lets his clock run down,  
 Scared by the chill, sad hour that makes forlorn  
 The Autumn's gold and brown.

The light is dying out on field and wold ;  
 The life is dying in the leaves and grass.  
 The World's last breath no longer dims the glass  
 Of waning sunset, yellow, pale, and cold.  
 His genial pulse, which Summer made so bold,  
 Has ceased. Haste, Night, and spread thy decent pall !  
 The silent, stiffening Frost makes havoc : fold  
 The darkness over all !

The light is dying out o'er all the land,  
 And in my heart the light is dying.  
 She, my life's best life, is fading silently  
 From earth, from me, and from the dreams we planned,  
 Since first Love led us with his beaming hand  
 From hope to hope, yet kept his crown in store.  
 The light is dying out o'er all the land :  
 To me it comes no more.

The blossom of my heart, she shrinks away,  
 Stricken with deadly blight : more wan and weak  
 Her love replies in blanching lip and cheek,  
 And gentler in her dear eyes, day by day.  
 God, in Thy mercy, bid the arm delay,  
 Which through her being smites to dust my own !  
 Thou gav'st the seed thy sun and showers ; why slay  
 The blossoms yet unblown ?

In vain,—in vain ! God will not bid the Spring  
 Replace with sudden green the Autumn's gold ;  
 And as the night-mists, gathering damp and cold,  
 Strike up the vales where water-courses sing,  
 Death's mists shall strike along her veins, and cling  
 Thenceforth forever round her glorious frame ;  
 For all her radiant presence, May shall bring  
 A memory and a name.

What know the woods, that soon shall be so stark ?  
 What know the barren fields, the songless air,  
 Locked in benumbing cold, of blooms more fair  
 In mornings ushered by the April lark ?

Weak solace this, which grief will never hark ;  
 Blind as a bud in stiff December's mail,  
 To lift her look beyond the frozen dark  
 No memory can avail.

I never knew the autumnal eves could wear,  
 With all their pomp, so drear a hue of Death ;  
 I never knew their still and solemn breath  
 Could rob the breaking heart of strength to bear,  
 Feeding the blank submission of despair.

Yet, peace, sad soul ! reproach and pity shine  
 Suffused through starry tears ; bend though in prayer,  
 Rebuked by Love divine.

Our life is scarcee the twinkle of a star  
 In God's eternal day. Obscure and dim  
 With mortal clouds, it yet may beam for Him,  
 And darkened here, shine fair to spheres afar.  
 I will be patient, lest my sorrow bar  
 His grace and blessing, and I fall supine :  
 In my own hands my want and weakness are,—  
 My strength, O God ! in Thine.

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#### XLIV.—THE RUNAWAY CANNON.

VICTOR MARIE HUGO.

I.

A terrible thing had happened. One of the short cannons of the battery, a twenty-four pounder, had become loose.

This is perhaps the most formidable of ocean accidents. Nothing more terrible can happen to a vessel in open sea and under full sail.

A gun that breaks its moorings becomes suddenly a monster. This mass turns upon its wheels, has the rapid movements of a billiard-ball, rolls with the rolling, pitches with the pitching, goes, comes, pauses, seems to meditate, resumes its course, rushes like an arrow from end to end of the ship, circles about, rears, breaks, kills.

The mad mass has the bounds of a panther, the weight of an elephant, the agility of a mouse, the obstinacy of an ass, the unexpectedness of the surge, the rapidity of lightning, the deafness of the tomb. It weighs ten thousand pounds, and it rebounds like a child's ball.

What is to be done? How to end this?

A tempest ceases, a wind falls, a leak is stopped, a fire dies out; but how to control this brute of bronze? In what way can one attack it?

How foresee its comings and goings, its returns, its stops, its shocks? One has to deal with a projectile which thinks, which seems to possess ideas, and which changes its direction each instant.

The horrible cannon flings itself about, advances, recoils, strikes to the right, strikes to the left, flees, passes, breaks down obstacles, crushes men like flies.

The fault was the chief gunner's. He had neglected to fasten the gun securely in place. As a heavy wave struck the port, the carronade, weakly attached, recoiled, burst its chain, and began to rush wildly about.

At the moment when the lashings gave way the gunners were in the battery, some in groups, others standing alone,

occupied with such duties as sailors perform when expecting the command to clear for action. The cannon, hurled forward by the pitching, dashed into this knot of men and crushed four at the first blow ; then flung back and shot out anew by the rolling, it cut in two a fifth poor fellow, glanced off to the larboard side and struck a piece of the battery with such force as to unship it.

Then arose the cry of distress. The men rushed to the ladder ; the gun-deck emptied in the twinkling of an eye. The enormous cannon was left alone. She was her own mistress, and mistress of the vessel. She could do what she willed with both. The whole crew, accustomed to laugh in battle, trembled now.

The captain and lieutenant, although both brave men, stopped at the head of the stairs, and remained mute, pale, hesitating, looking down on the deck. Some one pushed them aside with his elbow and descended. It was their passenger, the peasant,—the man of whom they had been speaking the moment before. When he reached the foot of the ladder he stood still.

The cannon came and went along the deck. One might have fancied it the living chariot of the prophet's vision. The marine lanterns swinging from the ceiling added a dizzying whirl of light and shadows. The shape of the cannon could not be distinguished so rapid was its course. The whole ship was filled with the awful tumult.

The captain promptly recovered his composure, and at his orders the sailors threw down into the deck everything which could deaden and check the mad rush of the gun,—mattresses, hammocks, spare-sails, and bales of paper, of which the ship carried a full cargo. But what could these avail ? No one

dare descend to arrange them in any needful fashion, and in a few instants they were mere heaps of fragments.

There was just enough sea to render an accident as complete as possible. A tempest would have been desirable ; it might have thrown the gun upside down, and, the four wheels once in the air, the monster could have been captured. But the destruction increased. The mizzenmast was cracked, and the mainmast itself was injured, under the convulsive blows of the gun. The battery was being destroyed. Ten pieces out of thirty were disabled ; the breaches multiplied in the side, and the ship began to take in water.

## II.

The old passenger who had descended to the gun-deck looked like a form of stone. He stood motionless, gazing sternly about. Indeed, it seemed impossible to take a single step forward.

Each bound of the cannon menaced the destruction of the vessel. A few minutes more, and shipwreck must come. They must perish or put a summary end to the disaster ; a decision must be made ; but how ?

They must check this mad monster. They must seize this flash of lightning. They must overthrow this thunderbolt.

“ Do you believe in God, chevalier ? ” said the captain to the lieutenant.

“ Yes. No. Sometimes,” was the reply.

“ In a tempest ? ”

“ Yes ; and in moments like this.”

“ Only God can aid us here,” said the captain.

All were silent. Only the cannon kept up its horrible din.

The waves beat against the ship ; their blows from without

responded to the strokes of the cannon. It was like two hammers alternating.

Suddenly into the midst of this inaccessible circus there sprang a man with an iron bar in his hand. It was the author of the accident, the gunner whose negligence caused it—the captain of the gun.

Having been the means of bringing about the misfortune, he desired to repair it. He had caught up a handspike in one fist, a tiller-rope with a slipping noose in the other, and jumped down into the gun deck.

Then a strange combat began—the struggle of the gun against the gunner, a battle between matter and intelligence.

Livid, calm, tragic, rooted as it were in the planks, he waited. He waited for the cannon to pass near him. He began to address it as he might have done his dog.

“Come!” said he.

Perhaps he loved it. He seemed to wish it would turn toward him.

But to come toward him would be to spring upon him. Then he would be lost. All stared in terrific silence.

No one breathed freely, except, perchance, the old man, who stood, a stern second, in his place at the foot of the ladder. He might himself be crushed by the piece. He did not stir. Beneath them the blind sea directed the battle.

At the instant when, accepting this awful hand-to-hand contest, the gunner came near to challenge the cannon, some chance movement of the waves kept it for a moment still, as if stupefied.

“Come on!” the man said to it. It seemed to listen. Suddenly it darted upon him. He avoided the shock. The struggle began—struggle unheard of; the thing of flesh at-

tacking the brazen mute; on the one side blind force, on the other a soul.

A soul; but you would have said that the cannon had one also—a soul filled with rage and hatred. The monster seemed to be watching the man.

There was—one might have fancied so, at least—cunning in the mass. It became a gigantic insect of metal, having, or seeming to have, the will of a demon. Sometimes it struck the low ceiling of the gun-deck, then falling back on its four wheels like a tiger upon its four claws, it darted anew on the man.

He—supple, agile, adroit—would glide like a snake from the reach of these lightning-like movements. He avoided the blows; but they fell upon the vessel with continued destruction.

An end of broken chain remained attached to the gun. This chain had twisted itself—one could not tell how—about the screw of the breech button. One end of the chain was fastened to the carriage. The other, hanging loose, whirled wildly about the gun.

Nevertheless the man fought. Sometimes even it was the man who attacked the cannon. He crept along the side, bar and rope in hand, and the cannon had the air of understanding, and fled as if it saw the snare. The man pursued. Such a duel could not last long. The gun seemed suddenly to say to itself, "Come, we must make an end!" and it paused. One felt the approach of a crisis.

It sprang unexpectedly upon the gunner. He jumped aside and cried out, with a laugh, "Try again!" The gun, as if in a fury, broke a cannon to larboard, then, seized anew by the invisible sling which held it, was flung to starboard toward the man, who escaped.

Three cannon gave way under the blows of the gun ; then, as if blind and no longer conscious of what it was doing, it turned back on the man, rolling from the stern to the bow, bruising the stern and making a breach in the planking of the prow.

The gunner had taken refuge at the foot of the stairs, a few steps from the old man, who was watching. The gunner held his handspike in rest. The cannon seemed to perceive him, and, without taking the trouble to turn itself, backed upon him with the quickness of an axe-stroke.

The gunner, if driven back against the side, was lost. The crew uttered a cry.

But the old passenger, until now motionless, made a spring more rapid than all those wild whirls. He seized a bale of paper, and, at the risk of being crushed, succeeded in flinging it between the wheels of the cannon.

The bale had the effect of a plug. A pebble may stop a log, a tree-branch turn an avalanche.

The cannon stumbled. The gunner, in his turn, seizing this terrible chance, plunged his iron bar between the spokes of one of the hind wheels.

The cannon was stopped. It staggered. The man, using the bar as a lever, rocked it to and fro. The heavy mass turned over with a clang like a falling bell, and the gunner, dripping with sweat, rushed forward headlong and passed the slipping-noose about the bronze neck of the overthrown monster.

It was ended. The man had conquered. The pygmy had taken the thunderbolt prisoner. The whole crew hurried down with cables and chains, and in an instant the cannon was securely lashed. The gunner saluted the old man. "Sir," he said, "you have saved my life."

## NOTES FOR STUDY.

## I.

VICTOR MARIE HUGO (1802-1885), one of the most distinguished modern French writers, was born at Besançon. His youth was spent in France, Italy, and Spain. He was famous as a poet and novelist before he was thirty. He suffered with his country in her misfortunes and his varied experiences gave him the material for his romances, the most noted of which is *Les Misérables*. Other works are: *L'Histoire d'un Crime*, *L'Année Terrible*, etc. His writings are often extravagant or affected, but as a lyrist he is unequalled.

## II.

|  |   |
|--|---|
| FOR'MID A BLE, exciting fear, terrible.            | LAR'BOARD, left hand side of a ship as one faces the bow.   |
| RE SUME', to begin again.                          | CHAR'I OT, a stately carriage.                              |
| A GIL'I TY, quickness, nimbleness.                 | STU'PE FIED, made stupid, dull in mind.                     |
| OB'STI NA CY. stubbornness.                        | A DROIT', skillful.   |
| PRO JECT'ILE, a cannon ball.                       | AV'A LANCHE, a mass of snow or ice rushing down a mountain. |
| CAR RON ADE', a short cannon once used on vessels. |   |

## XLV.—PERFECT ENGLISH.

To acquire a pure style is the aim of every writer of good English. To do this one must study the best models,—the masterpieces of the language.

More and more, writers are recognizing that the purest English to be found anywhere is in the Bible. Many of the Psalms are models of strong and yet simple English. Of this English in the Bible, a noted divine, Dr. Faber, says:

“It lives on the ear, like a music that can never be forgotten, like the sound of church bells, which the convert hardly knows how he can forego. Its felicities often seem to

be almost things rather than mere words. It is part of the national mind, and the anchor of national seriousness.

“The memory of the dead passes into it. The potent traditions of childhood are stereotyped in its verses. The power of all the griefs and trials of a man is hidden beneath its words. It is the representative of his best moments, and all that there has been about him of soft and gentle and pure and penitent and good speaks to him forever out of his English Bible.

“It is his sacred thing, which doubt has never dimmed, and controversy never soiled. In the length and breadth of the land there is not a Protestant with one spark of religiousness about him whose spiritual biography is not in his Saxon Bible.”

The following psalm is perhaps the finest specimen of sublime thought and noble imagery in any language.

#### PSALM CIV.

Bless the Lord, O my soul.  
O Lord my God, thou art very great ;  
Thou art clothed with honor and majesty ;  
Who coverest thyself with light as with a garment :  
Who stretchest out the heavens like a curtain :  
Who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters :  
Who maketh the clouds his chariot :  
Who walketh upon the wings of the wind :  
Who maketh his angels spirits ;  
His ministers a flaming fire :  
Who laid the foundations of the earth,  
That it should not be removed for ever.  
Thou coveredest it with the deep as with a garment :

The waters stood above the mountains.  
At thy rebuke they fled ;  
At the voice of thy thunder they hasted away.  
They go up by the mountains ;  
They go down by the valleys  
Unto the place which thou hast founded for them.  
Thou hast set a bound that they may not pass over ;  
That they turn not again to cover the earth.  
He sendeth the springs into the valleys,  
Which run among the hills.  
They give drink to every beast of the field :  
The wild asses quench their thirst.  
By them shall the fowls of the heaven have their habitation,  
Which sing among the branches.  
He watereth the hills from his chambers :  
The earth is satisfied with the fruit of thy works.  
He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle,  
And herb for the service of man :  
That he may bring forth food out of the earth ;  
And wine that maketh glad the heart of man,  
And oil to make his face to shine,  
And bread which strengtheneth man's heart.  
The trees of the Lord are full of sap ;  
The cedars of Lebanon, which he hath planted ;  
Where the birds make their nests :  
As for the stork, the fir trees are her house.  
The high hills are a refuge for the wild goats ;  
And the rocks for the conies.  
He appointed the moon for seasons :  
The sun knoweth his going down.  
Thou makest darkness, and it is night :

Wherein all the beasts of the forest do creep forth.  
The young lions roar after their prey,  
And seek their meat from God.  
The sun ariseth, they gather themselves together,  
And lay them down in their dens.  
Man goeth forth unto his work  
And to his labor until the evening.  
O Lord, how manifold are thy works !  
In wisdom hast thou made them all :  
The earth is full of thy riches.  
So is this great and wide sea,  
Wherein are things creeping innumerable,  
Both small and great beasts.  
There go the ships :  
There is that leviathan, whom thou hast made to play therein.  
These wait all upon thee ;  
That thou mayest give them their meat in due season.  
That thou givest them, they gather :  
Thou openest thine hand, they are filled with good.  
Thou hidest thy face, they are troubled :  
Thou takest away their breath,  
They die, and return to their dust.  
Thou sendest forth thy spirit, they are created :  
And thou renewest the face of the earth.  
The glory of the Lord shall endure for ever :  
The Lord shall rejoice in his works.  
He looketh on the earth, and it trembleth :  
He toucheth the hills, and they smoke.  
I will sing unto the Lord as long as I live :  
I will sing praise to my God while I have my being.  
My meditation of him shall be sweet :

I will be glad in the Lord.  
Let the sinners be consumed out of the earth,  
And let the wicked be no more.  
Bless thou the Lord, O my soul.  
Praise ye the Lord.

---

## XLVI.—ELDORADO.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

Gaily bedight,  
A gallant knight,  
In sunshine and in shadow,  
Had journeyed long,  
Singing a song,  
In search of Eldorado.

But he grew old—  
This knight so bold—  
And o'er his heart a shadow  
Fell as he found  
No spot of ground  
That looked like Eldorado.

And, as his strength  
Failed him at length,  
He met a pilgrim shadow—  
“Shadow,” said he,  
“Where can it be—  
This land of Eldorado?”

“Over the Mountains  
Of the Moon,  
Down the Valley of the Shadow,  
Ride, boldly ride,”  
The shade replied,—  
“If you seek for Eldorado !”

## NOTES FOR STUDY.

## I.

EDGAR ALLAN POE (1809-1849) was born in Boston, but early removed to Richmond, Virginia. He was educated partly in England and partly in the University of Virginia and in the Military Academy at West Point. He was a frequent contributor to the magazines, particularly to *The Southern Literary Messenger* and *Graham's*. Among his prose works are *The Fall of the House of Usher*, *The Gold Bug*, and *The Murders of the Rue Morgue*. Of his poems, *The Bells*, *Lenore*, and *The Raven* are the best known. He was particularly skillful in imparting a feeling of vague mystery and horror.

## II.

|   |  |
|---|--|
| BE DIGHT', to bedeck, to adorn.                                 | EL DO RA'DO, an imaginary coun-            |
| KNIGHT (nīt), champion, a man of<br>noble rank or noble action. | try rich in gold, gems, and de-<br>lights. |
| PIL'GRIM, traveler to a holy place.                             |  |

## XLVII.—APRIL DAYS.

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

The first wild-flower of the spring is like land after sea. The two which throughout the North Atlantic States divide this interest are the *Epigaea repens* (Mayflower, ground laurel or trailing arbutus) and the *Hepatica triloba* (liverleaf, liverwort or blue anemone). Of these two, the latter is perhaps more immediately exciting on first discovery, because it is an annual, not a perennial, and so does not, like the epigaea,

exhibit its buds all winter, but opens its blue eyes almost as soon as it emerges from the ground.

Without the rich and delicious odor of its compeer, it has an inexpressibly fresh and earthy scent that seems to bring all the promise of the blessed season with it; indeed, that clod of fresh turf with the inhalation of which Lord Bacon delighted to begin the day must undoubtedly have been full of the roots of our little hepatica.

Its healthy sweetness belongs to the opening year, like Chaucer's poetry; and one thinks that anything more potent and voluptuous would be less enchanting—until one turns to the Mayflower. Then comes a rich fascination for the senses.

To pick the Mayflower is like following in the footsteps of some spendthrift army which has scattered the contents of its treasure-chest among beds of scented moss. The fingers sink in the soft, moist verdure, and make at each instant some superb discovery unawares; again and again, straying carelessly, they clutch some new treasure; and, indeed, the plants are linked together in bright necklaces by secret threads beneath the surface, and where you grasp at one you hold many.

The hands go wandering over the moss as over the keys of a piano, and bring forth odors for melodies. The lovely creatures twine and nestle and lay their glowing faces to the very earth beneath withered leaves, and what seemed mere barrenness becomes fresh and fragrant beauty. So great is the charm of the pursuit that the epigaea is really the wild-flower for which our country-people have a hearty passion.

Every village child knows its best haunts, and watches for it eagerly in the spring; boys wreath their hats with it, girls twine it in their hair, and the cottage-windows are filled with its beauty.

## NOTES FOR STUDY.

## I.

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON (1823—), a noted Massachusetts reformer, was educated at Harvard College and still lives in Cambridge. He belonged to the antislavery party and was wounded in trying to release a captured slave. In the War of the Rebellion he was colonel of the first regiment of emancipated slaves. Besides his well-known *Young Folks' History of the United States*, his works include *Out-Door Papers*, *Atlantic Essays*, and a *Memoir of Margaret Fuller-Ossoli*.

## II.

|   |   |
|---|---|
| PER EN'NI AL, living more than                | EX HA LA'TION, odors, smoke, perfume.                               |
| EMER'GENCE, sudden appearance, to come forth. | VO LUP'TU OUS, full of delight or pleasure.                         |
| COM PEER', an equal, a companion.             | FAS CI NA'TION, charm, spell.<br>HAUNTS, places frequently visited. |

## XLVIII.—AN APRIL DAY.

ADAPTED FROM GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

All day the low-hung clouds have dropped  
Their garnered fullness down ;  
All day that soft gray mist hath wrapped  
Hill, valley, grove, and town.

There has not been a sound to-day  
To break the calm of nature ;  
Nor motion, I might almost say,  
Of life, or living creature :

Of waving bough, or warbling bird,  
Or cattle faintly lowing ;—  
I could have half believed I heard  
The leaves and blossoms growing.

I stood to hear—I love it well—  
The rain's continuous sound,  
Small drops, but thick and fast they fell,  
Down straight into the ground ;

For leafy thickness is not yet  
Earth's naked breast to screen,  
Though every dripping branch is set  
With shoots of tender green.

Sure, since I looked at early morn,  
Those honeysuckle buds  
Have swelled to double growth ; that thorn  
Hath put forth larger studs ;

That lilac's cleaving cones have burst,  
The milk-white flowers revealing ;  
E'en now, upon my senses first  
Methinks their sweets are stealing.

The very earth, the steamy air,  
Are all with fragrance rife ;  
And grace and beauty everywhere  
Are flushing into life.

Down, down they come—those fruitful stores !  
Those earth-rejoicing drops !  
A momentary deluge pours,  
Then thins, decreases, stops ;



And ere the dimples on the stream  
 Have circled out of sight,  
 Lo ! from the west a parting gleam  
 Breaks forth of amber light.

But yet behold—abrupt and loud  
 Comes down the glittering rain :  
 The farewell of a passing cloud,  
 The fringes of her train.

---

NOTES FOR STUDY.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER (1340-1400) is called "the father of English poetry." Little is known of his life. His *Canterbury Tales*, in which a company of pilgrims tell stories to while away the time, was the model on which Longfellow based his *Tales of a Wayside Inn*.

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**XLIX.—THE TWO ROADS.**

JEAN PAUL RICHTER.

It was New-Year's night ; and Von Arden, having fallen into an unquiet slumber, dreamed that he was an aged man standing at a window. He raised his mournful eyes toward the deep blue sky, where the stars were floating like white lilies on the surface of a clear, calm lake. Then he cast them on the earth, where a few more hopeless beings than himself now moved toward their certain goal—the tomb.

Already, as it seemed to him, he had passed sixty of the stages which lead to it, and he had brought from his journey nothing but errors and remorse. His health was destroyed, his mind vacant, his heart sorrowful, and his old age devoid of comfort.

The days of his youth rose up in a vision before him, and he recalled the solemn moment when his father had placed him at the entrance of two roads—one leading into a peaceful, sunny land, covered with a fertile harvest and resounding with soft, sweet songs; the other leading the wanderer into a deep, dark cave, whence there was no issue, where poison flowed instead of water, and where serpents hissed and crawled.

He looked toward the sky and cried out in his agony: “O days of my youth, return! O my father, place me once more at the entrance to life that I may choose the better way!” But the days of his youth and his father had both passed away.

He saw wandering lights floating away over dark marshes and then disappear. These were the days of his wasted life. He saw a star fall from heaven and vanish in darkness. This was an emblem of himself; and the sharp arrows of unavailing remorse struck home to his heart. Then he remembered his early companions who entered on life with him, but who, having trod the paths of virtue and of labor, were now honored and happy on this New-Year’s night.

The clock in the high church tower struck, and the sound, falling on his ear, recalled his parents’ early love for him, their erring son; the lessons they had taught him; the prayers they had offered up on his behalf. Overwhelmed with shame and grief, he dared no longer look toward that heaven where his father dwelt; his darkened eyes dropped tears, and with one despairing effort he cried aloud, “Come back, my early days! come back!”

And his youth did return; for all this was but a dream which visited his slumbers on New-Year’s night. He was

still young ; his faults alone were real. He thanked God fervently that time was still his own ; that he had not yet entered the deep, dark cavern, but that he was free to tread the road leading to the peaceful land where sunny harvests wave.

Ye who still linger on the threshold of life, doubting which path to choose, remember that when years are passed, and your feet stumble on the dark mountain, you will cry bitterly, but cry in vain : "O youth, return ! Oh, give me back my early days !"

#### NOTES FOR STUDY.

##### I.

JEAN PAUL FRIEDRICH RICHTER (1763-1825), known also as "Jean Paul," was a celebrated German novelist and essayist. He was educated at the University of Leipsic, and his earlier years were spent in the deepest poverty. After ten years of profitless writing, he was finally successful in his story, *The Invisible Lodge*, which was rapidly followed by many others. He also wrote *Levana*, a profound treatise on education. So deep are his sarcasms and so grotesque his humor that he was by some regarded as crazy.

##### II.

|  |                               |
|--|-------------------------------|
| GOAL ( <i>gōl</i> ), point aimed at in a race. | DE VOID', empty, destitute.   |
| RE MORSE', keen pain, regret.                  | UN A VAIL'ING, useless, vain. |

FER'VENT LY, earnestly, ardently.

#### L.—GOLDEN WORDS OF TWO PRESIDENTS.

##### I.

##### WILLIAM MCKINLEY.

No man gets on so well in this world as he whose daily walk and conversation are clean and consistent, whose heart is pure, and whose life is honorable. A religious spirit helps

every man. It is at once a comfort and an inspiration, and makes him stronger, wiser, and better in every relation of life. There is no substitute for it. It may be assailed by its enemies, as it has been, but they offer nothing in its place. It has stood the test of centuries and has never failed to help and bless mankind.

The world has use for the young man who is well grounded in principle, who has reverence for truth and religion and courageously follows their teachings. Employment awaits his coming and honor crowns his path. More than all this: conscious of rectitude, he meets the cares of life with courage; the duties which confront him he discharges with manly honesty.

## II.

### JAMES A. GARFIELD.

We hold reunions, not for the dead, for there is nothing in all the earth that you and I can do for the dead. They are past our help and past our praise. We can add to them no glory; we can give to them no immortality. They do not need us, but forever and forever more we need them.

---

### LI.—MARCO BOZZARIS.

#### FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

At midnight, in his guarded tent,  
The Turk lay dreaming of the hour  
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,  
Should tremble at his power;  
In dreams, through camp and court he bore  
The trophies of a conqueror;

In dreams his song of triumph heard ;  
 Then wore his monarch's signet ring,—  
 Then pressed that monarch's throne—a king !  
 As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,  
 As Eden's garden bird.

An hour passed on ;—the Turk awoke ;—  
 That bright dream was his last ;  
 He woke—to hear his sentry's shriek,  
 “ To arms ! they come ! the Greek ! the Greek !”  
 He woke—to die midst flame and smoke,  
 And shout, and groan, and sabre-stroke,  
 And death-shots falling thick and fast  
 As lightnings from the mountain-cloud ;  
 And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,  
 Bozzaris cheer his band ;—  
 “ Strike, till the last armed foe expires !  
 Strike for your altars and your fires !  
 Strike, for the green graves of your sires !  
 God, and your native land !”

They fought like brave men, long and well,  
 They piled that ground with Moslem slain ;  
 They conquered ;—but Bozzaris fell,  
 Bleeding at every vein.  
 His few surviving comrades saw  
 His smile when rang their proud hurrah,  
 And the red field was won ;  
 Then saw in death his eyelids close  
 Calmly as to a night's repose,  
 Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal chamber, Death !  
 Come to the mother when she feels,  
 For the first time, her first-born's breath ;—  
 Come when the blessed seals  
 That close the pestilence are broke,  
 And crowded cities wail its stroke ;—  
 Come in Consumption's ghastly form,  
 The earthquake shock, the ocean storm ;—  
 Come when the heart beats high and warm,  
 With banquet song, and dance, and wine,—  
 And thou art terrible ;—the tear,  
 The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,  
 And all we know, or dream, or fear,  
 Of agony, are thine !

But to the hero, when his sword  
 Has won the battle for the free,  
 Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word,  
 And in its hollow tones are heard  
 The thanks of millions yet to be.

Bozzaris ! with the storied brave  
 Greece nurtured in her glory's time,  
 Rest thee ;—there is no prouder grave  
 Even in her own proud clime.

We tell thy doom without a sigh ;  
 For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's,—  
 One of the few, the immortal names,  
 That were not born to die.

---

 NOTES FOR STUDY.

## I.

Fritz-GREENE HALLECK (1795–1867) was born in Connecticut. He became a bank clerk in New York City, and was for many years the

confidential agent of John Jacob Astor. In company with Joseph Rodman Drake he wrote a series of humorous articles called *The Croaker Papers*. On the death of his friend he composed a beautiful poem entitled *Lines on the Death of Drake*. Although Halleck wrote very little, the quality of his work established his reputation as one of the best American poets. The poem here given is his masterpiece.

## II.

|  |   |
|--|---|
| SIG'NET, seal, a king's private seal,<br>usually worn as a ring. | PES'TI LENCE, a plague.                         |
| SEN'TRY, a soldier on guard.                                     | STO'RIED, told in a story, having a<br>history. |
| MOS'LEM, Mohammedan.   | CLIME, place, country.                          |

## LII.—THE MILL ON THE FLOSS.

GEORGE ELIOT.

A wide plain, where the broadening Floss hurries on between its green banks to the sea, and the loving tide, rushing to meet it, checks its passage with an impetuous embrace! On this mighty tide the black ships, laden with the freshly-scented fir-planks, with rounded sacks of oil-bearing seed, or with the dark glitter of coal, are borne along to St. Ogg's. This town shows its aged, fluted red roofs and the broad gables of its wharves between the low-wooded hill and the river-brink, tingeing the water with a soft purple hue under the transient glance of this February sun.

Far away, on each hand, stretch the rich pastures and the patches of dark earth made ready for the seed of broad-leaved green crops, or touched already with the tint of the tender-bladed autumn-sown corn. The distant ships seem to be lifting their masts and stretching their red-brown sails close among the branches of the spreading ash. Just by the red-roofed town, the tributary Ripple flows, with a lively current, into the Floss.

How lovely the little river is, with its dark, changing wavelets ! It seems to me like a living companion, while I wander along the bank and listen to its low, placid voice, as to the voice of one who is deaf and loving. I remember those large dipping willows. I remember the stone bridge ; and this is Dorlcote Mill. I must stand a minute or two here on the bridge and look at it, though the clouds are threatening and it is far on in the afternoon. Even in this leafless time of departing February it is pleasant to look at it,—perhaps the chill, damp season adds a charm to the trimly-kept, comfortable dwelling-house, as old as the elms and chestnuts that shelter it from the northern blast.

The stream is brimful now, and lies high in this little withy plantation, and half drowns the grassy fringe of the croft in front of the house. As I look at the full stream, the vivid grass, the delicate bright-green powder softening the outline of the great trunks and branches that gleam from under the bare purple boughs, I am in love with moistness, and envy the white ducks that are dipping their heads far into the water here among the withes, unmindful of the awkward appearance they make in the drier world above.

The rush of the water and the booming of the mill bring a dreamy deafness which seems to heighten the peacefulness of the scene. They are like a great curtain of sound, shutting one out from the world beyond. Now, there is the thunder of the huge covered wagon, coming home with sacks of grain. That honest wagoner is thinking of his dinner's getting sadly dry in the oven at this late hour ; but he will not touch it till he has fed his horses,—the strong, submissive, meek-eyed horses.

See how they stretch their shoulders up the slope toward

the bridge, with all the more energy because they are so near home. Look at their grand, shaggy feet, that seem to grasp the firm earth,—at the patient strength of their necks, bowed under the heavy collar,—at the mighty muscles of their struggling haunches! I should like well to hear them neigh over their hardly-earned feed of corn, and see them, with their moist necks freed from the harness, dipping their eager nostrils into the muddy pond. Now they are on the bridge, and down they go again at a swifter pace, and the arch of the covered wagon disappears at the turning behind the trees.

Now I can turn my eyes toward the mill again, and watch the unresting wheel sending out its diamond jets of water. That little girl is watching it too. She has been standing on just the same spot, at the edge of the water, ever since I paused on the bridge; and that queer white cur with the brown ear seems to be leaping and barking in ineffectual remonstrance with the wheel; perhaps he is jealous because his playfellow in the beaver bonnet is so rapt in its movement.

It is time the little playfellow went in, I think; and there is a very bright fire to tempt her,—the red light shines out under the deepening gray of the sky. It is time, too, for me to leave off resting my arms on the cold stone of this bridge. . . . Oh! my arms are really benumbed. I have been pressing my elbows on the arms of my chair and dreaming that I was standing on the bridge in front of Dorlcote Mill, and seeing it as it looked one February afternoon many years ago.

NOTES FOR STUDY.

I.

GEORGE ELIOT (1819–1880) is the *nom de plume* of Mary Ann Evans, the greatest woman novelist of our language. She was born at Arbury Farm, in Warwickshire, England.

She was well educated and spent some years on the continent. In 1850 she became assistant editor of the *Westminster Review*. This position inspired her to write, and she became famous as the author of *Adam Bede*. Her greatest novels are *Adam Bede*, *Silas Marner*, *Romola*, *Middlemarch*, *Daniel Deronda*, and *The Mill on the Floss*, from which work this charming sketch is taken.

## II.

|   |   |
|---|---|
| IM PET'U OUS, hasty, quick, rash.               | PLAC'ID, calm, smooth.                              |
| TRAN'SIENT, passing, brief, hasty.              | CROFT, a small field near a house.                  |
| TRIB'U TA RY, a stream that flows into another. | NEIGH (nā), to utter the cry of a horse, to whinny. |
| WITHES, slender, tough twigs, willow-like.      | RE MON'STRANCE, a protest, objection.               |

## LIII.—JOAN OF ARC.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

What is to be thought of her? What is to be thought of the poor shepherd girl from the hills and forests of Lorraine, that—like the Hebrew shepherd boy from the hills and forests of Judæa—rose suddenly out of the quiet, out of the safety, out of the religious inspiration, rooted in deep pastoral solitudes, to a station in the van of armies, and to the more perilous station at the right hand of kings?

The Hebrew boy inaugurated his patriotic mission by an act, by a victorious act, such as no man could deny. But so did the girl of Lorraine, if we read her story as it was read by those who saw her nearest. Adverse armies bore witness to the boy as no pretender; but so they did to the gentle girl.

Judged by the voices of all who saw them from a station of good-will, both were found true and loyal to any promises involved in their first acts. Enemies it was that made the

difference between their subsequent fortunes. The boy rose to a splendor and a noon-day prosperity, both personal and public, that rang through the records of his people and became a by-word amongst his posterity for a thousand years, until the sceptre was departing from Judah.

The poor, forsaken girl, on the contrary, drank not, herself, from that cup of rest which she had secured for France. She never sang together with the songs that rose in her native Domremy, as echoes to the departing steps of the invaders. She mingled not in the festal dances which celebrated in rapture the redemption of France. No ! for her voice was then silent ; no ! for her feet were dust.

Pure, innocent, noble-hearted girl ! whom from earliest youth ever I believed in, as full of truth and self-sacrifice, this was amongst the strongest pledges for thy truth, that never once—no, not for a moment of weakness—didst thou revel in the vision of coronets and honor from man. Coronets for thee ! Oh, no !

Honors, if they come when all is over, are for those that share thy blood. Daughter of Domremy, when the gratitude of thy king shall awaken thou wilt be sleeping the sleep of the dead. Call her, King of France, but she will not hear thee ! Cite her by thy apparitors to come and receive a robe of honor, but she will not be found.

When the thunders of universal France, as even yet may happen, shall proclaim the grandeur of the poor shepherd girl that gave up all for her country, thy ear, young shepherd girl, will have been deaf for five centuries. To suffer and to die, that was thy portion in this life ; that was thy destiny ; and not for a moment was it hidden from thyself.

Life, thou saidst, is short ; and the sleep which is in the grave is long ! Let me use that life, so transitory, for the glory of those heavenly dreams destined to comfort the sleep which is so long. This pure creature,—pure from every suspicion of even a visionary self-interest, even as she was pure in senses more obvious,—never once did this holy child, as regarded herself, relax from her belief in the darkness that was traveling to meet her.

She might not prefigure the very manner of her death ; she saw not in vision, perhaps, the aërial altitude of the fiery scaffold, the spectators without end on every road pouring into Rouen as to a coronation, the surging smoke, the volleying flames, the hostile faces all around, the pitying eye that lurked but here and there, until nature and imperishable truth broke loose from artificial restraints ;—these might not be apparent through the mists of the hurrying future. But the voice that called her to death, that she heard for ever.

Great was the throne of France even in those days, and great was he that sat upon it ; but well Joanna knew that not the throne, nor he that sat upon it, was for her ; but, on the contrary, that she was for them ; not she by them, but they by her, should rise from the dust.

Gorgeous were the lilies of France, and for centuries had the privilege to spread their beauty over land and sea, until, in another century, the wrath of God and man combined to wither them ; but well Joanna knew, early at Domremy she had read that bitter truth, that the lilies of France would decorate no garland for her. Flower nor bud, bell nor blossom, would ever bloom for her.

## NOTES FOR STUDY.

## I.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY (1785-1859), born at Greenbay, near Manchester, England, was one of the most brilliant essayists of his time. He spent five years at the University of Oxford, after which he resided at "The Lakes" a region made famous by Wordsworth, Southey, and Coleridge. The latter part of his life was spent near Edinburgh. His career was marred by the opium-habit, which he contracted at the university. His chief work is *The Confessions of an Opium Eater*, originally a series of separate articles. The music and grandeur of some of his sentences are unsurpassed by any English writer.

## II.

LOR BAIN', a country once a part of France, now a part of Germany.

PAS'TOR AL, relating to a shepherd.

VAN, front of an army.

IN AU'GU RA TED, commenced, began.

POS TER'I TY, descendants.

DES'TI NY, fate, doom.

FRAN'SI TO RY, passing, not lasting.

OB'VI OUS, open, easily understood.

A E'RI AL, high, lofty, light as air. COR O NA'TION, the crowning of a king.

GAR'LAND, wreath.

JOAN OF ARC (1411-1431) was born in the village of Domremy, France. She led the French soldiers, raised the seige of Orleans, placed Charles VII. on the throne, and then was basely surrendered to the English and burned at the stake.

## LIV.—HAVE FAITH.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

A swallow in the spring  
Came to our granary, and 'neath the eaves  
Essayed to make her nest—and then did bring  
Wet earth and straw and leaves.

Day after day she toiled  
With patient art, but ere her work was crowned,  
Some sad mishap the tiny fabric spoiled,  
And dashed it to the ground.

But still her heart she kept,  
And toiled again ; and last night hearing calls,  
I look'd, and lo, a brood of singing birds  
Within the earth-made walls !

What trust is here, O man ?  
Hath hope been smitten in its early dawn ?  
Have clouds o'ercast thy purpose, trust, or plan ?  
Have faith—and struggle on.

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NOTES FOR STUDY.

ROBERT SOUTHEY (1774-1843), poet-laureate and historian, was the son of a Bristol linen-draper. He spent four years at the famous Westminster School, after which he entered Balliol College, Oxford. He early chose authorship as a profession, and gave his whole life to it. Of his works there are one hundred and nine volumes, besides many magazine articles. Among these are: a *Life of Nelson*, the *Lives of the British Admirals*, and a *Life of Wesley*.

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LV.—WINTER IN NEW ENGLAND.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

There is snow in yonder cold gray sky of the morning, and through the partially frosted window-panes I love to watch the gradual beginning of the storm. A few feathery flakes are scattered widely through the air, and hover downward

with uncertain flight, now almost alighting on the earth, now whirled again aloft into remote regions of the atmosphere. These are not the big flakes, heavy with moisture, which melt as they touch the ground, and are portentous of a soaking rain. It is to be, in good earnest, a wintry storm. The two or three people visible on the sidewalks have an aspect of endurance, a blue-nosed, frosted fortitude, which is evidently assumed in anticipation of a comfortless and blustering day. By nightfall, or at least before the sun sheds another glimmering smile upon us, the street and our little garden will be heaped with mountain snow-drifts.

The soil, already frozen for weeks past, is prepared to sustain whatever burden may be laid upon it ; and, to a northern eye, the landscape will lose its melancholy bleakness and acquire a beauty of its own, when mother Earth, like her children, shall have put on the fleecy garb of her Winter's wear. The cloud-spirits are slowly weaving her white mantle. As yet, indeed, there is barely a rime-like hoar-frost over the brown surface of the street ; the withered green of the grass-plat is still discernible ; and the slated roofs of the houses do but begin to look gray, instead of black.

All the snow that has yet fallen within the circumference of my view, were it heaped up together, would hardly equal the hillock of a grave. Thus gradually, by silent and stealthy influence, are great changes wrought. These little snow-particles, which the storm-spirit flings by handfuls through the air, will bury the great Earth under their accumulated mass, nor permit her to behold her sister sky again for dreary months. We likewise shall lose sight of our mother's familiar visage, and must content ourselves with looking heavenward the oftener.



**NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.**

Now, leaving the storm to do its appointed office, let us sit down, pen in hand, by our fireside.—Gloomy as it may seem, there is an influence productive of cheerfulness and favorable to imaginative thought, in the atmosphere of a snowy day. The native of a southern clime may woo the Muse beneath the heavy shade of the summer foliage, reclining on banks of turf, while the sound of singing birds and warbling rivulets chimes in with the music of his soul. In our brief Summer I do not think, but only exist in the vague enjoyment of a dream.

My hour of inspiration—if that hour ever comes—is when the green log hisses upon the hearth, and the bright flame, brighter for the gloom of the chamber, rustles high up the chimney, and the coals drop tinkling down among the growing heaps of ashes. When the casement rattles in the gust, and the snow-flakes or the sleety rain-drops pelt hard against the window-panes, then I spread out my sheet of paper, with the certainty that thoughts and fancies will gleam forth upon it, like stars at twilight, or like violets in May,—perhaps to fade as soon. However transitory they glow, they at least shine amid the darksome shadow which the clouds of the outward sky fling through the room. Blessed, therefore, and reverently welcomed by me, her true-born son, be New England's Winter, which makes us, one and all, the nurslings of the storm, and sings a familiar lullaby even in the wildest shriek of the December blast. Now look we forth again, and see how much of his task the storm-spirit has done.

Slow and sure! He has the day, perchance the week, before him, and may take his own time to accomplish Nature's burial in snow. A smooth mantle is scarcely thrown over the withered grass-plat, and the dry stalks of annuals still thrust

themselves through the white surface in all parts of the garden. The leafless rose-bushes stand shivering in a shallow snow-drift, looking—poor things!—as disconsolate as if they possessed a human consciousness of the dreary scene. This is a sad time for the shrubs that do not perish with the Summer; they neither live nor die; what they retain of life seems but the chilling sense of death. Very sad are the flower-shrubs in mid-Winter! the roofs of the houses are now all white, save where the eddying wind has kept them bare at the bleak corners.

To discern the real intensity of the storm we must fix upon some distant object—as yonder spire—and observe how the riotous gust fights with the descending snow throughout the intervening space. Sometimes the entire prospect is obscure; then again we have a distinct but transient glimpse of the tall steeple, like a giant's ghost; and now the dense wreaths sweep between, as if demons were flinging snow-drifts at each other in mid-air.

Look next into the street, where we have an amusing parallel to the combat of those fancied demons in the upper regions. It is a snow-battle of school-boys. What a pretty satire on war and military glory might be written, in the form of a child's story, by describing the snow-ball fights of two rival schools, the alternate defeats and victories of each, and the final triumph of one party, or perhaps of neither! What pitched battles, worthy to be chanted in Homeric strains! What storming of fortresses, built all of massive snow-blocks! What feats of individual prowess and embodied onsets of martial enthusiasm! And, when some well-contested and decisive victory had put a period to the war, both armies should unite to build a lofty monument of snow upon the battle-field,

and crown it with the victor's statue, hewn of the same frozen marble. In a few days or weeks thereafter, the passer-by would observe a shapeless mound upon the level common; and, unmindful of the famous victory, would ask, "How came it there? Who reared it? And what means it?" The shattered pedestal of many a battle-monument has provoked these questions when none could answer.

Turn we again to the fireside, and sit musing there, lending our ears to the wind, till perhaps it shall seem like an articulate voice, and dictate wild and airy matter for the pen. Would it might inspire me to sketch out the personification of a New England Winter! And that idea, if I can seize the snow-wreathed figures that flit before my fancy, shall be the theme of the next page. How does Winter herald his approach? By the shrieking blast of latter Autumn, which is Nature's cry of lamentation, as the destroyer rushes among the shivering groves where she has lingered, and scattered the sere leaves upon the tempest. When that cry is heard the people wrap themselves in cloaks and shake their heads disconsolately, saying, "Winter is at hand!"

Then the axe of the wood-cutter echoes sharp and diligently in the forest; then the coal-merchants rejoice, because each shriek of Nature in her agony adds something to the price of coal per ton; then the peat-smoke spreads its aromatic fragrance through the atmosphere. A few days more, and at even-tide the children look out of the window and dimly perceive the flaunting of a snowy mantle in the air. It is stern Winter's vesture. They crowd around the hearth, and cling to their mother's gown, or press between their father's knees, affrighted by the hollow roaring voice that bellows adown the wide flue of the chimney. It is the voice of Winter; and, when par-

ents and children hear it, they shudder and exclaim, "Winter is come ! Cold Winter has begun his reign already !"

Now, throughout New England, each hearth becomes an altar, sending up the smoke of a continued sacrifice to the immitigable deity who tyrannizes over forest, country-side, and town. Wrapt in his white mantle, his staff a huge icicle, his beard and hair a wind-tossed snow-drift, he travels over the land, in the midst of the northern blast ; and woe to the homeless wanderer whom he finds upon his path ! There he lies stark and stiff, a human shape of ice, on the spot where Winter overtook him. On strides the tyrant over the rushing rivers and broad lakes, which turn to rock beneath his footsteps.

His dreamy empire is established ; all around stretches the desolation of the pole. Yet not ungrateful be his New England children,—(for Winter is our sire, though a stern and rough one,)—not ungrateful even for the severities which have nourished our unyielding strength of character. And let us thank him, too, for the sleigh-rides, cheered by the music of merry bells ; for the crackling and rustling hearth, when the ruddy fire-light gleams on hardy manhood and the blooming cheek of woman ; for all the home enjoyments, and the kindred virtues, which flourish in a frozen soil.

Not that we grieve, when, after some months of storm and bitter frost, Spring, in the guise of a flower-crowned virgin, is seen driving away the hoary despot, pelting him with violets by the handful, and strewing green grass on the path behind him. Often, ere he will give up his empire, old Winter rushes fiercely back, and hurls a snow-drift at the shrinking form of Spring ; yet, step by step, he is compelled to retreat northward, and spends the summer months within the Arctic circle.

## NOTES FOR STUDY.

HOV'ER, to flutter in the air.

POR TENT'OUS, foreshadowing ill.

AS'PECT, look, mien, air.

BLEAK'NESS, coldness, cheerless.

CASE'MENT, a window frame.

DIS CERN'I BLE, capable of being seen.

IN TER VEN'ING, coming between.

SAT'IRE, ridicule, sarcasm.

PROW'ESS, unusual bravery.

## LVI. — DESCRIPTIVE WRITING.

HUGH BLAIR.

Description is the great test of a poet's imagination ; and always distinguishes an original from a second-rate genius. To a writer of the inferior class, nature, when at any time he attempts to describe it, appears exhausted by those who have gone before him in the same track. He sees nothing new or peculiar in the object which he would paint ; his conceptions of it are loose and vague ; and his expressions, of course, feeble and general. He gives us words rather than ideas ; we meet with the language indeed of poetical description, but we apprehend the object described very indistinctly.

Whereas, a true poet makes us imagine that we see it before our eyes ; he catches the distinguishing features ; he gives it the colors of life and reality ; he places it in such a light that a painter could copy after him. This happy talent is chiefly owing to a strong imagination, which first receives a lively impression of the object ; and then, by employing a proper selection of circumstances in describing it, transmits that impression in its full force to the imagination of others.

In this selection of circumstances lies the great art of picturesque description. In the first place, they ought not to be vulgar and common ones, such as are apt to pass by

without remark ; but, as much as possible, new and original, which may catch the fancy and draw attention.

In the next place, they ought to be such as particularize the object described, and mark it strongly. No description that rests on generals can be good. For we can conceive nothing clearly in the abstract ; all distinct ideas are formed upon particulars.

In the third place, all the circumstances employed ought to be uniform and of a piece ; that is, when describing a great object, every circumstance brought into view should tend to aggrandise ; or when describing a gay and pleasant one, should tend to beautify, that by this means the impression may rest upon the imagination complete and entire ; and lastly, the circumstances in description should be expressed with conciseness and with simplicity ; for, when either too much exaggerated or too long dwelt upon and extended, they never fail to enfeeble the impression that is designed to be made. Brevity almost always contributes to vivacity. These general rules will be best understood by illustrations founded on particular instances.

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#### NOTES FOR STUDY.

HUGH BLAIR (1718-1799) was born in Edinburgh, received his education in Edinburgh University, and, later, was made professor of rhetoric in his *alma mater*. He published his *Lectures on Composition*, and four volumes of *Sermons*, which were greatly admired for their polished style.

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#### LVII.—TWO VIEWS OF NATURE.

FRANÇOIS AUGUSTE CHATEAUBRIAND.

We shall present the reader with two views of Nature, the one marine and the other terrestrial ; the first sketched in the

midst of the Atlantic Ocean ; the second, in the forests of the New World ; to prevent the possibility of ascribing the majesty of these scenes to the works of man.

The vessel in which we embarked for America, having passed the bearing of any land, the space was soon occupied only by the two-fold azure of the sea and of the sky. The color of the waters resembled that of liquid glass. A vast swell advanced from the west, though the wind blew from the east ; enormous undulations extended from one horizon to the other, and opened in their valleys long vistas through the deserts of the deep.

The fleeting landscape changed with every minute : sometimes a multitude of verdant hillocks represented graves separated by furrows in an immense cemetery ; sometimes the curling summits of the surges resembled white flocks scattered over a heath : now the space appeared small for want of an object of comparison ; but if a billow reared its mountain crest, if a wave curved like a remote coast, or a squadron of sea-dogs passed by in the distance, the space suddenly opened before us.

We were most powerfully impressed with an idea of magnitude, when a light fog, creeping along the surface of the deep, seemed to increase immensity itself. O ! how sublime, how awful, at such times, is the aspect of the ocean ! Into what reveries it plunges you, either if imagination transports you to the seas of the north, into the midst of frosts and tempests, or wafts you to southern islands, blest with happiness and peace !

We often rose at midnight and sat down upon deck, where we found only the officer of the watch and a few sailors in profound silence. No noise was heard save the dashing of

the prow through the billows, while sparks of fire ran with a white foam along the sides of the vessel.

God of Christians ! it is on the waters of the abyss, and on the expanded sky, that Thou hast particularly engraven the characters of thy omnipotence ! Millions of stars sparkling in the azure dome of heaven ; the moon in the midst of the firmament ; a sea unbounded by any shore ; infinity in the skies and on the waves ! Never didst Thou affect me more powerfully with thy greatness than in those nights when, suspended between the stars and the ocean, I had immensity over my head and immensity beneath my feet !

I am nothing ! I am only a simple, solitary wanderer ! Oft have I heard men of science disputing on the subject of a Supreme Being, and I have not understood them ; but I have invariably remarked that it is in the prospect of the sublime scenes of nature that this unknown being manifests himself to the human heart.

One evening (it was a profound calm) we were in the delicious seas which bathe the shores of Virginia ; every sail was furled ; I was engaged below, when I heard the bell that summoned the crew to prayers. I hastened to mingle my supplications with those of the companions of my voyage. The officers, with the passengers, were on the deck ; the chaplain, with a book in his hand, was stationed a little before them ; the seamen were scattered at random over the poop ; we were all standing, our faces toward the prow of the ship, which was turned to the west.

The globe of the sun, whose lustre even then our eyes could scarcely endure, ready to plunge beneath the wave, was discovered through the rigging in the midst of boundless space. From the motion of the stern, it appeared as if the

radiant orb every moment changed its horizon. A few clouds wandered confusedly in the east, where the moon was slowly rising ; the rest of the sky was serene ; and toward the north, a water-spout, forming a glorious triangle with the luminaries of day and of night, glistening with all the colors of the prism, rose from the sea, like a column of crystal supporting the vault of heaven.

He who had not recognized in this prospect the beauty of the Deity, had been greatly to be pitied. Religious tears involuntarily flowed from my eyes when my intrepid companions, taking off their tarred hats, began, in a hoarse voice, to chant their simple song to that God who is the protector of mariners. How affecting were the prayers of these men who, from a frail plank in the midst of the ocean, contemplated a sun setting in the waves ! How the invocation of the poor sailor to the Father of the distressed went to the heart !

The consciousness of our insignificance excited by the voice of infinity ; our songs resounding to a distance over the silent waves ; the night approaching with its dangers ; our vessel, itself a wonder among so many wonders ; a religious crew, penetrated with admiration and with awe ; a minister of the Lord, august in supplication ; the Almighty diffused over the abyss, with one hand staying the sun at the portals of the west, with the other raising the moon in the eastern hemisphere, and lending through immensity an attentive ear to the feeble voice of his creatures—this is a scene which defies the art of the painter and the eloquence of the writer, and which the whole heart of man is scarcely sufficient to embrace !

Let us now pass to the terrestrial scene.

I had wandered one evening in a vast forest, at some distance from the cataract of Niagara; I soon beheld the day gradually extinguished around me, and enjoyed, in all its solitude, the beauteous prospect of night amid the deserts of the New World.

An hour after sunset the moon appeared above the trees in the opposite horizon. A balmy breeze which the queen of night brought with her from the east seemed to precede her in the forests, like her perfumed breath. The lonely luminary slowly ascended in the heavens, now peacefully pursuing her azure course, and now reposing on groups of clouds which resembled the summits of lofty, snow-covered mountains. These clouds, folding or expanding their veils, rolled themselves out into transparent zones of white satin, dispersed into light flakes of foam, or formed in the heavens bright beds of down so lovely to the eye that you would have imagined you felt their softness and their elasticity.

The scenery on the earth was not less enchanting: the soft and bluish beams of the moon darted through the intervals between the trees and threw streams of light into the obscurity of the most profound darkness. The river that glided at my feet was now lost in the wood, and now reappeared, glistening with the constellations of night, which were reflected on its bosom. In a vast plain beyond this stream the radiance of the moon reposed without motion on the verdure. Birch trees, scattered here and there in the savanna, and agitated by the breeze, formed islands of floating shadows on a motionless sea of light.

Near to me all was silence and repose, save the fall of some leaf, the transient rustling of a sudden breath of wind, or the rare and interrupted hootings of the owl; but at a distance

was heard, at intervals, the solemn roar of the falls of Niagara which, amid the calm of night, was prolonged from desert to desert, and died away among the solitary forests.

The grandeur, the astonishing solemnity of this scene, human language is inadequate to express ; nor can the most delightful nights in Europe afford any idea of them. In vain imagination seeks to extend itself in our cultivated fields, it everywhere meets with the habitations of men : but in these desert regions the mind loves to penetrate into an ocean of forests, to wander on the banks of prodigious lakes, to soar above the abysses of cataracts, and, as it were, to find itself alone before God.

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#### NOTES FOR STUDY.

##### I.

FRANÇOIS AUGUSTE CHATEAUBRIAND (1769-1848) was a distinguished French author. Although a supporter of the Royal party he was at heart a friend of the republic. He held several offices of state and traveled widely. His works are mostly on political subjects. The sketch here given shows his genius at its best.

##### II.

TER RES' TRI AL, earthly.

AZ'URE, sky-blue.

SQUAD'RON, a company of soldiers mounted on horses, a number of vessels under one officer.

REV'ER IES, day-dreams, musings.

OM NIP'O TENCE, almighty, as the power of God.

IN TREP'ID, fearless, bold.

IN VO CA'TION, a prayer, calling for help.

TRANS PAR'ENT, clear, capable of transmitting light.

E LAS TIC'I TY, the quality of springing back.

CON STEL LA'TIONS, groups of fixed stars.

SA VAN'NA, a grassy plain.

## LVIII.—A MORNING HYMN.

JOHN MILTON.

These are thy glorious works, parent of good,  
Almighty, thine this universal frame,  
Thus wond'rous fair ; thyself how wond'rous then !  
Unspeakable, who sitt'st above these heavens  
To us invisible, or dimly seen  
In these thy lower works ; yet these declare  
Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.  
Speak ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,  
Angels, for ye behold him ; and with songs  
And choral symphonies, day without night,  
Circle his throne, rejoicing ; ye in heaven,  
On earth, join all ye creatures to extol  
Him first, Him last, Him midst, and without end.

Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,  
If better thou belong not to the dawn,  
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn  
With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere,  
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.  
Thou sun, of this great world, both eye and soul,  
Acknowledge him thy greater, sound his praise  
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,  
And when high noon hast gain'd, and when thou falls't ;  
Moon, that now meet'st the orient sun, now fly'st,  
With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their orb that flies ;  
And ye five other wand'ring fires that move  
In mystic dance, not without song, resound  
His praise, who out of darkness called up light.

Air, and ye elements, let your ceaseless change  
 Vary to our great Maker still new praise.  
 Ye mists and exhalations that now rise  
 From hill or steaming lake, dusky or gray  
 Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,  
 In honor to the world's great Author rise !  
 Whether to deck with clouds th' uncolored sky,  
 Or wet the thirsty earth with falling show'rs,  
 Rising or falling still advance his praise.  
 His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,  
 Breathe soft or loud ; and wave your tops, ye pines ;  
 With ev'ry plant, in sign of worship wave.  
 Fountains, and ye that warble as ye flow,  
 Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.

Join voices, all ye living souls ; ye birds  
 That singing, up to heaven's gate ascend,  
 Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise ;  
 Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk  
 The earth, and stately tread or lowly creep ;  
 Witness if I be silent, morn or even,  
 To hill or valley, fountain, or fresh shade  
 Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.  
 Hail, Universal Lord ! be bounteous still  
 To give us only good ; and if the night  
 Has gather'd aught of evil, or conceal'd,  
 Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.

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 NOTES FOR STUDY.

JOHN MILTON (1608-1674) is the great epic poet of the English language. He was educated at St. Paul's Latin School in London, and

at Cambridge University. At the age of twenty-five he won distinction by his poem *Comus*, which Emerson calls "the loftiest poem in praise of purity in any language." As Latin Secretary to Oliver Cromwell he overtaxed his eyes and became blind. In his blindness he composed his great work, *Paradise Lost*. He is also author of *Hymn to the Nativity*, *Samson Agonistes*, *Paradise Regained*, and many minor works. For lofty thought and perfect diction Milton has no superior.

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### LIX.—OUR DUTY TO THE REPUBLIC.

JOSEPH STORY.

The Old World has already revealed to us, in its unsealed books, the beginning and end of its own marvelous struggles in the cause of liberty. Greece, lovely Greece,

The land of scholars and the nurse of arms,

where sister republics, in fair procession, chanted the praises of liberty and the gods,—where and what is she? For two thousand years the oppressor has ground her to the earth. Her arts are no more. The last sad relics of her temples are but the barracks of a ruthless soldiery. The fragments of her columns and her palaces are in the dust, yet beautiful in ruins. She fell not when the mighty were upon her. Her sons were united at Thermopylæ and Marathon, and the tide of her triumph rolled back upon the Hellespont. She was conquered by her own factions. She fell by the hands of her own people. The man of Macedonia did not the work of destruction. It was already done, by her own corruptions, banishments, and dissensions.

Rome, republican Rome, whose eagles glanced in the rising and setting sun,—where and what is she? The

Eternal City yet remains, proud even in her desolation, noble in her decline, venerable in the majesty of religion, and calm as in the composure of death. The malaria has but traveled in the paths worn by her destroyers. More than eighteen centuries have mourned over the loss of her empire. A mortal disease was upon her vitals before Cæsar had crossed the Rubicon; and Brutus did not restore her health by the deep probings of the Senate chamber. The Goths, and Vandals, and Huns, the swarms of the North, completed only what was already begun at home. Romans betrayed Rome. The legions were bought and sold; but the people offered the tribute-money.

We stand, the latest, and, if we fail, probably the last experiment of self-government by the people. We have begun it under circumstances of the most auspicious nature. We are in the vigor of youth. Our growth has never been checked by the oppressions of tyranny. Our constitutions have never been enfeebled by the vices or luxuries of the Old World. Such as we are, we have been from the beginning, —simple, hardy, intelligent, accustomed to self-government and to self-respect.

The Atlantic rolls between us and any formidable foe. Within our own territory, stretching through many degrees of latitude and longitude, we have the choice of many products and many means of independence. The government is mild. The press is free. Religion is free. Knowledge reaches, or may reach, every home. What fairer prospect of success could be presented? What means more adequate to accomplish the sublime end? What more is necessary than for the people to preserve what they have themselves created?

Already has the age caught the spirit of our institutions. It has already ascended the Andes and snuffed the breezes of both oceans. It has infused itself into the life-blood of Europe and warmed the sunny plains of France and the low lands of Holland. It has touched the philosophy of Germany and the north ; and, moving onward to the South, has opened to Greece the lessons of her better days. Can it be that America, under such circumstances, can betray herself? Can it be that she is to be added to the catalogue of republics, the inscription upon whose ruins is : "They were, but they are not?" Forbid it, my countrymen ! Forbid it, Heaven ?

## NOTES FOR STUDY.

## I.

JOSEPH STORY (1779-1845), a celebrated American jurist, was born at Marblehead, Massachusetts, and educated at Harvard College. He was admitted to the bar in 1801, but for some years devoted himself to literature. He became a member of the State legislature and was later elected to Congress. Under President Madison he was appointed an associate justice of the Supreme Court. His greatest work is his *Commentary on the Constitution of the United States*.

## II.

BAR'RACKS, a set of buildings for soldiers, especially when in garrison.

THE MOP'Y LÆ, a famous mountain pass in Greece in which was fought the battle of that name, 480 B. C.

MAR'A THON, a plain of Greece where Miltiades defeated the Persians, 490 B. C.

E TER'NAL CIT'Y, a name given to Rome.

VI'TALS, organs of the human body necessary to life, essential parts.

GOTHS, an ancient Teutonic race who, in the early part of the Christian era, captured a large portion of the Roman Empire.

VAN'DALS, a Teutonic race who captured Rome in the fifth century.

HUNS, a warlike nomadic people of Asia who overran Europe.

## LX.—DRIVING HOME THE COWS.

KATE PUTNAM OSGOOD.

Out of the clover and blue-eyed grass  
He turned them into the river lane ;  
One after another he let them pass,  
Then fastened the meadow bars again.

Under the willows and over the hill  
He patiently followed their sober pace ;  
The merry whistle for once was still,  
And something shadowed the sunny face.

Only a boy ! and his father had said  
He never could let his youngest go :  
Two already were lying dead  
Under the feet of the trampling foe.

But after the evening work was done  
And the frogs were loud in the meadow-swamp,  
Over his shoulder he slung his gun  
And stealthily followed the footpath damp.

Across the clover and through the wheat,  
With resolute heart and purpose grim ;  
Though the dew was on his hurrying feet  
And the blind bat's flitting startled him.

Thrice since then had the lanes been white  
And the orchard sweet with apple bloom ;  
And now, when the cows came back at night,  
The feeble father drove them home.

For news had come to the lonely farm  
That three were lying where two had lain ;  
And the old man's tremulous palsied arm  
Could never lean on a son's again.

The summer day grew cool and late :  
He went for the cows when the work was done ;  
But down the lane as he opened the gate  
He saw them coming, one by one :

Brindle, Ebony, Speckle, and Bess,  
Shaking their horns in the evening wind ;  
Cropping the buttercups out of the grass ;  
But who was it following close behind ?

Loosely swung in the idle air  
The empty sleeve of army blue ;  
And worn and pale, from the crisping hair  
Looked out a face that the father knew.

The great tears sprang to their meeting eyes ;  
For the heart must speak when the lips are dumb,  
And under the silent evening skies  
Together they followed the cattle home.

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#### LXI.—THE BLIND PREACHER.

WILLIAM WIRT.

It was one Sunday, as I traveled through the county of Orange, that my eye was caught by a cluster of horses tied near a ruinous old wooden house in the forest, not far from the roadside. Having frequently seen such objects before in

traveling through these states, I had no difficulty in understanding that this was a place of religious worship.

Devotion alone should have stopped me to join in the duties of the congregation ; but I must confess that curiosity to hear the preacher of such a wilderness was not the least of my motives. On entering I was struck with his preternatural appearance. He was a tall and very spare old man ; his head, which was covered with a white linen cap, his shriveled hands, and his voice, were all shaking under the influence of a palsy ; and a few moments ascertained to me that he was perfectly blind.

The first emotions which touched my breast were those of mingled pity and veneration. But how soon were all my feelings changed ! The lips of Plato were never more worthy of a prognostic swarm of bees than were the lips of this holy man ! It was a day of the administration of the sacrament ; and his subject, of course, was the passion of our Saviour. I had heard the subject handled a thousand times ; I had thought it exhausted long ago. Little did I suppose that in the wild woods of America I was to meet with a man whose eloquence would give to this topic a new and more sublime pathos than I had ever before witnessed.

As he descended from the pulpit to distribute the mystic symbols there was a peculiar, a more than human, solemnity in his air and manner which made my blood run cold and my whole frame shiver.

He then drew a picture of the sufferings of our Saviour ; his trial before Pilate ; his ascent up Calvary ; his crucifixion, and his death. I knew the whole history ; but never until then had I heard the circumstances so selected, so arranged, so colored. It was all new ; and I seemed to hear it then for

the first time in my life. His enunciation was so deliberate that his voice trembled on every syllable, and every heart in the assembly trembled in unison. His peculiar phrases had that force of description that the original scene appeared to be at that moment acting before our eyes. We saw the very faces of the mob ; the staring, frightful distortions of malice and rage. We saw the buffet : my soul kindled with a flame of indignation, and my hands were involuntarily and convulsively clinched.

But when he came to touch on the patience, the forgiving meekness of our Saviour ; when he drew, to the life, his blessed eyes streaming in tears to heaven, his voice breathing to God a soft and gentle prayer of pardon on his enemies—“Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do”—the voice of the preacher, which had all along faltered, grew fainter and fainter, until, his utterance being entirely obstructed by the force of his feelings, he raised his handkerchief to his eyes and burst into a loud and irrepressible flood of grief. The effect was inconceivable. The whole house resounded with the mingled groans, and sobs, and shrieks of the congregation.

It was some time before the tumult had subsided so far as to permit him to proceed. Indeed, judging by the usual, but fallacious, standard of my own weakness, I began to be very uneasy for the situation of the preacher ; for I could not conceive how he would be able to let his audience down from the height to which he had wound them, without impairing the solemnity and dignity of his subject, or perhaps shocking them by the abruptness of the fall. But no ; the descent was as beautiful and sublime as the elevation had been rapid and enthusiastic.

The first sentence with which he broke the awful silence was a quotation from Rousseau : “Socrates died like a philosopher, but Jesus Christ like a God !”

I despair of giving you any idea of the effect produced by this short sentence, unless you could perfectly conceive the whole manner of the man, as well as the peculiar crisis in the discourse. Never before did I completely understand what Demosthenes meant by laying such stress on *delivery*. You are to bring before you the venerable figure of the preacher ; his blindness, constantly recalling to your recollection old Homer, Ossian, and Milton, and associating with his performance the melancholy grandeur of their geniuses ; you are to imagine that you hear his slow, solemn, well-accented enunciation, and his voice of affecting, trembling melody ; you are to remember the pitch of passion and enthusiasm to which the congregation was raised ; and then the few minutes of portentous, death-like silence which reigned throughout the house ; the preacher removing his white handkerchief from his aged face (even yet wet from the recent torrent of his tears) and, slowly stretching forth the palsied hand which holds it, begins the sentence, “Socrates died like a philosopher”—then pausing, raising his other hand, pressing them both clasped together with warmth and energy to his breast, lifting his sightless eyes to heaven, and pouring his whole soul into his tremulous voice—“but Jesus Christ like a God !” If he had been in deed and in truth an angel of light, the effect could scarcely have been more divine.

Whatever I had been able to conceive of the sublimity of Massillon, or the force of Bourdaloue, had fallen far short of the power which I felt from the delivery of this simple sentence. The blood, which just before had rushed in a hurri-

cane upon my brain, and in the violence and agony of my feelings had held my whole system in suspense, now ran back into my heart with a sensation which I cannot describe—a kind of shuddering, delicious horror! The paroxysm of blended pity and indignation to which I had been transported subsided into the deepest self-abasement, humility, and adoration. I had just been lacerated and dissolved by sympathy for our Saviour as a fellow-creature; but now, with fear and trembling, I adored him as—"God!"

If this description give you the impression that this incomparable minister had anything of shallow, theatrical trick in his manner, it does him great injustice. I have never seen in any other orator such a union of simplicity and majesty. He has not a gesture, an attitude, nor an accent to which he does not seem forced by the sentiment which he is expressing. His mind is too serious, too earnest, too solicitous, and, at the same time, too dignified, to stoop to artifice. Although as far removed from ostentation as a man can be, yet it is clear, from the train, the style and substance of his thoughts, that he is not only a very polite scholar, but a man of extensive and profound erudition.

I was forcibly struck with a short yet beautiful character which he drew of our learned and amiable countryman Sir Robert Boyle: he spoke of him as if "his noble mind had, even before death, divested herself of all influence from his frail tabernacle of flesh;" and called him, in his peculiarly emphatic and impressive manner, "a pure intelligence; the link between men and angels."

This man has been before my imagination almost ever since. A thousand times, as I rode along, I dropped the reins of my bridle, stretched forth my hand, and tried to imitate his quo-

tation from Rousseau; a thousand times I abandoned the attempt in despair, and felt persuaded that his peculiar manner and power arose from an energy of soul which nature could give, but which no human being could justly copy. In short, he seems to be altogether a being of a former age, or of a totally different nature from the rest of men.

As I recall, at this moment, several of his awfully striking attitudes, the chilling tide with which my blood begins to pour along my arteries reminds me of the emotions produced by the first sight of Gray's introductory picture of his bard :

"On a rock, whose haughty brow  
 Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,  
 Robed in the sable garb of woe,  
 With haggard eyes the poet stood  
 (Loose his beard and hoary hair  
 Streamed, like a meteor, to the troubled air),  
 And with a poet's hand and prophet's fire  
 Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre."

#### NOTES FOR STUDY.

##### I.

WILLIAM WIRT (1772-1834) was born in Maryland and practised law in Virginia. He was prominent in the trial of Aaron Burr. For twelve years he was Attorney-General of the United States, and in 1832 received the anti-masonic nomination for President. He held high rank as an orator. His best known works are the *Life of Patrick Henry* and the *Letters of a British Spy*.

##### II.

|  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>PRE TER NAT'U RAL, beyond what is natural; strange, miraculous.</p> <p>SHRIV'ELED, shrunken.</p> <p>PROG NOS'TIC, a sign by which a future event may be foretold.</p> | <p>PLATO (429-347 B. C.), a famous Greek philosopher, teacher of Aristotle and pupil of Socrates.</p> <p>PA'THOS, that which awakens sorrow, pity, and the like.</p> |
|--|--|

|   |  |
|---|--|
| MYSTIC, unknowable, obscure, mysterious.                              | HOM'ER, the epic poet of Greece, lived about 1000 B.C., and collected the <i>Iliad</i> . |
| DIS TОР' TIONS, twistings out of the natural shape.                   | OS'SIAN, the Celtic warrior-poet. He was the son of Fingal, king of Morven.              |
| ROUSSEAU' (Rū-sō'), a noted French philosopher, born 1712, died 1778. | POR TEN'TOUS, ominous, foreboding ill.   |
| BUF'FET, to strike with open hand or fist.                            | PAR'OX YSM, sudden violent excitement or emotion.  |
| FAL LA'CIOUS, illogical, false.                                       | LAC'ER A TED, rent, torn, mangled.   |

## LXII.—FROM CHRIST'S SERMON ON THE MOUNTAIN.

And seeing the multitudes, he went up into a mountain: and when he was set, his disciples came unto him:

And he opened his mouth, and taught them, saying,  
Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.

Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.

Rejoice, and be exceeding glad : for great is your reward in heaven : for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

\*     \*     \*     \*     \*     \*

Ye have heard that it hath been said, an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth :

But I say unto you, That ye resist not evil : but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also.

And if any man will sue thee at the law, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also.

And whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain.

Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away.

Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbor, and hate thine enemy.

But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you :

That ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven : for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust.

\*     \*     \*     \*     \*     \*

Therefore whosoever heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them, I will liken him unto a wise man, which built his house upon a rock :

And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house ; and it fell not : for it was founded upon a rock.

And every one that heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them not, shall be likened unto a foolish man, which built his house upon the sand :

And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house ; and it fell : and great was the fall of it.

And it came to pass, when Jesus had ended these sayings, the people were astonished at his doctrine :

For he taught them as one having authority, and not as the scribes.

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### LXIII.—A RILL FROM THE TOWN PUMP.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

Noon by the north clock ! noon by the east ! High noon, too, by these hot sunbeams which fall, scarcely aslope, upon my head and almost make the water bubble and smoke in the trough under my nose. Truly we public characters have a rough time of it ! and among all the public characters chosen at the March meeting, where is he that sustains, for a single year, the burden of such manifold duties as are imposed in perpetuity upon the Town Pump ?

The title of “town treasurer” is rightfully mine, as guardian of the best treasure that the town has. I am at the head of the fire department, and one of the physicians of the board of health.

As a keeper of the peace, all water-drinkers will confess me equal to the constable. I perform some of the duties of the town clerk, by promulgating public notices when they are pasted on my front. To speak within bounds, I am the chief

person of the municipality, and exhibit, moreover, an admirable pattern to my brother officers, by the cool, steady, upright, downright, and impartial discharge of my business, and the constancy with which I stand to my post.

Summer or winter, nobody seeks me in vain ; for all day long I am seen at the busiest corner, just above the market, stretching out my arms to rich and poor alike ; and at night I hold a lantern over my head, both to show where I am and to keep people out of the gutters.

At this sultry noon-tide I am cup-bearer to the parched populace, for whose benefit an iron goblet is chained to my waist. Like a dram-seller on the mall at muster-day, I cry aloud to all and sundry in my plainest accents, and at the very tip-top of my voice, "Here it is, gentlemen ! here is the good liquor ! Walk up—walk up, gentlemen ! walk up ! walk up ! Here is the superior stuff ! Here is the unadulterated ale of Father Adam—better than Cognac, Hollands, Jamaica, strong beer, or wine of any price. Here it is by the hogshead or the single glass, and not a cent to pay ! Walk up ! walk up, and help yourselves !"

It were a pity if all this outcry should draw no customers. Here they come ! A hot day, gentlemen ! Quaff, and away again, so as to keep yourselves in a nice, cool sweat ! You, my friend, will need another cupful, to wash the dust out of your throat, if it be as thick there as it is on your cow-hide shoes. I see you have trudged half a score of miles to-day, and, like a wise man, have passed by the taverns and stopped at the running brooks and well-curbs. Otherwise, betwixt heat without and fire within, you would have been burned to a cinder, or melted down to nothing at all, in the fashion of a jelly-fish ! Drink, and make room for that other fellow who



seeks my aid to quench the fiery fever of last night's potations —which he drained from no cup of mine.

Welcome, most rubicund sir ! You and I have been great strangers hitherto ; nor, to express the truth, will my nose be anxious for a closer intimacy till the fumes of your breath be a little less potent. Mercy on you, man ! the water absolutely hisses down your red-hot gullet, and is converted quite to steam. Fill again, and tell me, on the word of an honest toper, did you ever, in cellar, tavern, or any kind of a dram-shop, spend the price of your children's food for a swig half so delicious ? Now, for the first time these ten years, you know the flavor of cold water. Good-bye, and whenever you are thirsty remember that I keep a constant supply at the old stand.

Who next ?—Oh, my little friend, you are let loose from school and come hither to scrub your blooming face and drown the memory of certain taps of the ferule and other schoolboy troubles in a draught from the Town Pump. Take it, pure as the current of your young life. Take it, and may your heart and tongue never be scorched with a fiercer thirst than now ! There, my dear child ! put down the cup and yield your place to this elderly gentleman, who treads so tenderly over the stones that I suspect he is afraid of breaking them.

What ! He limps by without so much as thanking me, as if my hospitable offers were meant only for people who have no wine-cellars. Well, well, sir ! no harm done, I hope ! Go, draw the cork, tip the decanter ; but when your great toe shall set you a-roaring, it will be no affair of mine. If gentlemen love the pleasant titillation of the gout, it is all one to the Town Pump.

This thirsty dog, with his red tongue lolling out, does not scorn my hospitality, but stands on his hind legs and laps eagerly out of the trough. See how lightly he capers away again ! Jowler, did your worship ever have the gout ?

Are you all satisfied ? Then wipe your mouths, my good friends ; and while my spout has a moment's leisure I will delight the town with a few historical reminiscences.

In far antiquity, beneath a darksome shadow of venerable boughs, a spring bubbled out of the leaf-strewn earth in the very spot where you behold me on the sunny pavement. The water was as clear and bright, and deemed as precious, as liquid diamonds. The Indian Sagamores drank of it from time immemorial, till the fearful deluge of fire-water burst upon the red men and swept the whole race away from the cold fountains. Endicott and his followers came next, and often knelt down to drink, dipping their long beards into the spring. The richest goblet then was of birch-bark.

Governor Winthrop drank here, out of the hollow of his hand. The elder Higginson here wet his palm and laid it on the brow of the first town-born child. For many years it was the watering-place, and, as it were, the wash-bowl of the vicinity, whither all decent folks resorted to purify their visages, and gaze at them afterward—at least the pretty maidens did—in the mirror which it made.

On Sabbath-days, whenever a babe was to be baptized, the sexton filled his basin here and placed it on the communion-table of the humble meeting-house which partly covered the site of yonder stately brick one. Thus one generation after another was consecrated to Heaven by its waters, and cast its waxing and waning shadows into its glassy bosom, and vanished from the earth as if mortal life were but a flitting

image in a fountain. Finally, the fountain vanished also. Cellars were dug on all sides, and cart-loads of gravel flung upon its source, whence oozed a turbid stream, forming a mud-puddle at the corner of two streets.

In the hot months, when its refreshment was most needed, the dust flew in clouds over the forgotten birthplace of the waters, now their grave. But in the course of time a Town Pump was sunk into the source of the ancient spring; and, when the first decayed, another took its place, and then another, and still another, till here stand I, gentlemen and ladies, to serve you, with my iron goblet. Drink, and be refreshed!

The water is pure and cold as that which slaked the thirst of the red Sagamore beneath the aged boughs, though now the gem of the wilderness is treasured under these hot stones, where no shadow falls but from the brick buildings. And be it the moral of my story that, as the wasted and long-lost fountain is now known and prized again, so shall the virtues of cold water, too little valued since your fathers' days, be recognized by all.

Your pardon, good people! I must interrupt my stream of eloquence and spout forth a stream of water to replenish the trough for this teamster and his two yoke of oxen, who have come from Topsfield, or somewhere along that way. No part of my business is pleasanter than the watering of cattle. Look! how rapidly they lower the watermark on the sides of the trough, till their capacious stomachs are moistened with a gallon or two apiece, and they can afford time to breathe it in with sighs of calm enjoyment. How they roll their quiet eyes around the brim of their monstrous drinking-vessel. An ox is your true toper.

## NOTES FOR STUDY.

|   |   |
|---|---|
| PRO MUL'GAT ING, making known by open declaration, publishing.    | RU'BI CUND, ruddy, red.                                       |
| MUN IC I PAL'I TY, a city, an incorporated town or village.       | GUL'LET, the tube that carries the food to the stomach.       |
| PARCHED ( <i>pärch'd</i> ), scorched, dry, burned on the surface. | DE CANT'ER, a glass vessel for holding wine or other liquors. |
| MALL, a level shaded walk.  | TI TIL LA'TION, tickling, stinging sensation as of the gout.  |
| QUAFF, to drink with a relish.                                    | RE PLEN'ISH, to fill again, to fill completely.               |
| PO TA'TIONS, drinks, beverages.                                   |   |

## LXIV.—NIGHT.

WILLIAM WATSON.

In the night, in the night,  
 When thou liest alone,  
 Ah, the sounds that are blown  
     In the freaks of the breeze,  
 By the spirit that sends  
 The voice of far friends  
     With the sigh of the seas,  
 In the night !

In the night, in the night,  
 When thou liest alone,  
 Ah, the ghosts that make moan  
     From the days that are sped :  
 The old dreams, the old deeds,  
 The old wound that still bleeds,  
     And the face of the dead  
 In the night !

In the night, in the night,  
 When thou liest alone,  
 With the grass and the stone  
 O'er thy chamber so deep,  
 Ah, the silence at last,  
 Life's dissonance past,  
 And only pure sleep  
 In the night !

## NOTES FOR STUDY.

WILLIAM WATSON (1856—) is an English poet of considerable ability. He has written some fine poems, among which may be mentioned *Wordsworth's Grave*, *Lachrymæ Musarum*, and *Sonnets* on the massacres of the Christians in Armenia by "the unspeakable Turk."

## LXV.—AN AUTUMN SPECTACLE.

HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

On a night not appointed beforehand we went to sleep in Bethlehem, New Hampshire. Ranges of mountains, solid, blue, and stately, hedged us round, yet left open for our untiring gaze so wide a circle that at its outer rim, even in clearest days, lingered a purple haze.

Near us were fields of brown ferns, scarlet cornels, and gray boulders frosted with myriad lichens; and woods rich in all sorts of growths, soft underfoot with unnumbered mosses and low flowering things. All this seemed enough, and we went to sleep content, but not expectant of more than we had had.

With the leisurely feeling that wraps solitary people in the warm, autumn mountain weather, we set ourselves to begin the day, and by chance looked out of our window.

Like children at sight of a merry juggler's show, we shouted with delight; then drew long, silent breaths with a bewilderment too like awe to find easy shape in words.

O whence! O who! and how had their feet passed by so noiselessly? Who had touched with this enchantment every leaf of every tree which stood within our sight?

Every maple tree blazed at top with tint of scarlet, or cherry, or orange, or pale yellow. Every ash tree had turned from green to dark purple, or to pale straw color. Every birch shimmered and quivered in the sun as if gold pieces had been strung along its branches; basswoods were flecked with white, beeches were brown and yellow, poplars were marked and spotted with vermillion, sumachs had become ladders, and bars, and fringes of fire; not a single tree was left of solid dark green, except the pines, the larches, and the firs, and they also seemed to have shared in the transformation, looking darker and greener than ever, as a setting for those masses of flashing color. Single trees in fields, near and far, looked like great hewn jewels: with light behind them, their tints flickered and waved as in transparent stones held up to the sun. When the wind shook them it was like nothing but the tremulousness of distant seas at sunset.

All this in one night! To north, to south, to east, to west, it was the same. Miles away, at the very foot of the farthest green mountains, shone the glory; within our hand's reach, at the neighbors' gates, stood the stately splendor.

With reverent eyes we went close into territory after territory; coming nearer we found that the scarlet or the claret, the crimson or the orange, which we had seen from the distance, was no longer scarlet, claret, crimson, or orange, but all these and more than all of these, shading up and down and

into each other by gradations indistinguishable and fine beyond all counting; alternating and interrupting each other with an infinity of change almost like caprice or frolic.

I have seen our western prairies in their June flowering; I have seen also the mosaic fields of blossoms in the Ampezzo Pass, at which one cannot so much as look without shaded eyes, and from which Titian learned color. I have seen old altar fronts, on which generations of kings have lavished jewels; but I have never seen such flaming, shading, changing, lavishing, rioting of color as in this death of the autumn leaves on the Bethlehem hills.

Every day we said, "This will be the last"; and indeed it was the last, bearing away with it its own tint of glory never to return. But the next was as beautiful, sometimes we thought more beautiful, except that the brilliance of the long royal line before it had dulled our sense.

Bright days dazzled us and made us leap in their sun; gray days surprised us, revealing new tints and more gorgeous colors.

And there was a lesson in the sudden discovering, hour by hour, of tiny hidden leaves of unnoted things, underfoot in fields, tucked away in hedges, lying low even in edges of dusty roads, but bright and burnished as those loftiest in air. Strawberry leaves dappled with claret spots, or winey red with rims of yellow; raspberry and blackberry shoots as brilliant as maples; the odd little shovel-shaped sorrel leaves, a deep clear cherry just pricked with orange; patient old "hardhaek," sticking to its heavy plumes of seed through thick and thin of wind, its pretty oval leaves all tinted with delicate browns and yellows and pinks; "fireweed" with no two of its sharp, slender, spike-shaped leaves of a tint, some

mottled, some scarlet, some yellow, some green ;—all these we found, and more whose colors I cannot define and whose names I do not know.

And so the days went on to seven, to ten, to fourteen. There were few to see it ; but even the busy and usually unobservant farming people took note of it.

There is no doubt that many years will come and go before Bethlehem hills will see such sights again. All her people agree in saying they never saw such before, and I myself in fifteen autumns of mountain rambling have never seen anything like it.

As I write the air is full of whirling leaves, brown, yellow, and red. The show is over. The winds, like noisy carpenters, are taking down the scenery. Soon the naked wood of the trees will be all that we shall see of last week's pomp and spectacle. But the next thing in beauty to a tree in full leaf is a tree bare ; its very exquisiteness of shape revealed, its hold on the sky seeming so unspeakably assured ; the solemn grace of prophecy and promise which every slender twig bears in its tiny gray buds revealed.

Last night, as if in final symphony to the play and grand prelude of winter, the color spirits took possession of the sky, and for three hours shook its very folds with the noiseless cadence of their motions. There they all were, the green, the pink, the fiery red, which we had dared to touch and pick in leaves, now floating and dancing in disembodied ecstasy over our heads, wrapped and twined in very light of very light as in celestial garments.

From the zenith to the eastern, western, and northern horizon no spot was dark. If there had been snow on the ground, it would have been lit to redness as by fire. The village

looked on in solemn silence ; bare-headed men and women stood almost in awe at every threshold and gate. This also was such sight as had not been seen from their doors. The oldest man here does not remember such an aurora. It is hard to believe that Lapland itself ever saw one more weird, more beautiful.

## NOTES FOR STUDY.

**COR'NELS**, the cornelian cherry, a European shrub with clusters of small greenish flowers followed by fruit like cherries.

**LI'CHENS** (*lī'kēns*), moss-like flowerless plants.

**MO SA'IC**, variegated, formed by uniting pieces of different colors.

**TI'TIAN** (1477-1576), a famous painter of Venice.

**SPEC'TA CLE**, something presented to view, sight, show.

**SYM'PHO NY**, a harmony of sounds.

**EC'STA CY**, excessive joy, rapture.

**ZE'NITH**, the point in the heavens immediately overhead.

## LXVI.—THE CLOSING SCENE.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

Within his sober realm of leafless trees  
The russet Year inhaled the dreamy air,  
Like some tanned reaper in his hour of ease  
When all the fields are lying brown and bare.

The gray Barns, looking from their hazy hills  
O'er the dim waters widening in the vales,  
Sent down the air a greeting to the Mills,  
On the dull thunder of alternate flails.

All sights were mellowed and all sounds subdued ;  
The hills seemed farther and the streams sang low ;  
As in a dream, the distant woodman hewed  
His winter-log with many a muffled blow.

The embattled forests, erewhile armed in gold,  
Their banners bright with every martial hue,  
Now stood like some sad beaten host of old,  
Withdrawn afar in Time's remotest blue.

On slumbrous wings the vulture tried his flight ;  
The dove scarce heard his sighing mate's complaint :  
And like a star slow drowning in the light,  
The village church-vane seemed to pale and faint.

The sentinel cock upon the hill-side crew—  
Crew twice, and all was stiller than before—  
Silent till some replying warder blew  
His alien horn, and then was heard no more.

Where erst the jay, within the elm's tall crest,  
Made garrulous trouble round her unfledged young,  
And where the oriole hung her swaying nest,  
By every light wind like a censer swung—

Where sang the noisy masons of the eaves,  
The busy swallows, circling ever near,  
Foreboding, as the rustic mind believes,  
An early harvest and a plenteous year—

Where every bird which charmed the vernal feast  
Shook the sweet slumber from its wings at morn,  
To warn the reaper of the rosy east—  
All now was songless, empty, and forlorn.



Alone from out the stubble piped the quail,  
And croaked the crow through all the dreary gloom ;  
Alone the pheasant, drumming in the vale,  
Made echo to the distant cottage loom.

There was no bud, no bloom upon the bowers ;  
The spiders wove their thin shrouds night by night ;  
The thistle-down, the only ghost of flowers,  
Sailed slowly by, passed noiseless out of sight.

Amid all this, in this most cheerless air,  
And where the woodbine shed upon the porch  
Its crimson leaves, as if the Year stood there  
Firing the floor with his inverted torch—

Amid all this, the centre of the scene,  
The white-haired matron, with monotonous tread,  
Plied the swift wheel, and with her joyless mien  
Sat like a Fate, and watched the flying thread.

She had known Sorrow—he had walked with her,  
Oft supped, and broke with her the ashen crust ;  
And in the dead leaves still she heard the stir  
Of his black mantle trailing in the dust.

While yet her cheek was bright with summer bloom,  
Her country summoned, and she gave her all ;  
And twice War bowed to her his sable plume—  
Regave the sword to rust upon the wall.

his brow with a halo of light. His lips move without a sound : he is recalling the scenes of the Declaration—he is murmuring the names of his brothers in the good work. All gone but him ! Upon the woods dyed with the rainbow of the closing year, upon the stream darkened by masses of shadow, upon the home peeping out from among the leaves, falls mellowing the last light of the declining day.

He will never see the sun rise again ! He feels that the silver cord is slowly, gently loosening ; he knows the golden bowl is crumbling at the fountain's brink. But death comes on him as a sleep, as a pleasant dream, as a kiss from beloved lips ! He feels that the land of his birth has become a mighty people, and thanks God that he was permitted to behold its blossoms of hope ripen into full life.

In the recesses near the window you behold an altar of prayer ; above it, glowing in the fading light, the image of Jesus seems smiling, even in agony, around that death-chamber. The old man turns aside from the window. Tottering on, he kneels beside the altar, his long dark robe drooping over the floor. He reaches forth his white hands—he raises his eyes to the face of the Crucified.

There, in the sanctity of an old man's last prayer, we will leave him. There where, amid the deepening shadows, glows the image of the Saviour ; there where the light falls over the mild face, the wavy hair, and tranquil eyes of the aged patriarch. The smile of the Saviour was upon that perilous day, the 4th of July, 1776 ; and now that its promise has brightened into fruition, He seems to—He does smile on it again—even as His sculptured image meets the dying gaze of Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, **THE LAST OF THE SIGNERS.**

## NOTES FOR STUDY.

## I.

GEORGE LIPPARD (1822-1854) was a Pennsylvania novelist of considerable power and originality. He was born in Yellow Springs, Pennsylvania, and died in Philadelphia. He began to study law, and a few years later became a contributor to *The Spirit of the Times*. Among his many works may be mentioned *The Quaker City*, *Washington and his Generals*, and *The Rose of Wissahickon*.

## II.

|   |   |
|---|---|
| GIB'BET, gallows, hangman's scaffold.       | BE NIG'NI TY, goodness, kindness.                     |
| PA'TRI ARCH, the head or ruler of a family. | FRU I'TION, pleasure of possession, use, realization. |

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## LXVIII.—THE UNWRITTEN SONG.

WILLIAM HOLLISTER WALL.

I have heard the songs of the masters  
 And the bards of olden time,  
 Whose thoughts and words are mighty  
 And their melody sublime.

And they sweep with an awful power  
 Over and into my soul,  
 Like a wave of the heaving ocean  
 With a grand resistless roll.

Some of them stir my pulses  
 Like the sound of the bugle-call ;  
 And some, with a soothing quiet,  
 On my troubled spirit fall.

But I hear a song more mighty,  
 More stirring and yet more sweet,  
 I know not whence it cometh,  
 But my raptured heart doth beat

The rhythm and time of the music ;  
 And the grandeur of its theme  
 Fills all my soul with beauty,  
 Like the magic of some bright dream.

I hear it in torrent and mountain  
 And the ceaseless surge of the sea,  
 In the voice of the breeze and the brooklet,  
 All nature is singing to me.

Ah ! could I but half translate it ;  
 Had I cunning of brain and hand  
 To put it in words and numbers  
 That men could understand,

I would awaken melodious echoes  
 With that still unwritten song,  
 And the world would pause and listen  
 As I have listened so long.

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NOTES FOR STUDY.

WILLIAM HOLLISTER WALL (1858—), for many years editor of the *Evening News*, Hoboken, New Jersey, is a popular poet of the present time. Verses from his pen are frequently found in the magazines. His poems are charming in rhythm and poetic in thought.

## LXIX.—THE PLAGUE IN LONDON.

JOHN LINGARD.

During this year (1665), the spirits of men were depressed by one of the most calamitous visitations ever experienced by this or any other nation. In the depth of the last winter two or three isolated cases of plague had occurred in the outskirts of the metropolis. The fact excited alarm and directed the attention of the public to the weekly variations in the bills of mortality. On the one hand, the cool temperature of the air and the frequent changes in the weather were hailed as favorable circumstances ; on the other, it could not be concealed that the number of deaths, from whatever cause it arose, was progressively on the advance.

In this state of suspense, alternately agitated by their hopes and fears, men looked to the result with the most intense anxiety ; and at length, about the end of May, under the influence of a warmer sun and with the aid of a close and stagnant atmosphere, the evil burst forth in all its terrors. From the centre of St. Giles's the infection spread with rapidity over the adjacent parishes, threatened the court at Whitehall, and, in defiance of every precaution, stole its way into the city.

A general panic ensued. The nobility and gentry were the first to flee ; the royal family followed ; and then all who valued their personal safety more than the considerations of home and interest, prepared to imitate the example. For some weeks the tide of emigration flowed from every outlet toward the country ; it was checked at last by the refusal of the lord-mayor to grant certificates of health and by the opposition of the neighboring townships, which rose in their own defence and formed a barrier round the devoted city.

The absence of the fugitives, and the consequent cessation of trade and breaking up of establishments, served to aggravate the calamity. It was calculated that forty thousand servants had been left without a home, and the number of artisans and laborers thrown out of employment was still more considerable. It is true that the charity of the opulent seemed to keep pace with the progress of distress. The king subscribed the weekly sum of 1000*l.*; the city of 600*l.*; the queen-dowager, the archbishop of Canterbury, the earl of Craven, and the lord-mayor distinguished themselves by the amount of their benefactions; and the magistrates were careful to ensure a constant supply of provisions in the markets; yet the families that depended on casual relief for the means of subsistence were necessarily subjected to privations which rendered them more liable to receive, and less able to subdue, the contagion.

The mortality was at first confined chiefly to the lower classes, carrying off in a larger proportion the children than the adult, the women than the men. But by the end of June so rapid was the diffusion, so destructive were the ravages of the disease, that the civil authorities deemed it time to exercise the powers with which they had been invested by an act of James I. "for the charitable relief and ordering of persons infected with the plague."

They divided the parishes into districts, and allotted to each district a competent number of officers, under the denomination of examiners, searchers, nurses, and watchmen. They ordered that the existence of the disease, wherever it might penetrate, should be made known to the public by a red cross, one foot in length, painted on the door, with the words, "Lord, have mercy on us," placed above it. From that

moment the house was closed ; all egress for the space of one month was inexorably refused ; and the wretched inmates were doomed to remain under the same roof, communicating death one to the other. Of these, many sunk under the horrors of their situations. Many were rendered desperate ; they eluded the vigilance or corrupted the fidelity of the watchmen, and by their escape, instead of avoiding, served only to disseminate the contagion.

Provision was also made for the speedy interment of the dead. In the daytime officers were always on the watch to withdraw from public view the bodies of those who expired in the streets ; during the night the tinkling of a bell, accompanied with the glare of links, announced the approach of the pest-cart making its round to receive the victims of the last twenty-four hours. No coffins were prepared ; no funeral service was read ; no mourners were permitted to follow the remains of their relatives or friends. The cart proceeded to the nearest cemetery, and shot its burthen into the common grave, a deep and spacious pit, capable of holding some scores of bodies, and dug in the churchyard, or, when the churchyard was full, in the outskirts of the parish. Of the hardened and brutal conduct of the men to whom this duty was committed, men taken from the refuse of society, and lost to all sense of morality or decency, instances were related, to which it would be difficult to find a parallel in the annals of human depravity.

The disease generally manifested itself by the usual febrile symptoms of shivering, nausea, headache, and delirium. In some, these affections were so mild as to be mistaken for a slight and transient indisposition. The victim saw not, or would not see, the insidious approach of his foe : he applied to his usual avocations, till a sudden faintness came on, the

maculæ, the fatal “tokens,” appeared on his breast, and within an hour life was extinct. But in most cases the pain and the delirium left no room for doubt. On the third or fourth day tumors arose: if these could be made to suppurate, recovery might be anticipated; if they resisted the efforts of nature and the skill of the physician, death was inevitable. The sufferings of the patients often threw them into paroxysms of frenzy. They burst the bands by which they were confined to their beds; they precipitated themselves from the windows; they rushed into the street, and plunged into the river.

Men of the strongest minds were lost in amazement when they contemplated this scene of woe and desolation; the weak and the credulous became the dupes of their own fears and imaginations. Talk the most improbable and predictions the most terrific were circulated; numbers assembled at different cemeteries to behold the ghosts of the dead walk round the pits in which their bodies had been deposited; and crowds believed that they saw in the heavens a sword of flame stretching from Westminster to the Tower.

To add to their terrors, came the fanatics, who felt themselves inspired to act the part of prophets. One of these walked through the city, bearing on his head a pan of burning coals, and pronouncing the judgments of God on its sinful inhabitants; another, assuming the character of Jonah, proclaimed aloud as he passed, “Yet forty days, and London shall be destroyed;” and a third might be met, sometimes by day, sometimes by night, advancing with a hurried step and exclaiming with a deep, sepulchral voice, “O the great and dreadful God !”

During the months of July and August the weather was

sultry, the heat more and more oppressive. The eastern parishes, which at first had been spared, became the chief seat of the pestilence, and the more substantial citizens, whom it had hitherto respected, suffered in common with their less opulent neighbors. In many places the regulations of the magistrates could no longer be enforced. The nights did not suffice for the burial of the dead, who were now borne in coffins to their graves at all hours of the day ; and it was inhuman to shut up the dwellings of the infected poor, whose families must have perished through want had they not been permitted to go and seek relief.

London presented a wide and heartrending scene of misery and desolation. Rows of houses stood tenantless and open to the winds ; others in almost equal numbers exhibited the red cross flaming on the doors. The chief thoroughfares, so lately trodden by the feet of thousands, were overgrown with grass. The few individuals who ventured abroad walked in the middle, and when they met declined on opposite sides, to avoid the contact of each other.

But if the solitude and stillness of the streets impressed the mind with awe, there was something yet more appalling in the sounds which occasionally burst upon the ear. At one moment were heard the ravings of delirium or the wail of woe from the infected dwelling ; at another, the merry song or the loud and careless laugh issuing from the wassailers at the tavern. Men became so familiarized with the form that they steeled their feelings against the terrors of death. They waited each for his turn with the resignation of the Christian or the indifference of the stoic. Some devoted themselves to exercises of piety ; others sought relief in the riot of dissipation and the recklessness of despair.

September came ; the heat of the atmosphere began to abate ; but, contrary to expectation, the mortality increased. Formerly a hope of recovery might be indulged ; now infection was the certain harbinger of death, which followed generally in the course of three days, often within the space of twenty-four hours. The privy council ordered an experiment to be tried, which was grounded on the practice of former times. To dissipate the pestilential miasm, fires of sea-coal, in the proportion of one fire to every twelve houses, were kindled in every street, court, and alley of London and Westminster. They were kept burning three days and nights, and were at last extinguished by a heavy and continuous fall of rain.

The next bill exhibited a considerable reduction in the amount of deaths ; and the survivors congratulated each other on the cheering prospect. But the cup was soon dashed from their lips ; and in the following week more than ten thousand victims, a number hitherto unknown, sank under the augmented violence of the disease. Yet even now, when hope had yielded to despair, their deliverance was at hand. The high winds which usually accompany the autumnal equinox cooled and purified the air ; the fever, though equally contagious, assumed a less malignant form, and its ravages were necessarily more confined from the diminution of the population on which it had hitherto fed. The weekly burials successively decreased from thousands to hundreds, and in the beginning of December seventy-three parishes were pronounced clear of the disease.

The intelligence was hailed with joy by the emigrants, who returned in crowds to take possession of their homes and resume their usual occupations : in February the court was once

more fixed at Whitehall, and the nobility and gentry followed the footsteps of the sovereign. Though more than one hundred thousand individuals are said to have perished, yet in a short time the chasm in the population was no longer discernible. The plague continued, indeed, to linger in particular spots ; but its terrors were forgotten or despised, and the streets so recently abandoned by the inhabitants, were again thronged with multitudes in the eager pursuit of profit, or pleasure, or crime.

## NOTES FOR STUDY.

## I.

JOHN LINGARD (1771-1851) was born in Winchester, England, and educated in a Catholic college in France. His reputation as an historian and critic is founded on his two works, *The Antiquity of the Anglo-Saxon Church* and a *History of England from the Invasion by the Romans*. The latter work is in fourteen volumes and is regarded as an authority. From it this selection, so graphically describing the great plague, is taken.

## II.

|  |  |
|--|--|
| CA LAM'I TOUS, attended by distress or misery.                                   | DIS SEM'I NATE, to scatter, to spread.   |
| I'SO LA TED, standing alone, separated.  | LINKS, torches made of tow or pitch.   |
| ME TROP'O LIS, the mother city, the chief city of a country.                     | DE PRAV'I TY, baseness of character, wickedness.   |
| CES SA'TION, a stop, a pause, a stay.  | SE PUL'CHRAL, pertaining to the grave, hollow in tone.   |
| OP'U LENT, wealthy, rich.  | WAS'SAIL ERS, persons engaged in drinking, revelers.   |
| DOW'A GERS, widows of persons of rank who have annual incomes settled upon them. | STO'IC, a disciple of Zeno ; one who is not given to passion, but who remains calm and undisturbed by circumstances. |
| E'GRESS, a going out, departure.   |  |
| MI'ASM, poisonous air, malaria.  |  |

## LXX.—ELEGY.

*Written in a Country Churchyard.*

THOMAS GRAY.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day.  
 The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,  
 The plowman homeward plods his weary way,  
 And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,  
 And all the air a solemn stillness holds  
 Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,  
 And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds :

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower  
 The moping owl does to the moon complain  
 Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,  
 Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew tree's shade,  
 Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,  
 Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,  
 The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,  
 The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,  
 The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,  
 No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,  
 Or busy housewife ply her evening care ;  
 No children run to lisp their sire's return,  
 Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,  
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke ;  
How jocund did they drive their team afield !  
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,  
Their homely joys and destiny obscure ;  
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile  
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,  
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,  
Awaits alike the inevitable hour :  
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,  
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,  
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault  
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust  
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?  
Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust,  
Or Flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of Death ?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid  
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire ;  
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,  
Or waked to ecstacy the living lyre ;

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,  
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll ;  
Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,  
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene  
 The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear ;  
 Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden that with dauntless breast  
 The little tyrant of his fields withstood,  
 Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest ;  
 Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of listening senates to command,  
 The threats of pain and ruin to despise ;  
 To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,  
 And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade ; nor circumscribed alone  
 Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined ;  
 Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,  
 And shut the gates of mercy on mankind ;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,  
 To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,  
 Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride  
 With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife  
 Their sober wishes never learned to stray ;  
 Along the cool, sequestered vale of life  
 They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet even these bones from insult to protect,  
 Some frail memorial, still erected nigh,  
 With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,  
 Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by the unlettered Muse,  
 The place of fame and elegy supply,  
 And many a holy text around she strews  
 That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,  
 This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned,  
 Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,  
 Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind ?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,  
 Some pious drops the closing eye requires ;  
 Even from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,  
 Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of the unhonored dead,  
 Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,  
 If chance, by lonely contemplation led,  
 Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,  
 "Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn  
 Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,  
 To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

"There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech  
 That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,  
 His listless length at noontide would he stretch,  
 And pore upon the brook that bubbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,  
 Muttering his wayward fancies would he rove,  
 Now drooping, woeful-wan, like one forlorn,  
 Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

“One morn I missed him on the accustomed hill,  
 Along the heath, and near his favorite tree :  
 Another came, nor yet beside the rill,  
 Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood, was he :  
 “The next, with dirges due, in sad array,  
 Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne :  
 Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay  
 Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.”

## THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth  
 A youth, to fortune and to fame unknown :  
 Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,  
 And Melancholy marked him for her own.  
 Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere ;  
 Heaven did a recompense as largely send ;  
 He gave to misery (all he had) a tear,  
 He gained from heaven ('twas all he wished) a friend.  
 No further seek his merits to disclose,  
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,  
 (There they alike in trembling hope repose),  
 The bosom of his Father and his God.

## NOTES FOR STUDY.

## I.

THOMAS GRAY (1716-1771) was born in London. After a course of study at Eton he traveled through France and Italy. On his return to England he received his degree in civil law at Cambridge, and later became professor of history in that university. He is best known for the *Elegy Written in a Country Church-yard*. He also wrote an *Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College* and the *Pindaric Odes*. All his work is exquisite in finish and lofty in thought.

## II.

|   |   |
|---|---|
| <b>CUR'FEW</b> , literally "cover fire," a bell rung by the Normans to compel the conquered Saxons to cover their fires and retire. | <b>GLEBE</b> , turf, sod, soil.                                       |
| <b>DRON'ING</b> , low, dull, humming sounds.  | <b>HER'ALD RY</b> , ancient worth, usually shown by the coat of arms. |
| <b>CLAR'I ON</b> , a clear, shrill sound like that of a trumpet.  | <b>FRET'TED</b> , ornamented with delicate carvings.                  |
|   | <b>PEN'U RY</b> , want, poverty.                                      |

**CIR CUM SCRIBED'**, bounded, limited.

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## LXXI.—I WANDERED LONELY.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

I wandered lonely as a cloud  
 That floats on high o'er vales and hills,  
 When all at once I saw a crowd,  
 A host, of golden daffodils ;  
 Beside the lake, beneath the trees,  
 Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine  
 And twinkle on the milky-way,  
 They stretched in never-ending line  
 Along the margin of a bay :  
 Ten thousand saw I at a glance,  
 Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced ; but they  
 Out-did the sparkling waves in glee :  
 A poet could not but be gay  
 In such a jocund company :  
 I gazed—and gazed—but little thought  
 What wealth the show to me had brought :

For oft, when on my couch I lie  
In vacant or in pensive mood,  
They flash upon that inward eye  
Which is the bliss of solitude;  
And then my heart with pleasure fills,  
And dances with the daffodils.

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### LXXII.—FRANKLIN'S ARRIVAL IN PHILADELPHIA.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

I was in my working-dress, my best clothes having to come by sea. I was dirty from my journey; my pockets were stuffed out with shirts and stockings, and I knew no soul, nor where to look for lodging. I was fatigued with traveling, rowing, and want of rest; I was very hungry, and my whole stock of cash consisted of a Dutch dollar and about a shilling in copper.

The latter I gave the people of the boat for my passage, who at first refused it on account of my rowing; but I insisted on their taking it. A man being sometimes more generous when he has but a little money than when he has plenty; perhaps through fear of being thought to have but little.

Then I walked up the street, gazing about, till, near the market-house, I met a boy with bread. I had made many a meal on bread, and, inquiring where he got it, I went immediately to the baker's he directed me to, in Second Street, and asked for biscuit, intending such as we had in Boston, but they, it seems, were not made in Philadelphia.

Then I asked for a three-penny loaf, and was told they had none such. So, not considering or knowing the difference of

money and the greater cheapness, nor the names of his bread, I bade him give me three-penny worth of any sort. He gave me, accordingly, three great puffy rolls.

I was surprised at the quantity, but took it, and, having no room in my pockets, walked off with a roll under each arm and eating the other. Thus I went up Market Street as far as Fourth Street, passing by the door of Mr. Read, my future wife's father; when she, standing at the door, saw me, and thought I made, as I certainly did, a most awkward, ridiculous appearance.

Then I turned and went down Chestnut Street and part of Walnut Street, eating my roll all the way, and, coming round, found myself at Market Street wharf, near the boat I came in, to which I went for a draught of the river water; and, being filled with one of my rolls, gave the other two to a woman and her child that came down the river in the boat with us, and were waiting to go farther.

Thus refreshed, I walked again up the street, which had by this time many clean-dressed people in it, who were all walking the same way. I joined them, and thereby was led into the great meeting-house of the Quakers, near the market.

I sat down among them, and, after looking round awhile and hearing nothing said, being very tired through labor and want of rest the preceding night, I fell fast asleep, and continued so till the meeting broke up, when one was kind enough to rouse me. This was, therefore, the first house I was in, or slept in, in Philadelphia.

I believe I have omitted mentioning that, in my first voyage from Boston, being becalmed off Block Island, our people set about catching cod, and hauled up a great many.

Hitherto I had stuck to my resolution of not eating animal

food, and on this occasion I considered, with my master Tryon, the taking of every fish as a kind of unprovoked murder, since none of them had, or ever could do us any injury that might justify the slaughter.

All this seemed very reasonable. But I had formerly been a great lover of fish, and when this came hot out of the frying-pan, it smelt admirably well.

I balanced some time between principle and inclination, till I recollect that when the fish were opened I saw smaller fish taken out of their stomachs ; then thought I, "If you eat one another, I don't see why we may not eat you."

So I dined upon cod very heartily, and continued to eat with other people, returning only now and then occasionally to a vegetable diet. So convenient a thing it is to be a *reasonable creature*, since it enables one to find or make a reason for everything one has a mind to do.

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#### NOTES FOR STUDY.

##### I.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN (1706-1790), an eminent philosopher and statesman, was born at Boston, Massachusetts. After serving five years as a printer's apprentice to a step-brother, he ran away, going first to New York and then to Philadelphia. In the latter city he was first employed in a printer's shop, and, later, became the proprietor and publisher of the *Gazette*. He did much for the progress of his adopted city, founding its first library, its great University, its Philosophical Society, its first association for extinguishing fires, and its first fire insurance company. He did great service to the nation at large as agent for the colonies in England and on the Continent, and as United States Minister to France. For his discoveries in science he was made a member of the Royal Society in London and an associate of the Academy of Sciences in Paris. His *Autobiography*, *Essays*, and *Poor Richard's Almanac* are his best known writings. They show his practical common-sense, prudence, and caution.

## II.

|  |  |
|--|--|
| SHIL'LING, a British coin worth about twenty-four cents. | IN CLI NA'TION, tendency of the mind, preference, favor, desire. |
| RI DIC'U LOUS, absurd and laughable.                     | PUF'FY, light, swelled out, bloated, inflated.                   |
| UN PRO VOKED', not called forth by just cause.           | WHARF, place for the landing of vessels.                         |

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## LXXXIII.—TELL ON THE MOUNTAINS.

JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

Ye crags and peaks, I'm with you once again !  
 I hold to you the hands you first beheld,  
 To show they still are free ! Methinks I hear  
 A spirit in your echoes answer me,  
 And bid your tenant welcome home again.  
 O sacred forms, how fair, how proud, you look !  
 How high you lift your heads into the sky !  
 How huge you are ! how mighty, and how free !

Ye are the things that tower, that shine—whose smile  
 Makes glad, whose frown is terrible, whose forms,  
 Robed or unrobed, do all the impress wear  
 Of awe divine ! Ye guards of liberty,  
 I'm with you once again ! I call to you  
 With all my voice ! I hold my hands to you,  
 To show they still are free. I rush to you  
 As though I could embrace you !

Scaling yonder peak,  
 I saw an eagle wheeling, near its brow,

O'er the abyss. His broad expanded wings  
 Lay calm and motionless upon the air,  
 As if he floated there without their aid,  
 By the sole act of his unlarded will,  
 That buoyed him proudly up ! Instinctively  
 I bent my bow ; yet wheeled he, heeding not  
 The death that threatened him : I could not shoot !  
 'Twas liberty ! I turned my bow aside  
 And let him soar away.

Once Switzerland was free ! Oh, with what pride  
 I used to walk these hills, look up to heaven,  
 And bless God that it was so ! It was free !  
 From end to end, from cliff to lake, 'twas free !  
 Free as our torrents are, that leap our rocks  
 And plow our valleys without asking leave ;  
 Or as our peaks, that wear their caps of snow  
 In very presence of the regal sun !

How happy was I in it then ! I loved  
 Its very storms ! Ay, often have I sat  
 In my boat at night, when, midway o'er the lake,  
 The stars went out, and down the mountain gorge  
 The wind came roaring—sat in it, and eyed  
 The thunder breaking from his cloud, and smiled  
 To see him shake his lightnings o'er my head,  
 And think I had no master save his own !

On yonder jutting cliff, round which a track  
 Up hither winds, whose base is but the brow  
 To such another one, with scanty room  
 For two to pass abreast : o'er taken there

By the mountain-blast, I've laid me flat along,  
 And, while gust followed gust more furiously,  
 As if 'twould sweep me o'er the horrid brink,  
 I have thought of other lands, whose storms  
 Are summer-flaws to those of mine, and just  
 Have wished me there,—the thought that mine was free  
 Has checked that wish, and I have raised my head,  
 And cried in thralldom to that furious wind,  
 “Blow on! This is the land of liberty!”

## NOTES FOR STUDY.

## I.

JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES (1784–1862), an English dramatist, was born in Cork, Ireland. For some time he was an actor in a Dublin theatre; but, having little success, became a teacher of elocution and began to write plays. *Virginius*, *William Tell*, and *The Hunchback* are his best-known dramas. Toward the close of his life he left the stage from religious scruples.

## II.

|  |  |
|--|--|
| TEN'ANT, one who lives on the<br>land of another.            | RE'GAL, royal, kingly.   |
| UN LORD'ED, uncontrolled, not<br>under the rule of a master. | THRAL'DOM, slavery, bondage.<br>FLAWS, cracks, breaks, sudden<br>bursts of wind. |

## LXXIV.—INFLUENCE OF ATHENS.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

Of the indifference which Mr. Mitford shows on this subject, I will not speak, for I cannot speak with fairness. It is a subject in which I love to forget the accuracy of a judge, in the veneration of a worshiper and the gratitude of a child.

If we consider merely the subtlety of disquisition, the

force of imagination, the perfect energy and elegance of expression, which characterize the great works of Athenian genius, we must pronounce them intrinsically most valuable ; but what shall we say when we reflect that from hence have sprung, directly or indirectly, all the noblest creations of the human intellect ; that from hence were the vast accomplishments and the brilliant fancy of Cicero ; the withering fire of Juvenal ; the plastic imagination of Dante ; the humor of Cervantes ; the comprehension of Bacon ; the wit of Butler ; the supreme and universal excellence of Shakespeare ?

All the triumphs of truth and genius over prejudice and power, in every country and in every age, have been the triumphs of Athens. Wherever a few great minds have made a stand against violence and fraud, in the cause of liberty and reason, there has been her spirit in the midst of them ; inspiring, encouraging, consoling ;—by the lonely lamp of Erasmus ; by the restless bed of Pascal ; in the tribune of Mirabeau ; in the cell of Galileo ; on the scaffold of Sidney.

But who shall estimate her influence on private happiness ? Who shall say how many thousands have been made wiser, happier, and better by those pursuits in which she has taught mankind to engage ; how many studies which took their rise from her have been wealth in poverty,—liberty in bondage,—health in sickness,—society in solitude ?

Her power is indeed manifested at the bar ; in the senate ; in the field of battle ; in the schools of philosophy. But these are not her glory. Wherever literature consoles sorrow or assuages pain,—wherever it brings gladness to eyes which fail with wakefulness and tears, and ache for the dark house and the long sleep,—there is exhibited in its noblest form the immortal influence of Athens.

The dervise, in the Arabian tale, did not hesitate to abandon to his comrade the camels with their load of jewels and gold, while he retained the casket of that mysterious juice which enabled him to behold at one glance all the riches of the universe.

Surely it is no exaggeration to say that no external advantage is to be compared with the purification of the intellectual eye, which gives us to contemplate the infinite wealth of the mental world ; all the hoarded treasures of the primeval dynasties, all the shapeless ore of its yet unexplored mines.

This is the gift of Athens to man. Her freedom and her power have for more than twenty centuries been annihilated ; her people have degenerated into timid slaves ; her language into a barbarous jargon ; her temples have been given to successive depredations of Romans, Turks, and Scotchmen ; but her intellectual empire is imperishable.

And, when those who have rivalled her greatness shall have shared her fate ; when civilization and knowledge shall have fixed their abode in distant continents ; when the sceptre shall have passed away from England ; when, perhaps, travelers from distant regions shall in vain labor to decipher on some mouldering pedestal the name of our proudest chief ; shall hear the savage hymns chanted to some misshapen idol over the ruined dome of our proudest temple ; and shall see a single naked fisherman wash his nets in the river of ten thousand masts,—her influence and her glory will still survive,—fresh in eternal youth, exempt from mutability and decay, immortal as the intellectual principle from which they derived their origin, and over which they exercise their control.

## NOTES FOR STUDY.

## I.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY (1800-1859), poet, essayist, and historian, was born in Leicestershire, England, and was graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he gained many honors and medals for high scholarship. He was a Member of Parliament for several years, holding important government positions. He was raised to the peerage in 1857. His *Lays of Ancient Rome* are his most famous poetical works, his *History of England* is the most popular history ever written, and his *Essays* are models of literary excellence. His language is pure and his style vigorous and clear.

## II.

|  |   |
|--|---|
| SUB'TLE TY, property of being cunning, artful, acute.                  | AS SUAGE', to allay, to pacify, to lessen.  |
| DIS QUI SI'TION, full examination of any matter, treatise, discussion. | PRI ME'VAL, belonging to the first ages, primitive, original.                     |
| TRIB'UNE, an officer chosen by the people to defend their liberties.   | JAR'GON, confused language, slang.<br>DER'VISE, Turkish or Arabian monk, a fakir. |

## LXXV.—MORALS OF THE HOMERIC AGE.

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.

The youth of high birth, not then so widely as now separated from the low, is educated under tutors in reverence for his parents and in desire to emulate their fame; he shares in manly and in graceful sports; acquires the use of arms; hardens himself in the pursuit then of all others the most indispensable, the hunting down of wild beasts; gains the knowledge of medicine, probably also of the lyre. Sometimes, with many-sided intelligence, he even sets himself to learn how to build his own house or ship, or how to drive the plough firm and straight down the furrow, as well as to reap the standing corn.



WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE

And, when scarcely a man, he bears arms for his country or his tribe, takes part in its government, learns by direct instruction and by practice how to rule mankind through the use of reasoning and persuasive power in political assemblies, attends and assists in sacrifices to the gods. For, all this time, he has been in kindly and free relations, not only with his parents, his family, his equals of his own age, but with the attendants, although they are but serfs, who have known him from infancy on his father's domain.

He is indeed mistaught with reference to the use of the strong hand. Human life is cheap; so cheap that even a mild and gentle youth may be betrayed, upon a casual quarrel over some childish game with his friend, into taking it away. And even so throughout his life, should some occasion come that stirs up his passions from their depths, a wild beast, as it were, awakens within him, and he loses his humanity for a time, until reason has re-established her control. Short, however, of such a desperate crisis, though he could not for the world rob his friend or his neighbor, yet he might be not unwilling to triumph over him to his cost, for the sake of some exercise of signal ingenuity; while, from a hostile tribe or a foreign shore, or from the individual who has become his enemy, he will acquire by main force what he can, nor will he scruple to inflict on him by stratagem even deadly injury.

He must, however, give liberally to those who are in need; to the wayfarer, to the poor, to the suppliant who begs from him shelter and protection. On the other hand, should his own goods be wasted, the liberal and open-handed contributions of his neighbors will not be wanting to replace them.

His early youth is not solicited into vice by finding sensual

excess in vogue, or the opportunities of it glaring in his eye and sounding in his ear. Gluttony is hardly known ; drunkenness is marked only by its degrading character, and by the evil consequences that flow so straight from it, and it is abhorred. But he loves the genial use of meals, and rejoices in the hour when the guests, gathered in his father's hall, enjoy a liberal hospitality, and the wine mantles in the cup. For then they listen to the strains of the minstrel, who celebrates before them the newest and the dearest of the heroic tales that stir their blood and rouse their manly resolution to be worthy, in their turn, of their country and their country's heroes. He joins the dance in the festivals of religion ; the maiden's hand is upon his wrist, and the gilded knife gleams from his belt, as they course from point to point or wheel in round on round. That maiden in due time he weds, amidst the rejoicings of their families, and brings her home to cherish her, "from the flower to the ripeness of the grape," with respect, fidelity, and love.

Whether as a governor or as governed, politics bring him in ordinary circumstances no great share of trouble. Government is a machine, of which the wheels move easily enough ; for they are well oiled by simplicity of usages, ideas, and desires ; by unity of interest ; by respect for authority and for those in whose hands it is reposed ; by love of the common country, the common altar, the common festivals and games, to which already there is large resort. In peace he settles the disputes of his people ; in war he lends them the precious example of heroic daring. He consults them and advises with them on all grave affairs ; and his wakeful care for their interests is rewarded by the ample domains which are set apart for the prince by the people.

Finally, he closes his eyes, delivering over the sceptre to his son, and leaving much peace and happiness around him.

## NOTES FOR STUDY.

## I.

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE (1809-1898), statesman and orator, was born at Liverpool and educated at Eton and Oxford. He entered the House of Commons in 1832, and throughout his long and brilliant career was closely identified with English politics, holding many important offices, as: Chancellor of the Exchequer, leader of the House of Commons, and Prime Minister. He wrote *Homer and the Homeric Age*, *Gleanings of Past Years*, *Juventus Mundi*, and other works. He was a man of very wide learning and probably the greatest statesman of this century.

## II.

|   |   |
|---|---|
| SUP'PLI ANT, one who earnestly<br>petitions or begs a favor.    | IN GE NU'ITY, skill, cleverness.  |
| VOGUE ( <i>vōg</i> ), temporary mode, cus-<br>tom, or practice. | SCEP'TRE, a royal mace, a badge of<br>authority, a staff carried before<br>a sovereign. |

## LXXVI.—NOW.

## CHARLES MACKAY.

The venerable Past—is past ;  
'Tis dark and shines not in the ray :  
'Twas good, no doubt—'tis gone at last—  
    There dawns another day.  
Why should we sit where ivies creep,  
And shroud ourselves in charnels deep,  
Or the world's yesterdays deplore,  
'Mid crumbling ruins mossy hoar ?

Why should we see with dead men's eyes,  
 Looking at WAS from morn till night,  
 When the beauteous NOW, the divine To BE,  
 Woo with their charms our living sight ?  
 Why should we hear but echoes dull,  
 When the world of sound, so beautiful,  
 Will give us music of our own ?  
 Why in the darkness should we grope,  
 When the sun, in heaven's resplendent cope,  
 Shines as bright as ever it shone ?

Abraham saw no brighter stars  
 Than those which burn for thee and me.  
 When Homer heard the lark's sweet song  
 Or night-bird's lovelier melody,  
 They were such sounds as Shakespeare heard,  
 Or Chaucer, when he blest the bird,  
 Such lovely sounds as we can hear.  
 Great Plato saw the vernal year  
 Send forth its tender flowers and shoots,  
 And luscious autumn pour its fruits ;  
 And we can see the lilies blow,  
 The cornfields wave, the rivers flow ;  
 For us all bounties of the earth,  
 For us its wisdom, love, and mirth,  
 If we daily walk in the sight of God,  
 And prize the gifts He has bestowed.

We will not dwell amid the graves,  
 Nor in dim twilights sit alone,  
 To gaze at mouldered architraves,  
 Or plinths and columns overthrown ;

We will not only see the light  
 Through painted windows cobwebbed o'er,  
 Nor know the beauty of the night  
 Save by the moonbeam on the floor :  
 But in the presence of the sun,  
 Or moon, or stars, our hearts shall glow ;  
 We'll look at nature face to face,  
 And we shall love because we know.

The present needs us. Every age  
 Bequeaths the next for heritage  
 No lazy luxury or delight—  
 But strenuous labor for the right ;  
 For NOW, the child and sire of time,  
 Demands the deeds of earnest men  
 To make it better than the past,  
 And stretch the circle of its ken.  
 NOW is a fact that men deplore,  
 Though it might bless them evermore,  
 Would they but fashion it aright :  
 'Tis ever new, 'tis ever bright.

Time, nor Eternity, hath seen  
 A repetition of delight  
 In all its phases : ne'er hath been  
 For men or angels that which *is* ;  
 And that which *is* hath ceased to be  
 Ere we have breathed it, and its place  
 Is lost in the Eternity.  
 But *Now* is ever good and fair,  
 Of the Infinitude the heir,

And we of it. So let us live  
 That from the past we may receive  
 Light for the NOW—from NOW a joy  
 That Fate nor Time shall ne'er destroy.

## NOTES FOR STUDY.

## I.

CHARLES MACKAY (1814—) was born in Perth, Scotland. For many years he was engaged in newspaper work as editor and correspondent. He published many volumes in prose and verse, of which *Memoirs of Popular Delusions*, *The Thames and its Tributaries*, *Voices from the Crowd*, and *Town Lyrics* may be mentioned. Even in his prose his style abounds in poetic figures, and is remarkably clear and precise.

## II.

|   |   |
|---|---|
| CHAR'NELS, places for dead bodies.                            | PLINTH, a slab, block or stone upon which a column rests. |
| COPE, anything that arches over, the arch of the sky.         | HER'I TAGE, an inheritance, a share, a portion.           |
| LUS'CIOUS, rich, sweet and delicious.                         | STREN'U OUS, urgent, earnest, strong.                     |
| AR'CHI TRAVE, a chief beam, the beam that rests upon pillars. | KEN, reach of sight, vision.                              |

## LXXVII.—THE BASHFUL MAN.

ANONYMOUS.

And now, sir, behold me, at the age of twenty-five, well stocked with Latin, Greek, and mathematics, possessed of an ample fortune, but so awkward and unversed in any gentlemanlike accomplishment, that I am pointed at by all who see me as the wealthy, learned clown.

I have lately purchased an estate in the country which abounds in what is called a fashionable neighborhood ; and when you reflect upon my parentage and uncouth manner,

you will hardly think how much my company is courted by the surrounding families. I have received familiar calls, and the most pressing invitations ; and though I wished to accept their offered friendship, I have frequently excused myself under the pretence of not being quite settled ; for the truth is, that when I have ridden or walked, with full intention to return their several visits, my heart has failed me as I approached their gates, and I have frequently returned homeward, resolving to try again to-morrow.

However, I at length determined to conquer my timidity, and three days ago accepted of an invitation to dine this day with one whose open, easy manner left me no room to doubt a cordial welcome. Sir Thomas Friendly, who lives about two miles distant, is a baronet, with an estate of about two thousand pounds a year, joining to that I purchased. He has two sons and five daughters, all grown up, and living with their mother, and a maiden sister of Sir Thomas, at *Friendly-Hall*, dependent on their father.

Conscious of my unpolished gait, I have for some time past taken private lessons from a professor who teaches “grown gentlemen to dance ;” and although I at first found wondrous difficulty in the art he taught, my knowledge of mathematics was of prodigious use in teaching me the equilibrium of my body, and the due adjustment of the centre of gravity to the five positions. Having now acquired the art of walking without tottering, and learned to make a bow, I boldly ventured to accept the baronet’s invitation to a family dinner, not doubting but my new acquirements would enable me to see the company with tolerable intrepidity ; but, alas ! how vain are all the hopes of theory when unsupported by habitual practice !

As I approached the house, a dinner bell alarmed my fears lest I had spoiled the dinner by want of punctuality. Impressed with this idea, I blushed the deepest crimson as my name was repeatedly announced by the several liveried servants who ushered me into the library, hardly knowing what or whom I saw. At my first entrance, I summoned up all my fortitude, and made my new-learned bow to Lady Friendly ; but, unfortunately, bringing back my left foot to the third position, I trod upon the gouty toe of poor Sir Thomas, who had followed close at my heels to be the nomenclator of the family. The confusion this occasioned in me is hardly to be conceived, since none but bashful men can judge of my distress ; and of that description the number I believe is very small. The baronet's politeness by degrees dissipated my concern ; and I was astonished to see how far good-breeding could enable him to suppress his feelings, and to appear with perfect ease after so painful an accident.

The cheerfulness of her ladyship, and the familiar chat of the young ladies, insensibly led me to throw off my reserve and sheepishness, till at length I ventured to join in conversation, and even to start fresh subjects. The library being richly furnished with books in elegant bindings, I conceived Sir Thomas to be a man of literature ; and ventured to give my opinion concerning the several editions of the Greek classics, in which the baronet's ideas exactly coincided with my own. To this subject I was led by observing an edition of Xenophon in sixteen volumes, which (as I had never before heard of such a thing) greatly excited my curiosity, and I rose to examine what it could be. Sir Thomas saw what I was about, and (as I supposed), willing to save me the trouble, rose to take down the book, which made me eager to prevent him ;

and, hastily laying my hand on the first volume, I pulled it forcibly ; but, lo, instead of books, a board, which by leather and gilding had been made to look like sixteen volumes, came tumbling down, and unluckily pitched upon a Wedgewood inkstand on the table under it. In vain did Sir Thomas assure me there was no harm. I saw the ink streaming from an inlaid table on the Turkey carpet, and, scarce knowing what I did, attempted to stop its progress with my cambric handkerchief. In the height of this confusion we were informed that dinner was served up ; and I with joy then understood that the bell which at first had so alarmed my fears, was only the half-hour dinner bell.

In walking through the hall and suite of apartments to the dining-room I had time to collect my scattered senses, and was desired to take my seat near Lady Friendly. Since the fall of the wooden Xenophen, my face had been continually burning like a fire-brand ; and I was just beginning to recover myself and feel comfortably cool, when an unlooked-for accident rekindled all my heat and blushes. Having set my plate of soup too near the edge of the table, in bowing to Miss Dinah, who politely complimented the pattern of my waistcoat, I tumbled the whole scalding contents into my lap. In spite of an immediate supply of napkins to wipe the surface of my clothes, my black silk dress was not stout enough to save me from the painful effects of this sudden fomentation, and for some moments I seemed to be in a boiling caldron ; but, recollecting how Sir Thomas had disguised his torture when I trod upon his toes, I firmly bore my pain in silence, and sat with my lower extremities parboiled, amidst the stifled giggling of the ladies and the servants.

I will not relate the several blunders which I made during

the first course, or the distress occasioned by my being desired to carve a fowl, or help to various dishes that stood near me, spilling a sauce-boat, and knocking down a salt-cellar ; rather let me hasten to the second course, where fresh disasters quite overwhelmed me.

I had a piece of rich sweet pudding on my fork, when Miss Louisa Friendly begged to trouble me for a pigeon that stood near me. In my haste, scarce knowing what I did, I whipped the pudding into my mouth hot as a burning coal : it was impossible to conceal my agony ; my eyes were starting from their sockets. At last, in spite of shame and resolution, I was obliged to drop the cause of torment on my plate. Sir Thomas and the ladies all compassionated my misfortune, and each advised a different application. One recommended oil, another water, but all agreed that wine was best for drawing out the heat ; and a glass of sherry was brought me from the sideboard, which I snatched up with eagerness ; but O ! how shall I tell the sequel ? Whether the butler by accident mistook, or purposely designed to drive me mad, he gave me the strongest brandy, with which I filled my mouth already flayed and blistered. Totally unused to every kind of ardent spirits, with my tongue, throat, and palate as raw as beef, what could I do ? I could not swallow ; and clapping my hands upon my mouth, the liquor forced its way through my fingers over the table,—and I was crushed by bursts of laughter from all quarters.

In vain did Sir Thomas reprimand the servants, and Lady Friendly chide her daughters ; for the measure of my shame and their diversion was not yet complete. To relieve me from the intolerable state of perspiration which this accident had caused, without considering what I did, I wiped my face

with that ill-fated handkerchief, which was still wet from the consequences of the fall of Xenophon, and covered all my features with streaks of ink in every direction. The baronet himself could not support this shock, but joined his lady in the general laugh ; while I sprang from the table in despair, rushed out of the house, and ran home in an agony of confusion and disgrace, which the most poignant sense of guilt could not have excited.

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## NOTES FOR STUDY.

|  |  |
|--|--|
| AC COM'PLISH MENT, the completing of an act, hence finish, polish. | NO'MEN CLA TOR, one who assigns names.                     |
| UN COUTH' ( <i>ün kōōth'</i> ), awkward in manner, clumsy.         | SUITE ( <i>swēt</i> ), a number of connected rooms, a set. |
| TI MID'I TY, want of courage, cowardice.                           | FO MEN TA'TION, hot-water treatment.                       |
| BAR'O NET, a title or rank next below a baron.                     | CAL'DRON, a large kettle or vessel for boiling.            |
| PRO DI'GIOUS, monstrous, wonderful.                                | DI VER'SION, a turning aside, amusement.                   |
| LIV'ER Y, dress of servants.                                       | POIGN'ANT, sharp, keen, bitter.                            |

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## LXXVIII.—RIENZI'S ADDRESS TO THE ROMANS.

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

I come not here to talk. You know too well  
 The story of our thralldom. We are slaves !  
 The bright sun rises to his course, and lights  
 A race of slaves ! he sets, and his last beam  
 Falls on a slave !—not such as, swept along  
 By the full tide of power, the conqueror leads  
 To crimson glory and undying fame,

But base, ignoble slaves—slaves to a horde  
Of petty tyrants ; feudal despots ; lords,  
Rich in some dozen paltry villages,  
Strong in some hundred spearmen ; only great  
In that strange spell—a name.

Each hour dark fraud,  
Or open rapine, or protected murder,  
Cries out against them. But this very day,  
An honest man, my neighbor (there he stands),  
Was struck—struck like a dog, by one who wore  
The badge of Ursini, because, forsooth,  
He tossed not high his ready cap in air  
Nor lifted up his voice in servile shouts  
At sight of that great ruffian ! Be we men,  
And suffer such dishonor ?—men, and wash not  
The stain away in blood ?

Such shames are common.  
I have known deeper wrongs. I that speak to you,  
I had a brother once (a gracious boy),  
Full of gentleness, of calmest hope,  
Of sweet and quiet joy : there was the look  
Of heaven upon his face, which limners give  
To the beloved disciple. How I loved  
That gracious boy ! Younger by fifteen years,  
Brother at once and son ! He left my side,  
A summer bloom on his fair cheek, a smile  
Parting his innocent lips : in one short hour,  
That pretty, harmless boy was slain ! I saw  
The corse, the mangled corse, and then I cried  
For vengeance !

Rouse ye, Romans ! rouse ye, slaves !  
 Have ye brave sons ? Look, in the next fierce brawl,  
 To see them die. Have ye fair daughters ? Look  
 To see them live, torn from your arms, distained,  
 Dishonored ; and, if ye dare call for justice,  
 Be answered by the lash.

Yet this is Rome,  
 That sat on her seven hills, and, from her throne  
 Of beauty, ruled the world ! Yet we are Romans !  
 Why, in that elder day, to be a Roman  
 Was greater than a king ! And, once again,  
 (Hear me, ye walls, that echoed to the tread  
 Of either Brutus !) once again, I swear,  
 The Eternal City shall be free !

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#### NOTES FOR STUDY.

##### I.

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD (1786-1855) was an English authoress. She received her education from a private tutor, who was a lover of literature. Before she was twenty Miss Mitford published three volumes of poetry which were so severely criticized that she thereafter devoted herself to the writing of sketches, dramas, and stories. Her most popular work was *Our Village*, a series of sketches of country life, complete in five volumes.

##### II.

|  |  |
|--|--|
| HORDE, wandering bands of law-<br>less men.    | FEU'DAL, relating to nobles who<br>held lands and slaves as prop-<br>erty.     |
| PAL'TRY, not worthy of notice,<br>mean.        | LIM'NERS, those who decorate<br>books with pictures, painters<br>of portraits. |
| DIS TAINED', sullied, stained, dis-<br>graced. |  |

## LXXIX.—THE FIRST CONTINENTAL CONGRESS.

HENRY ARMITT BROWN.

The fifth day of September dawns at last. At ten in the morning the delegates assemble at the Merchants' Coffee-House. From that point they march on foot along the street until they reach the threshold of this hall. And what a memorable procession! The young men cluster around them as they pass, for these are their chosen leaders in the struggle that has come. The women peep at them, wonderingly, from the bowed windows of their low-roofed houses, little dreaming, perhaps, that these are the fathers of a republic for the sake of which their hearts are soon to be wrung and their homes made desolate.

Here a royalist—"Tory" he is soon to be called—turns out for them to pass, scarcely attempting to hide the sneer that trembles on his lips, or some stern-browed Friend, a man of peace, his broad-brimmed hat set firmly on his head, goes by, with measured footsteps, on the other side. Yonder urchin, playing by the roadside, turns his head suddenly to stare at this stately company. Does he dream of the wonders he shall live to see? Men whose names his children shall revere through all descending generations have brushed by him while he played, and yet he knows them not. And so along the street, and down the narrow court, and up the broad steps the Congress takes its way.

While preliminaries are being despatched, let us take a look at this company, for it is the most extraordinary assemblage America has ever seen. There are fifty delegates present, the representatives of eleven colonies. Georgia has had no election, the North Carolinians have not yet arrived, and John Dickinson, that "shadow, slender as a reed, and pale

as ashes," that Pennsylvania farmer who has sown the seeds of empire, is not yet a member. Directly in front, in a seat of prominence, sits Richard Henry Lee. His brilliant eye and Roman profile would make him a marked man in any company. One hand has been injured, and is wrapped, as you see, in a covering of black silk, but when he speaks, his movements are so graceful and his voice so sweet that you forget the defect of gesture, for he is an orator—the greatest in America, perhaps, save one only.

That tall man with the swarthy face and black unpowdered hair, is William Livingston of New Jersey—"no public speaker, but sensible and learned." Beside him, with his slender form bent forward, and his face lit with enthusiasm, sits his son-in-law, John Jay, soon to be famous. He is the youngest of the delegates, and yonder sits the oldest of them all. His form is bent, his thin locks fringing a forehead bowed with age and honorable service, and his hands shake tremulously as he folds them in his lap. It is Stephen Hopkins, once Chief Justice of Rhode Island. Close by him is his colleague, Samuel Ward, and Sherman of Connecticut—that strong man whose name is to be made honorable by more than one generation. Johnson of Maryland is here, "that clear, cool head," and Paca, his colleague, "a wise deliberator." Bland, of Virginia, is that learned-looking, "bookish man," besides "zealous, hot-headed" Edward Rutledge.

The Pennsylvanians are grouped together at one side—Morton, Humphreys, Mifflin, Rhoads, Biddle, Ross, and Galloway, the Speaker of the Assembly. Bending forward to whisper in the latter's ear is Duane of New York—that sly-looking man, a little "squint-eyed" (John Adams has

already written of him), "very sensible and very artful." That large-featured man, with broad, open countenance, is William Hooper; that other, with the Roman nose, McKean of Delaware. Rodney, the latter's colleague, sits beside him, "the oddest-looking man in the world—tall, thin, pale, his face no bigger than a large apple, yet beaming with sense, and wit, and humor."

Yonder is Christopher Gadsden, who has been preaching independence to South Carolina these ten years past. He it is, who, roused by the report that the regulars have commenced to bombard Boston, proposes to march northward and defeat Gage at once, before his reinforcements can arrive; and when some one timidly says that in the event of war the British will destroy the seaport towns, turns on the speaker, with this grand reply: "Our towns are built of brick and wood; if they are burned down we can rebuild them; but liberty once lost is gone forever."

In all this famous company perhaps the men most noticed are the Massachusetts members. That colony has thus far taken the lead in the struggle with the mother-country. A British army is encamped upon her soil; the gates of her chief town are shut; against her people the full force of the resentment of king and Parliament is spent. Her sufferings called this Congress into being, and now lend sad prominence to her ambassadors. And of them surely Samuel Adams is the chief. What must be his emotions as he sits here to-day—he who "eats little, drinks little, and thinks much,"—that strong man whose undaunted spirit has led his countrymen up to the possibilities of this day? It is his plan of correspondence, adopted, after a hard struggle, in November, 1772, that first made feasible a union in the common defence. He

called for union as early as 1763. For that he had labored without ceasing and without end, now arousing the drooping spirits of less sanguine men, now repressing the enthusiasm of rash hearts, which threatened to bring on a crisis before the time was ripe, and all the while thundering against tyranny through the columns of the Boston Gazette. As he was ten years ago he is to-day, the master-spirit of the time—as cool, as watchful, as steadfast, now that the hour of his triumph is at hand, as when, in darker days, he took up the burden James Otis could no longer bear. Beside him sits his younger kinsman, John Adams, a man after his own heart—bold, fertile, resolute, an eloquent speaker, and a leader of men.

But whose is yonder tall and manly form? It is that of a man of forty years of age, in the prime of vigorous manhood. He has not spoken, for he is no orator, but there is a look of command in his broad face and firm-set mouth, that marks him among men, and seems to justify the deference with which his colleagues turn to speak to him. He has taken a back seat, as becomes one of his great modesty—for he is great even for that—but he is still the foremost man in all this company. This is he who has just made in the Virginia Convention that speech which Lynch of South Carolina says is the most eloquent that ever was made: “I will raise a thousand men, subsist them at my own expense, and march with them, at their head, for the relief of Boston.” These were his words—and his name is Washington. Such was the Continental Congress assembled in Philadelphia.

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NOTES FOR STUDY.

I.

HENRY ARMITT BROWN (1844-1878) was born in Philadelphia and educated at Yale College. He studied law, but gained his reputa-

tion chiefly as a political orator. A collection of his speeches and addresses delivered on anniversary and special occasions was published after his death. His orations on *The First Continental Congress* and on *Valley Forge*, from which extracts are here given, rank among the noblest utterances of American eloquence.

## II.

**RE VERE'**, reverence, adore.

**PRO'FILE**, outline, portrait showing a side view.

**BOM BARD'**, to attack with bombs.

**RE SENT'MENT**, anger, displeasure.

**AM BAS'SA DOR**, a representative of the highest rank sent to a foreign government.

**DEF'ER ENCE**, respect to another, yielding of judgment.

## LXXX.—VALLEY FORGE.

HENRY ARMITT BROWN.

The wind is cold and piercing on the old Gulf Road, and the snow-flakes have begun to fall. Who is this that toils up yonder hill, his footsteps stained with blood? "His bare feet peep through his worn-out shoes, his legs nearly naked from the tattered remains of an only pair of stockings, his breeches not enough to cover his nakedness, his shirt hanging in strings, his hair dishevelled, his face wan and thin, his look hungry, his whole appearance that of a man forsaken and neglected." On his shoulder he carries a rusty gun, and the hand that grasps the stock is blue with cold. His comrade is no better off, nor he who follows, for both are bare-foot, and the ruts of the rough country road are deep and frozen. A fourth comes into view, and still another. A dozen are in sight. Twenty have reached the ridge, and there are more to come. See them as they mount the hill that slopes eastward into the Great Valley. A thousand are in sight, but they are but the vanguard of the motley com-

pany that winds below the road until it is lost in the cloud of snow-flakes that has hidden the Gulf hills.

Yonder are horsemen in tattered uniforms, and behind them cannon lumbering slowly over the frozen road, half dragged, half pushed by men. They who appear to be in authority have coats of every make and color. Here is one in faded blue, faced with buckskin that has once been buff. There is another on a tall, gaunt horse, wrapped "in a sort of dressing-gown made of an old blanket or woollen bed cover." A few of the men wear long linen hunting shirts reaching to the knee, but of the rest no two are dressed alike—not half have shirts, a third are barefoot, many are in rags. Nor are their arms the same. Cowhorns and tin boxes they carry for want of pouches. A few have swords, fewer still bayonets. Muskets, carbines, fowling-pieces, and rifles are to be seen together side by side.

Are these soldiers that huddle together and bow their heads as they face the biting wind? Is this an army that comes straggling through the valley in the blinding snow? No martial music leads them in triumph into a captured capital. No city full of good cheer and warm and comfortable homes awaits their coming. No sound keeps time to their steps save the icy wind rattling the leafless branches and the dull tread of their weary feet on the frozen ground. In yonder forest must they find their shelter, and on the northern slope of these inhospitable hills their place of refuge.

Perils shall soon assault them, more threatening than any they encountered under the windows of Chew's house or by the banks of the Brandywine. Trials that rarely have failed to break the fortitude of men await them here. False friends shall endeavor to undermine their virtue and secret enemies to shake their faith; the Congress whom they serve shall prove



WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS AT VALLEY FORGE.

helpless to protect them, and their country herself seem unmindful of their sufferings ; cold shall share their habitations, and hunger enter in and be their constant guest ; disease shall infest their huts by day, and famine stand guard with them through the night ; frost shall lock their camp with icy fetters and the snows cover it as with a garment ; the storms of winter shall be pitiless—but all in vain. Danger shall not frighten nor temptation have power to seduce them. Doubt shall not shake their love of country nor suffering overcome their fortitude. The powers of evil shall not prevail against them, for they are the Continental Army, and these are the hills of Valley Forge !

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*

My countrymen : For a century the eyes of struggling nations have turned toward this spot, and lips in every language have blessed the memory of Valley Forge ! The tide of battle never ebbed and flowed upon these banks. These hills never trembled beneath the tread of charging squadrons nor echoed the thunders of contending cannon. The blood that stained this ground did not rush forth in the joyous frenzy of fight ; it fell drop by drop from the heart of a suffering people. They who once encamped here in the snow fought not for conquest, not for power, not for glory, not for their country alone, not for themselves alone. They served for posterity ; they suffered here for the human race ; they bore here the cross of all the peoples ; they died here that freedom might be the heritage of all. It was humanity which they defended ; it was liberty herself that they had in keeping.

She that was sought in the wilderness and mourned for by the waters of Babylon—that was saved at Salamis and

thrown away at Chæronea ; that was fought for at Cannæ and lost forever at Pharsalia and Philippi—she who confronted the Armada on the deck with Howard and rode beside Cromwell on the field of Worcester—for whom the Swiss gathered into his heart the sheaf of spears at Sempach, and the Dutchman broke the dykes of Holland and welcomed in the sea—she of whom Socrates spoke, and Plato wrote, and Brutus dreamed, and Homer sung—for whom Eliot pleaded, and Sydney suffered, and Milton prayed, and Hampden fell ! Driven by the persecution of centuries from the older world, she had come with Pilgrim and Puritan, and Cavalier and Quaker, to seek a shelter in the new. Attacked once more by her old enemies, she had taken refuge here.

Nor she alone. The dream of the Greek, the Hebrew's prophecy, the desire of the Roman, the Italian's prayer, the longing of the German mind, the hope of the French heart, the glory and honor of old England herself, the yearning of all the centuries, the aspiration of every age, the promise of the past, the fulfillment of the future, the seed of the old time, the harvest of the new—all these were with her. And here, in the heart of America, they were safe.

The last of many struggles was almost won ; the best of many centuries was about to break ; the time was already come when from these shores the light of a new civilization should flash across the sea, and from this place a voice of triumph make the Old World tremble, when from her chosen refuge in the West the spirit of liberty should go forth to meet the rising sun and set the people free !

If they could return, whose forms have been passing in imagination before our eyes ; if in the presence of this holy

hour the dead could rise and lips dumb for a century find again a tongue, might they not say to us:

You do well, countrymen, to commemorate this time. You do well to honor those who yielded up their lives in glory here. Theirs was a perfect sacrifice, and the debt you owe them you can never pay. Your lines have fallen in a happier time. The boundaries of your Union stretch from sea to sea. You enjoy all the blessings which Providence can bestow; a peace we never knew; a wealth we never hoped for; a power of which we never dreamed. Yet think not that these things only can make a nation great.

We laid the foundations of your happiness in a time of trouble, in days of sorrow and perplexity, of doubt, distress, and danger, of cold and hunger, of suffering and want. We built it up by virtue, by courage, by self-sacrifice, by unfailing patriotism, by unceasing vigilance. By these things alone did we win your liberties; by them only can you hope to keep them. Do you revere our names? Then follow our example. Are you proud of our achievements? Then try to imitate them. Do you honor our memories? Then do as we have done. You yourselves owe something to America, better than all those things which you spread before her with such lavish hand—something which she needs as much in her prosperity to-day, as ever in the sharpest crisis of her fate!

For you have duties to perform as well as we. It was ours to create; it is yours to preserve. It was ours to found; it is yours to perpetuate. It was ours to organize; it is yours to purify! And what nobler spectacle can you present to mankind to-day, than that of a people honest, steadfast, and secure—mindful of the lessons of experience—

true to the teachings of history—led by the loftiest examples and bound together to protect their institutions at the close of the century, as their fathers were to win them at the beginning, by the ties of “Virtue, Honor, and Love of Country”—by that virtue which makes perfect the happiness of a people—by that honor which constitutes the chief greatness of a State—by that patriotism which survives all things, braves all things, endures all things, achieves all things—and which, though it find a refuge nowhere else, should live in the heart of every true American !

My countrymen : The century that has gone by has changed the face of Nature and wrought a revolution in the habits of mankind. We to-day behold the dawn of an extraordinary age. Freed from the chains of ancient thought and superstition, man has begun to win the most extraordinary victories in the domain of science. One by one he has dispelled the doubts of the ancient world.

Nothing is too difficult for his hand to attempt—no region too remote—no place too sacred for his daring eye to penetrate. He has robbed the earth of her secrets and sought to solve the mysteries of the heavens. He has secured and chained to his service the elemental forces of Nature—he has made the fire his steed—the winds his ministers—the seas his pathway—the lightning his messenger. He has descended into the bowels of the earth and walked in safety on the bottom of the sea. He has raised his head above the clouds and made impalpable air his resting-place. He has tried to analyze the stars, count the constellations, and weigh the sun. He has advanced with such astounding speed that, breathless, we have reached a moment when it seems as if distance had been annihilated, time made as

naught, the invisible seen, the inaudible heard, the unspeakable spoken, the intangible felt, the impossible accomplished.

And already we knock at the door of a new century which promises to be infinitely brighter and more enlightened and happier than this. But in all this blaze of light which illuminates the present and casts its reflection into the distant recesses of the past, there is not a single ray that shoots into the future. Not one step have we taken toward the solution of the mystery of life. That remains to-day as dark and unfathomable as it was ten thousand years ago.

We know that we are more fortunate than our fathers. We believe that our children shall be happier than we. We know that this century is more enlightened than the last. We hope that the time to come will be better and more glorious than this. We think, we believe, we hope, but we do not know. Across that threshold we may not pass; behind that veil we may not penetrate. Into that country it may not be for us to go. It may be vouchsafed to us to behold it, wonderingly, from afar, but never to enter in. It matters not. The age in which we live is but a link in the endless and eternal chain. Our lives are like the sands upon the shore; our voices like the breath of this summer breeze that stirs the leaf for a moment and is forgotten. Whence we have come and whither we shall go not one of us can tell. And the last survivor of this mighty multitude shall stay but a little while.

But in the impenetrable To Be, the endless generations are advancing to take our places as we fall. For them as for us shall the earth roll on and the seasons come and go, the snow-flakes fall, the flowers bloom, and the harvests be gathered in. For them as for us shall the sun, like the life of man, rise out

of darkness in the morning and sink into darkness in the night. For them as for us shall the years march by in the sublime procession of the ages.

And here, in this place of sacrifice, in this vale of humiliation, in this valley of the shadow of that death, out of which the life of America arose, regenerate and free, let us believe with an abiding faith, that to them union will seem as dear and liberty as sweet and progress as glorious as they were to our fathers and are to you and me, and that the institutions which have made us happy, preserved by the virtue of our children, shall bless the remotest generations of the time to come. And unto Him, who holds in the hollow of His hand the fate of nations, and yet marks the sparrow's fall, let us lift up our hearts this day, and into His eternal care commend ourselves, our children, and our country.

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#### NOTES FOR STUDY.

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| DI SHEV'ELED, hanging loosely, disordered. | SE DUCE', to tempt, to lead astray.                |
| MOT'LEY, mixed, ill-assorted.              | COM MEM'O RATE, to recall, to celebrate, to honor. |
| FOR'TI TUDE, endurance, courage, bravery.  | SUPER STI'TION, false belief, fanaticism.          |
| IN FEST', to annoy, to trouble.            | IM PAL'PA BLE, not felt by touch or by the mind.   |
| AS PI RA'TION, ambition.                   |  |

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#### LXXXI.—THE EPOCH ENDS.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

The epoch ends, the world is still.  
 The age has talk'd and work'd its fill—  
 The famous orators have shone,  
 The famous poets sung and gone,

The famous men of war have fought,  
 The famous speculators thought,  
 The famous players, sculptors, wrought,  
 The famous painters fill'd their wall,  
 The famous critics judged it all.  
 The combatants are parted now—  
 Uphung the spear, unbent the bow,  
 The puissant crown'd, the weak laid low.

And in the after-silence sweet,  
 Now strifes are hush'd, our ears doth meet,  
 Ascending pure, the hell-like fame  
 Of this or that down-trodden name,  
 Delicate spirits, push'd away  
 In the hot press of the noon-day.  
 And o'er the plain, where the dead age  
 Did its now silent warfare wage—  
 O'er that wide plain, now wrapt in gloom,  
 Where many a splendor finds its tomb,  
 Many spent fames and fallen nights—  
 The one or two immortal lights  
 Rise slowly up into the sky  
 To shine there everlasting,  
 Like stars over the bounding hill.  
 The epoch ends, the world is still.

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NOTES FOR STUDY.

MATTHEW ARNOLD (1822-1888) was the son of Thomas Arnold, the celebrated head-master of Rugby. He became one of the most scholarly writers of modern England in both verse and prose, and especially a master critic. Some of his poems are *The Scholar Gipsy*, *Thyrsis*, *Sohrab and Rustum*. His prose works are chiefly essays, such as *Essays in Criticism*, *Literature and Dogma*, *Culture and Anarchy*.

## LXXXII.—THE WHITE MAN'S BOOK.

In 1832 four Indians of the Flathead tribe in Oregon came all the way to St. Louis to get a copy of a book which the missionaries had told them would show the way to heaven.

General William Clarke was in charge of the fort at St. Louis. There was not a single copy of the Bible in the place! The Indians were greatly disappointed. Two of them died, and the others decided at last to return. Before going, one of them, *Hee-oh'ks-te-kin*, delivered this address. It is one of the most eloquent addresses in any language.

“I came to you over a trail of many moons from the setting sun. You were the friend of my fathers, who have all gone the long way. I came with one eye partly opened, for more light for my people, who sit in darkness. I go back with both eyes closed. How can I go back blind to my blind people? I made my way to you with strong arms, through many enemies and strange lands, that I might carry back much to them. I go back with both arms broken and empty.

“The two fathers who came with us—the braves of many winters and wars—we leave asleep here by your great water and wigwam. They were tired in many moons, and their moccasins wore out. My people sent me to get the white man's Book of Heaven. You took me where you allow your women to dance, as we do not ours, and the Book was not there. You took me where they worship the Great Spirit with candles, and the Book was not there. You showed me the images of good spirits and pictures of the good land beyond, but the Book was not among them to tell us the way.

“I am going back the long, sad trail to my people of the dark land. You make my feet heavy with burdens of gifts, and my moccasins will grow old in carrying them, but the



HEE OH'KS-TE KIN.

*(Drawn by Olin.)*

Book is not among them. When I tell my poor, blind people, after one more snow, in the big council, that I did not bring the Book, no word will be spoken by our old men or by our young braves. One by one they will rise up and go out in silence. My people will die in darkness, and they will go on the long path to the other hunting-grounds. No white man will go with them and no white man's Book, to make the way plain. I have no more words."

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### LXXXIII.—NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.

CHARLES SPRAGUE.

Not many generations ago, where you now sit, encircled with all that exalts and embellishes civilized life, the rank thistle nodded in the wind and the wild fox dug his hole unscared. Here lived and loved another race of beings. Beneath the same sun that rolls over your head the Indian hunter pursued the panting deer; gazing on the same moon that smiles for you, the Indian lover wooed his dusky mate.

Here the wigwam-blaze beamed on the tender and helpless, and the council-fire glared on the wise and daring. Now they dipped their noble limbs in your sedgy lakes; and now they paddled the light canoe along your rocky shores. Here they warred; the echoing whoop, the bloody grapple, the defying death-song, all were here; and, when the tiger-strife was over, here curled the smoke of peace.

Here, too, they worshipped; and from many a dark bosom went up a fervent prayer to the Great Spirit. He had not written his laws for them on tables of stone, but he had traced them on the tables of their hearts. The poor child

of Nature knew not the God of Revelation, but the God of the Universe he acknowledged in everything around him. He beheld Him in the star that sank in beauty behind his lonely dwelling ; in the sacred orb that flamed on him from his mid-day throne ; in the flower that snapped in the morning breeze ; in the lofty pine that defied a thousand whirlwinds ; in the timid warbler that never left its native grove ; in the fearless eagle whose untired pinion was wet in clouds ; in the worm that crawled at his feet ; and in his own matchless form, glowing with a spark of that light to whose mysterious source he bent in humble though blind adoration.

And all this has passed away. Across the ocean came a pilgrim bark bearing the seeds of life and death. The former were sown for you ; the latter sprang up in the path of the simple native. Two hundred years have changed the character of a great continent, and blotted forever from its face a whole peculiar people. Art has usurped the bowers of nature, and the anointed children of education have been too powerful for the tribes of the ignorant.

Here and there a stricken few remain ; but how unlike their bold, untamable progenitors ! The Indian of falcon glance and lion bearing, the theme of the touching ballad, the hero of the pathetic tale, is gone ! and his degraded offspring crawls upon the soil where he walked in majesty, to remind us how miserable is man, when the foot of the conqueror is on his neck.

As a race, they have withered from the land. Their arrows are broken, their springs are dried up, their cabins are in the dust. Their council-fire has long since gone out on the shore, and their war-cry is fast fading to the untrodden West. Slowly and sadly they climb the distant mountains

and read their doom in the setting sun. They are shrinking before the mighty tide which is pressing them away ; they must soon hear the roar of the last wave which will settle over them forever.

Ages hence, the inquisitive white man, as he stands by some growing city, will ponder on the structure of their disturbed remains, and wonder to what manner of persons they belonged. They will live only in the songs and chronicles of their exterminators. Let these be faithful to their rude virtues as men, and pay due tribute to their unhappy fate as a people.

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NOTES FOR STUDY.

I.

CHARLES SPRAGUE (1791-1875) was born in Massachusetts. His school-days were short, and at an early age he became a clerk, and, later, the cashier of a bank. He composed several prize poems and a prize *Ode on Shakespeare* for the Boston theatre. Among his best works are: *The Family Meeting* and *The Winged Worshippers*.

II.

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|---|--|
| FAL'CON, a hawk, hence keen-eyed.                         | PIN'ION, a feather, a wing.                            |
| EM BEL'LISH ES, ornaments, illus-<br>trates, adorns.      | U SURPED', seized and held by<br>force or unlawfully.  |
| WIG'WAM, an Indian's hut or tent.                         | A NOINT'ED, favored, set aside by<br>pouring oil upon. |
| SEDG'Y, overrun with sedges,<br>coarse, flag-like plants. | PRO GEN'I TORS, ancestors.                             |

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LXXXIV.—A DAY IN JUNE.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

For a cap and bells our lives we pay,  
Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's tasking :  
'Tis heaven alone that is given away,  
'Tis only God may be had for the asking ;

No price is set on the lavish summer ;  
June may be had by the poorest comer.

And what is so rare as a day in June ?

Then, if ever, come perfect days ;  
Then heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,

And over it softly her warm ear lays :  
Whether we look or whether we listen,  
We hear life murmur or see it glisten ;  
Every clod feels a stir of might,

An instinct within it that reaches and towers,  
And, groping blindly above it for light,  
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers ;

The flush of life may well be seen  
Thrilling back over hills and valleys ;  
The cowslip startles in meadows green,

The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,  
And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean  
To be some happy creature's palace ;  
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,  
Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,  
And lets his illumined being o'errun  
With the deluge of summer it receives ;  
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,  
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings ;  
He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest,—  
In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best ?

Now is the high-tide of the year,  
And whatever of life hath ebbed away  
Comes flooding back with a rippy cheer  
Into every bare inlet and creek and bay ;



**JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.**

Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it,  
 We are happy now because God wills it ;  
 No matter how barren the past may have been,  
 'Tis enough for us now that the leaves are green ;  
 We sit in the warm shade and feel right well  
 How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell ;

We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help knowing  
 That skies are clear and grass is growing ;  
 The breeze comes whispering in our ear,  
 That dandelions are blossoming near,

That maize has sprouted, that streams are flowing,  
 That the river is bluer than the sky,  
 That the robin is plastering his house hard by ;  
 And if the breeze kept the good news back,  
 For other couriers we should not lack ;

We could guess it all by yon heifer's lowing,—  
 And hark ! how clear bold chanticleer  
 Warmed with the new wine of the year,  
 Tells all in his lusty crowing !  
 Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how ;  
 Everything is happy now.

Everything is upward striving ;  
 'Tis as easy now for the heart to be true  
 As for grass to be green or skies to be blue :  
 "Tis the natural way of living.

Who knows whither the clouds have fled ?

In the unscarred heaven they leave no wake ;  
 And the eyes forget the tears they have shed,  
 The heart forgets its sorrow and ache ;

The soul partakes the season's youth,  
And the sulphurous rifts of passion and woe  
Lie deep 'neath a silence pure and smooth,  
Like burnt-out craters healed with snow.

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## NOTES FOR STUDY.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL (1819-1891), essayist and poet, was born in Cambridge, Mass. He was graduated at Harvard and was for many years professor of Belles Lettres in that university. He was appointed minister to Spain in 1877, and three years later was transferred to the Court of St. James. Both as a writer of poetry and of prose he is equally distinguished. Some of his best poems are: *The Bigelow Papers*, *The Vision of Sir Launfal*, and the *Commemoration Ode*. *Among My Books* and *My Study Window* are two of his most important prose works. His writings abound in wit, humor, pathos, and a delicate play of fancy.

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## LXXXV.—HUNTING THE HONEY-BEE.

JOHN BURROUGHS.

It is not every novice that can find a bee-tree. The sportsman may track his game to its retreat by the aid of his dog; but in hunting the honey-bee one must be his own dog, and track his game through an element in which it leaves no trail. It is a task for a sharp, quick eye, and may test the resources of the best woodcraft.

One looks upon the woods with a new interest when he suspects they hold a colony of bees. What a pleasing secret it is: a tree with a heart of comb-honey; secret chambers where lies hidden the wealth of ten thousand little freebooters, great nuggets and wedges of precious ore gathered with risk and labor from every field and wood about.

But if you would know the delights of bee-hunting and

how many sweets such a trip yields besides honey, come with me some bright, warm, late September or early October day.

So, with haversacks filled with grapes and peaches and apples and a bottle of milk,—for we shall not be home to dinner,—and armed with a compass, a hatchet, a pail, and a box with a piece of comb-honey neatly fitted into it, we sally forth. After a refreshing walk of a couple of miles we reach a point where we will make our first trial—a high stone wall that runs parallel with a wooded ridge, and separated from it by a broad field.

There are bees at work there on that goldenrod, and it requires but little maneuvering to sweep one into our box. Almost any other creature rudely and suddenly arrested in its career and clapped into a cage in this way would show great confusion and alarm. The bee is alarmed for a moment; but the bee has a passion stronger than its love of life or fear of death, namely, desire for honey, not simply to eat, but to carry home as booty. "Such rage of honey in their bosoms beats," says Vergil. It is quick to catch the scent of honey in the box, and as quick to fall to filling itself.

We now set the box down upon the wall and gently remove the cover. The bee is head and shoulders in one of the half-filled cells, and is oblivious to everything else about it. Come rack, come ruin, it will die at work. We step back a few paces and sit down upon the ground so as to bring the box against the blue sky as a background.

In two or three minutes the bee is seen rising slowly and heavily from the box. It seems loath to leave so much honey behind, and it marks the place well. It mounts aloft in a rapidly increasing spiral, surveying the near and minute objects first, then the larger and more distant, till having

circled above the spot five or six times, and taken all its bearings, it darts away for home. It is a good eye that holds fast to the bee till it is fairly off. Sometimes one's head will swim following it, and often one's eyes are "put out" by the sun.

This bee gradually drifts down the hill, then strikes off toward a farm-house half a mile away, where I know bees are kept. Then we try another, and another ; and the third bee, much to our satisfaction, goes straight toward the woods. We can see the brown speck against the darker background for many yards.

Our bees are all soon back, and more with them, for we have touched the box here and there with the cork of a bottle of anise-oil, and this fragrant and pungent oil will attract bees half a mile or more. When no flowers can be found, this is the quickest way to obtain a bee.

It is a singular fact that when the bee first finds the hunter's box its first feeling is one of anger. But its avarice soon gets the better of its indignation, and it seems to say, " Well, I had better take possession of this and carry it home." So it settles down and fills itself.

It does not entirely cool off and get soberly to work till it has made two or three trips home with its booty. When other bees come, even if all from the same swarm, they quarrel and dispute over the box. A bee will usually make three or four trips from the hunter's box before it brings back a companion. I suspect the bee does not tell its fellows what it has found, but that they smell out the secret : it doubtless bears some evidence with it upon its feet or proboscis that it has been upon honey-comb and not upon flowers, and its companions take the hint and follow.

No doubt there are plenty of gossips about a hive that note

and tell everything. . "Oh, did you see that? Peggy Mel came in a few moments ago in great haste, and one of the up-stairs packers says she was loaded down with apple-blossom honey, which she deposited, and then rushed off again like mad. Apple-blossom honey in October! Fee, fi, fo, fum! Let's after!"

In about half an hour we have three well-defined lines of bees established,—two to farm-houses and one to the woods, and our box is being rapidly depleted of its honey. About every fourth bee goes to the woods. The woods are rough and dense and the hills steep, and we do not like to follow the line of bees until we have tried at least to settle the problem as to the distance they go into the woods,—whether the tree is on this side of the ridge, or in the depth of the forest on the other side. So we shut up the box when it is full of bees, and carry it about three hundred yards along the wall.

Other bees have followed our scent, and it is not many minutes before a second line to the woods is established. This is called *cross-lining* the bees. The new line makes a sharp angle with the other line, and we know at once that the tree is only a few rods into the woods. The two lines we have established form two sides of a triangle of which the wall is the base; at the apex of the triangle, or where the two lines meet in the woods, we are sure to find the tree. We quickly follow up these lines, and where they cross each other on the side of the hill we scan every tree closely.

But not a bee is seen or heard; we do not seem as near the tree as we were in the fields; yet if some divinity would only whisper the fact to us, we are within a few rods of the coveted prize, which is not in one of the large hemlocks or

oaks that absorb our attention, but in an old stump not six feet high, and which we have seen and passed several times without giving it a thought.

After much searching, and after the mystery seems rather to deepen than to clear up, we chance to pause beside this old stump. A bee comes out of a small opening like that made by ants in decayed wood, rubs its eyes and examines its *antennæ*, as bees always do before leaving their hive, then takes flight. At the same instant several bees come by us loaded with our honey, and settle home with that peculiar low complacent buzz of the well-filled insect. Here, then, is our prize, in a decayed stump of a hemlock-tree. We could tear it open with our hands, and a bear would find it an easy prize, and a rich one too, for we take from it fifty pounds of excellent honey.

#### NOTES FOR STUDY.

##### I.

JOHN BURROUGHS (1837—) is a noted essayist, dealing chiefly with the description and interpretation of nature; and a refined and appreciative critic. Many of his magazine essays have appeared in book-form: *Wake Robin*, *Winter Sunshine*, *A Year in the Fields*. Besides his literary work, he has been a school-teacher, a journalist, and an examiner of national banks.

##### II.

|  |                                      |
|--|--------------------------------------|
| NOV'ICE, beginner.   | OB LIV'I OUS, forgetful.             |
| RE SOURCES', means of supply or support.   | MA NEU'VER ING, managing skillfully. |
| FREE'BOOT'ERS, robbers.  | BOOT'Y, plunder.                     |
| HAV'ER SACKS, bags in which soldiers carry their food.                                       | LOATH ( <i>lōth</i> ), unwilling.    |
| COM'PASS, a magnetic needle so arranged as to determine the north and other cardinal points. | PUN'GENT, sharp, biting, severe.     |
|  | PRO BOS'CIS, a snout.                |
|  | DE PLE'TED, emptied.                 |
|  | AN TEN'NÆ, feelers of an insect.     |

## LXXXVI.—AFTER DEATH IN ARABIA.

EDWIN ARNOLD.

He who died at Azan sends  
This to comfort all his friends :

Faithful friends ! It lies, I know, pale and white and cold as  
snow ;

And ye say, “ Abdullah’s dead ! ” weeping at the feet and  
head,

I can see your falling tears, I can hear your sighs and  
prayers ;

Yet I smile and whisper this : “ *I am not the thing you kiss ;*  
Cease your tears, and let it lie ; it *was* mine, it is not I.”

Sweet friends ! what the women lave for its last bed of the  
grave,

Is a tent which I am quitting, is a garment no more fitting,  
Is a cage from which, at last, like a hawk, my soul hath  
passed.

Love the inmate, not the room ; the wearer, not the garb ;  
the plume

Of the falcon, not the bars which kept him from these  
splendid stars.

Loving friends ! be wise and dry straightway every weeping  
eye ;

What ye lift upon the bier is not worth a wistful tear.

’Tis an empty sea shell, one out of which the pearl is gone ;  
The shell is broken, it lies there ; the pearl, the all, the soul,  
is here.

'Tis an earthen jar, whose lid Allah sealed, the while it hid  
 That treasure of his treasury, a mind that loved him ; let it lie !  
 Let the shard be earth's once more, since the gold shines in  
 his store !

Allah glorious ! Allah good ! now Thy world is understood ;  
 Now the long, long wonder ends ; yet ye weep, my erring  
 friends,

While the man whom ye call dead, in unspoken bliss, instead,  
 Lives and loves you ; lost, 'tis true, by such light as shines  
 for you ;

But in light ye cannot see of unfulfilled felicity—  
 In enlarging paradise, lives a life that never dies.

Farewell, friends ! yet *not* farewell ; where I am ye too shall  
 dwell.

I am gone before your face, a moment's time, a little space.  
 When ye come where I have stepped, ye will wonder why ye  
 wept ;

Ye will know, by wise love taught, that here is all, and there  
 is naught.

Weep awhile, if ye are fain ; sunshine still must follow rain ;  
 Only not at Death, for Death, now I know, is that first  
 breath

Which our souls draw when we enter Life, which is of all life  
 centre.

Be ye certain all seems love, viewed from Allah's throne above ;  
 Be ye stout of heart, and come bravely onward to your home !  
 La Allah illa Allah ! Yea ! Thou love divine ! Thou love alway !

He that died at Azan gave  
 This to those who made his grave.

## NOTES FOR STUDY.

## I.

EDWIN ARNOLD (1832—) was a school teacher in Birmingham, England, and afterward President of a Sanskrit College in India. During our Civil War he was a correspondent of the London *Telegraph*, sympathizing with the North and predicting her ultimate success. Later he became editor-in-chief of this paper. He translated a volume of Grecian poems and, later, wrote his great poem, *The Light of Asia*. *Indian Idyls*, *The Light of the World*, and *Griselda, a Drama*, are also from his pen.

## II.

LAVE, to wash, to bathe.

SHARD, a brittle covering.

IN'MATE, one who dwells in a house with others, an occupant.

BIER (bēr), frame for conveying the dead.

AL'LAH, Arabic name for God.

## LXXXVII.—ESCAPE FROM DOUBTING CASTLE.

JOHN BUNYAN.

Toward evening the giant goes down into the dungeon again to see if his prisoners had taken his counsel. But when he came there he found them alive; and, truly, alive was all: for now, what for want of bread and water, and by reason of the wounds they received when he beat them, they could do little but breathe.

But, I say, he found them alive, at which he fell into a grievous rage, and told them that, seeing that they had disobeyed his counsel, it should be worse with them than if they had never been born. At this they trembled greatly, and I think that Christian fell into a swoon. But, coming a little to himself again, they renewed their discourse about the giant's counsel, and whether yet they had best take it or no.

Now Christian again seemed to be for doing it, but Hopeful made his second reply as followeth : " My brother, rememberest thou not how valiant thou hast been heretofore ? Apollyon could not crush thee ; nor could all that thou didst hear, or see, or feel in the Valley of the Shadow of Death.

" What hardships, terror, and amazement hast thou already gone through ! And art thou now nothing but fear ? Thou seest that I am in the dungeon with thee—a far weaker man by nature than thou art ; also this giant has wounded me as well as thee, and has also cut off the bread and water from my mouth ; and with thee I mourn without the light.

" But let us exercise a little more patience. Remember how thou playedst the man at Vanity Fair, and wast neither afraid of the chain nor cage, nor yet of bloody death. Wherefore let us, at least to avoid the shame that becomes not a Christian to be found in, bear up with patience as well as we can."

Now, night being come again, and the giant and his wife being in bed, she asked him concerning the prisoners, and if they had taken his counsel ; to which he replied : " They are sturdy rogues ; they choose rather to bear all hardships than to make away with themselves."

Then said she : " Take them into the castle-yard to-morrow, and show them the bones and skulls of those that thou hast already dispatched, and make them believe, ere a week comes to an end, thou wilt also tear them in pieces as thou hast done their fellows before them."

So, when the morning was come, the giant goes to them again, and takes them into the castle-yard, and shows them as his wife had bidden him. " These," said he, " were pilgrims

as you are, once ; and they trespassed in my grounds as you have done, and when I thought fit I tore them in pieces ; and so within ten days I will do you. Go ! Get you down to your den again !” And with that he beat them all the way thither.

They lay, therefore, all day on Saturday in lamentable case, as before. Now, when night was come, and Mrs. Diffidence and her husband, the giant, had gone to bed, they began to renew their discourse of their prisoners ; and withal the old giant wondered that he could neither by his blows nor counsel bring them to an end.

And with that his wife replied : “ I fear that they live in hopes that some one will come to relieve them, or that they have picklocks about them, by the means of which they hope to escape.”

“ And sayest thou so, my dear ? ” said the giant. “ I will therefore search them in the morning.”

Well, on Saturday night they began to pray, and continued in prayer till almost break of day.

Now, a little before it was day, good Christian, as one half-amazed, brake out in this passionate speech : “ What a fool,” quoth he, “ am I thus to lie in a stinking dungeon when I may as well walk at liberty ! I have a key in my bosom, called Promise, that will, I am persuaded, open any lock in Doubting Castle.” Then said Hopeful : “ That is good news, good brother ! Pluck it out of thy bosom and try.”

Then Christian pulled it out of his bosom, and began to try at the dungeon-door, whose bolt, as he turned the key, gave back, and the door flew open with ease, and Christian and Hopeful both came out. Then he went to the outward door that leads into the castle-yard, and with this key opened

that door also. After, he went to the iron gate, for that must be opened too ; but that lock went very hard, yet the key did open it.

Then they thrust open the door to make their escape with speed ; but that gate, as it opened, made such a creaking that it waked Giant Despair ; who, hastily rising to pursue his prisoners, felt his limbs to fail, for his fits took him again, so that he could by no means go after them. Then they went on and came to the king's highway, and were safe, because they were out of the giant's jurisdiction.

Now, when they were gone over the stile, they began to contrive with themselves what they should do at the stile to prevent those that should come after from falling into the hands of Giant Despair. So they consented to erect there a pillar, and to engrave upon the side thereof this sentence : "Over this stile is the way to Doubting Castle, which is kept by Giant Despair, who despiseth the king of the celestial country, and seeks to destroy his holy pilgrims." Many, therefore, that followed after, read what was written and escaped the danger.

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#### NOTES FOR STUDY.

##### I.

JOHN BUNYAN (1628-1688) was a poor tinker living near Bedford, England. He was a dissolute young man, but was converted by his pious wife and became a member of the Baptist Church. He was an itinerant preacher, and was thrown into prison because of his opposition to the Church of England. During the twelve years he spent in the Bedford jail, he wrote *Pilgrim's Progress*, which is recognized as the world's greatest allegory, a work second only to the Bible in its religious influence. Less important works are *The Holy War* and an autobiographical sketch, *Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners*.

## II.

SWOON, a fainting-fit.

A POLL'YON, the fiend that Christian fought in the "Valley of Humiliation."

VAN'ITY FAIR, the place where Faithful had been put to death and Hopeful joined Christian.

VAL'IANT, brave, heroic.

DIS PATCHED', killed, destroyed.

JU RIS DIC'TION, territory over which one has lawful control.

STILE, a series of steps on which to cross a fence.

DUN'GEON, dark, close prison.

## LXXXVIII.—THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

WILLIAM HOWARD RUSSELL.

The whole brigade scarcely made one effective regiment, according to the numbers of Continental armies, and yet it was more than we could spare. As they rushed toward the front, the Russians opened on them from the guns in the redoubt on the right, with volleys of musketry and rifles. They swept proudly past, glittering in the morning sun in all the pride and splendor of war.

We could scarcely believe the evidence of our senses ! Surely that handful of men are not going to charge an army in position ! Alas ! it was but too true. Their desperate valor knew no bounds, and far indeed was it removed from its so-called better part—discretion.

They advanced in two lines, quickening their pace as they closed toward the enemy. A more fearful spectacle was never witnessed than by those who beheld these heroes rushing to the arms of death. At the distance of twelve hundred yards the whole line of the enemy belched forth from thirty iron mouths a flood of smoke and flame, through which hissed the deadly balls. Their flight was marked by instant gaps in

our ranks, by dead men and horses, by steeds flying wounded or riderless across the plain.

The first line is broken!—it is joined by the second!—they never halt, or check their speed an instant. With diminished ranks—thinned by those thirty guns, which the Russians had laid with the most deadly accuracy—with a halo of flashing steel above their heads, and with a cheer which was many a noble fellow's death-cry, they flew into the smoke of the batteries; but ere they were lost from view, the plain was strewed with their bodies and with the carcasses of horses.

They were exposed to an oblique fire from the batteries on the hills on both sides, as well as to a direct fire of musketry. Through the clouds of smoke we could see their sabers flashing as they rode up to the guns and dashed between them, cutting down the gunners as they stood.

To our delight, we saw them returning after breaking through a column of Russian infantry, and scattering them like chaff, when the flank-fire of the battery on the hill swept them down, scattered and broken as they were. Wounded men and dismounted troopers flying toward us told the sad tale. Demigods could not have done what they had failed to do.

At the very moment when they were about to retreat, an enormous mass of lancers were hurled on their flank. Colonel Shewell, of the Eighth Hussars, saw the danger, and rode his few men straight at them, cutting his way through with fearful loss. The other regiments turned and engaged in a desperate encounter. With courage too great almost for credence, they were breaking their way through the columns which enveloped them, when there took place an act of atrocity without parallel in the modern warfare of civilized nations.

Flashed all their sabres bare,  
 Flashed as they turned in air,  
 Sab'ring the gunners there,  
 Charging an army, while  
 All the world wondered :  
 Plunged in the battery-smoke,  
 Right through the line they broke ;  
 Cossack and Russian  
 Reeled from the sabre-stroke,  
 Shattered and sundered.  
 Then they rode back, but not—  
 Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,  
 Cannon to left of them,  
 Cannon behind them  
 Volleyed and thundered ;  
 Stormed at with shot and shell,  
 While horse and hero fell,  
 They that had fought so well  
 Came through the jaws of Death  
 Back from the mouth of Hell,  
 All that was left of them,  
 Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade ?  
 O the wild charge they made !  
 All the world wondered.  
 Honor the charge they made !  
 Honor the Light Brigade,  
 Noble six hundred !

**XC.—NATURE STUDY IS NATURE LOVE.**

The choicest fruit earth holds up to its Maker is man. To ripen, elevate, educate mankind is the great mission earth has to perform. Man's emancipation is essential to his happiness and to his usefulness. He is surrounded by mysteries. He is full of wonder and of superstition. To know himself, as Socrates declared, is the basis of all real knowledge. For his own revelation and his own comprehension of himself the whole organization of nature and the sum of human experiences must contribute.

Unfortunately we have been trying to make ourselves believe that the study of nature must be of such an organized, systematized, and analyzed character that scientific methods have dominated the whole acquisitive period of life. We forget that Greece was great so long as she was artistic. She was dead as soon as she became scientific. It was a love for Homer and for Hesiod that made the Greek literature rich, the Greek nation powerful. When the basis of education is not laid in sympathy, and when form is substituted for spirit, we approach deserved destruction.

What we need, then, is a reorganization of our method of approach to the great world of things "that shines so peacefully around us." We must teach, and we must allow pupils to love sincerely and in their own way, the great and wonderful world of God without us. A child should be led out into nature, set in the midst of loveliness, lost in the wavering morrice of nature's glee, and allowed to use his heart as a compass to find his way along his own track back into himself, bearing rich reflections and fragrant facts for the organization of his life after higher ideals to nobler ends.

I confess to a sincere love for any such experience. How

much it means to see the morning sun crown the tallest pine of the mountain's crest with a wealth of gold ; to observe the bird choir lead the triumphal march from tree to tree, until the valley, flooded with light, hangs out its leafy banners to welcome day's processional march ; to perceive the morning mists, purple with the tinge of leaf and vine, creep sullenly to the shadowy recesses of the spirit-haunted hills, and at eventide leap from their lair and drive the lingering light of an autumn day up the eastern slopes and hold the valley enthralled in a double darkness of night and shadow ; to wander along some mountain stream that leaps from the sky into twilight pools and hear in its murmurs all the songs of human life—the song of the meadows beyond, where a fortnight ago it slept between fern-fringed banks and dreamed of stars, or a song full of remembrances of the lullaby that, half in sorrow, half in hope, leaped from my mother's heart and made me long for the sorrowless song of heaven ; to find along its narrow channel rock-barriers, through whose green-curtained portals are revealed secret haunts of rare flowers and rarer birds. Here the soul is made receptive and rich. A day in such a labyrinth of varied beauty will enhance many fold the value of all subsequent study.

Happy the child that has learned to love a tree, to study its ascending and descending parts, to understand the function of the part that loves the darkness, the part that loves the light, to follow its daily changes, and to see in it the type of the season "when frosts are slain and flowers begotten"—

" And in green underwood and cover . . .  
Blossom by blossom the Spring begins.  
The full stream feeds on flower of rushes,  
Ripe grasses trammel a traveling foot,  
The faint fresh flame of the young year flushes



From leaf to flower, from flower to fruit;  
And fruit and leaf are as gold and fire,  
And the oat is heard above the lyre,  
And the hoofed heel of a satyr crushes  
The chestnut-husk at the chestnut-root."

Here, then, is the mission of elementary schools: to assist each child into enthusiastic love for the things of the senses and to aid him to give expression to his own impressions in clear, concise, correct language. All influences at variance with this fundamental law of education are wholly evil. They crucify the child's love and drive him to live below his best. We have learned finally that it is what a child loves, not what he knows, that conditions his thought, organizes his reflective life, makes for character.

It is not too much to hope for a time when school yards shall be planned with as much concern as school houses, school books, or anything that is the school's. Before approved equipment within the school-room we shall, then, place the arrangement of the school's outer equipment. What would we not give to have around every building used for elementary education a large playground, fringed with plants and flowers and shaded by stately trees, in whose branches the song-birds, unscared, would sing, and through whose "leaf-latticed windows" would peep the sun! Just as essential as the laboratory for the scientist is such a natural environment for the youth.

John James Audubon had his early home on the banks of the Perkiomen Creek in Pennsylvania. It was here that his soul was filled with rapturous love for bird-life, a love that in his maturer years led him into forest fastnesses to find the secret haunts of humming-bird and oriole, and made him

one of the greatest ornithologists of the world. First a lover, then a scientist! He was great in science because he was great in love. His science was, in fact, only his organized love. The same process is involved in the making of any great man.

We shall be wise as we learn to love children, and they will be wise as they learn to love, and thus learn to love the countless store of signs and symbols scattered by an All-Wise hand in promiscuous order about them. They will be wiser as they learn to interpret these fragments of divine perfectness and combine them into a revelation of their Author. They will be wisest as they love Him and all things He has made. This love shall mount into knowledge in the dateless day—the day when we shall see face to face and know even as we are known.

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#### NOTES FOR STUDY.

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|--|--|
| CON TRIB'UTE, to join in giving,<br>to assist. | EN'TI TIES, realities, essences.   |
| DOM'I NAT ED, ruled, governed.                 | MOR'RICE, an old rustic dance.   |
| AC QUIS'I TIVE, making gains,<br>growing.      | ULL'A BY, song to quiet a baby.<br>SA'TYR, mythic deity of the woods,<br>part man and part goat. |

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#### XCI.—THE HEART OF AFRICA.

HENRY DRUMMOND.

Nothing could more wildly misrepresent the reality than the idea of one's school days that the heart of Africa is a desert. Africa rises from its three environing oceans in three great tiers,—first, a coast-line, low and deadly; farther in, a plateau the height of the Scottish Grampians; farther in still, a higher plateau, covering the country for thousands of miles

with mountain and valley. Now fill in this sketch, and you have Africa before you. Cover the coast belt with rank yellow grass, dot here and there a palm ; scatter through it a few demoralized villages ; and stock it with the leopard, the hyena, the crocodile, and the hippopotamus. Clothe the mountainous plateaux next—both of them—with endless forest,—not grand umbrageous forest like the forests of South America, nor matted jungle like the forests of India, but with thin, rather weak forest,—with forest of low trees, whose half-grown trunks and scanty leaves offer no shade from the tropical sun.

A close inspection also will discover curious creepers and climbers ; and among the branches strange orchids hide their eccentric flowers. But the outward type of tree is the same as we have at home—trees resembling the ash, the beech, and the elm, only seldom so large, except by the streams, and never so beautiful. Day after day you may wander through these forests with nothing except the climate to remind you where you are. The beasts, to be sure, are different, but unless you watch for them you will seldom see any ; the birds are different, but you rarely hear them ; and as for the rocks, they are our own familiar gneisses and granites, with honest basalt-dykes boring through them, and leopard-skin lichens staining their weathered sides. Thousands and thousands of miles, then, of vast thin forest, shadeless, trackless, voiceless—forest in mountain and forest in plain—this is East Central Africa.

The fairy labyrinth of ferns and palms, the festoons of climbing plants blocking the paths and scenting the forests with their resplendent flowers, the gorgeous clouds of insects, the gaily-plumaged birds, the paroquets, the monkey swing-

ing from his trapeze in the shaded bowers—these are unknown to Africa. Once a week you will see a palm; once in three months the monkey will cross your path; the flowers on the whole are few; the trees are poor; and to be honest, though the endless forest-clad mountains have a sublimity of their own, and though there are tropical bits along some of the mountain-streams of exquisite beauty, nowhere is there anything in grace and sweetness and strength to compare with a highland glen.

Flowers there are, small and great, in endless variety; but there is no display of flowers, no gorgeous show of blossom in the mass, as when the blazing gorse and heather bloom at home. The dazzling glare of the sun in the torrid zone has perhaps something to do with this want of color-effect in tropical nature; for there is always about ten minutes just after sunset, when the whole tone of the landscape changes like magic and a singular beauty steals over the scene. This is the sweetest moment of the African day, and night hides only too swiftly the homelike softness and repose so strangely grateful to the over-stimulated eye.

Hidden away in these endless forests, like birds' nests in a wood, in terror of one another and of their common foe, the slaver, are small native villages; and here in his virgin simplicity dwells primeval man, without clothes, without civilization, without learning, without religion—the genuine child of nature, thoughtless, careless, and contented. This man is apparently quite happy; he has practically no wants. One stick, pointed, makes him a spear; two sticks rubbed together make him a fire; fifty sticks tied together make him a house. The bark he peels from them makes his clothes; the fruits which hang on them form his food. It is perfectly astonish-

ing when one thinks of it what nature can do for the animal-man, to see with what small capital after all a human being can get through the world.

I once saw an African buried. According to the custom of his tribe, his entire earthly possessions—and he was an average commoner—were buried with him. Into the grave, after the body, was lowered the dead man's pipe, then a rough knife, then a mud bowl, and last his bow and arrows—the bow-string cut through the middle, a touching symbol that its work was done. This was all. Four items, as an auctioneer would say, were the whole belongings for half a century of this human being. No man knows what a man is till he has seen what a man can be without, and be withal a man. That is to say, no man knows how great man is till he has seen how small he has been once.

The African is often blamed for being lazy, but it is a misuse of words. He does not need to work; with so bountiful a nature round him it would be gratuitous to work. And his indolence, therefore, as it is called, is just as much a part of himself as his flat nose, and as little blameworthy as slowness in a tortoise. The fact is, Africa is a nation of the unemployed.

Nothing almost that you have would be the slightest use to him. Among the presents which I took for chiefs, I was innocent enough to include a watch. I might as well have taken a grand piano. For months I never looked at my own watch in that land of sunshine. Besides, the mere idea of time has scarcely yet penetrated the African mind, and forms no element whatever in his calculations. I wanted on one occasion to catch the little steamer on the Shiré, and pleaded this as an excuse to a rather powerful chief, whom it would have been dangerous to quarrel with, and who would not let

me leave his village. The man merely stared. The idea of any one being in a hurry was not only preposterous, but inconceivable, and I might as well have urged as my reason for wishing away that the angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles.

No one knows exactly who these people are. They belong, of course, to the great Bantu race ; but their origin is obscure, their tribal boundaries are unmapped, even their names are unknown, and their languages—for there are many—are unintelligible. A fine-looking people, quiet and domestic, their life-history from the cradle to the grave is of the utmost simplicity. Too ill armed to hunt, they live all but exclusively on a vegetable diet. A small part of the year they depend, like the monkeys, upon wild fruits and herbs ; but the staple food is a small tasteless millet-seed, which they grow in gardens, crush in a mortar, and stir with water into a thick porridge. Twice a day, nearly all the year round, each man stuffs himself with this coarse and tasteless dough, shoveling it into his mouth in handfuls, and consuming at a sitting a pile the size of an ant-heap.

His one occupation is to grow this millet, and his gardening is a curiosity. Selecting a spot in the forest, he climbs a tree, and with a small home-made axe lops off the branches one by one. He then wades through the litter to the next tree, and hacks it to pieces also, leaving the trunk standing erect. Upon all the trees within a circle of thirty or forty yards diameter his axe works similar havoc, till the ground stands breast-high in leaves and branches. Next, the whole is set on fire and burnt to ashes. Then, when the first rains moisten the hard ground and wash the fertile chemical constituents of the ash into the soil, he attacks it with his hoe,

drops in a few handfuls of millet, and the year's work is over. But a few weeks off and on are required for these operations, and he may then go to sleep till the rains are over, assured of a crop which never fails, which is never poor, and which will last him till the rains return again.

Between the acts he does nothing but lounge and sleep. The women are the millers and bakers; they work hard to prepare his food, and are rewarded by having to take their own meals apart, for no African would ever demean himself by eating with a woman. I have tried to think of something else that these people habitually do, but their vacuous life leaves nothing more to tell.

#### NOTES FOR STUDY.

##### I.

HENRY DRUMMOND (1857-1898) was born in Scotland. For many years he was a contributor to the *Expositor* and other periodicals, and a professor in the Free Church College of Glasgow. He distinguished himself as a popular lecturer on Biblical and scientific subjects. His best-known work, entitled *Natural Law in the Spiritual World*, has had a remarkable circulation in England and America. His *Tropical Africa*, from which this selection is taken, is a graphic report of his journeys in that country.

##### II.

EN VI'RON ING, surrounding, enclosing.

PLA TEAUX', high table-lands.

UM BRA'GEOUS, shady, leafy.

LAB'Y RINTH, a maze, a place full of intricate passages.

TRA PEZE', a short bar suspended by ropes.

HEATH'ER, a hardy evergreen shrub of Scotland.

VAC'U OUS, empty.

GORSE, a spiny shrub of many branches and yellow flowers, same as furze.

SHI RE' (*Shī rā'*), a tributary of the Zambesi, the outlet of Lake Nyassa.

PRE POS'TER OUS, contrary to nature, absurd, foolish.

DE MEAN', to degrade.

GNEISSES (*nīsēz*), granite-like rocks with a tendency to cleavage.

## XCII.—ALHAMBRA.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

The peculiar charm of this old dreamy palace is its power of calling up vague reveries and picturings of the past, and thus clothing naked realties with the illusions of the memory and the imagination. As I delight to walk in these “vain shadows,” I am prone to seek those parts of the Alhambra which are most favorable to this phantasmagoria of the mind ; and none are more so than the Court of Lions and its surrounding halls.

Here the hand of time has fallen the lightest, and the traces of Moorish elegance and splendor exist in all their original brilliancy. Earthquakes have shaken the foundations of this pile, and rent its rudest towers ; yet see ! not one of those slender columns has been displaced, not an arch of that light and fragile colonnade has given way, and all the fairy fretwork of these domes, apparently as unsubstantial as the crystal fabrics of the morning’s frost, yet exist, after the lapse of centuries, almost as fresh as if from the hand of the Moslem artist.

I write in the midst of these mementoes of the past, in the fresh hour of early morning, in the fated Hall of the Abencerrages. The blood-stained fountain, the legendary monument of their massacre, is before me ; the lofty jet almost casts its dew upon my paper. How difficult to reconcile the ancient tale of violence and blood with the gentle and peaceful scene around !

Everything here appears calculated to inspire kind and happy feelings, for everything is delicate and beautiful. The very light falls tenderly from above, through the lantern of a dome tinted and wrought as if by fairy hands. Through

the ample and fretted arch of the portal I behold the Court of Lions, with brilliant sunshine gleaming along its colonnades and sparkling in its fountains. The lively swallow dives into the court, and then, surging upward, darts away twittering over the roof; the busy bee toils humming among the flower-beds, and painted butterflies hover from plant to plant, and flutter up and sport with each other in the sunny air. It needs but a slight exertion of the fancy to picture some pensive beauty of the harem loitering in these secluded haunts of oriental luxury.

He, however, who would behold this scene under an aspect more in unison with its fortunes,—let him come when the shadows of evening temper the brightness of the court and throw a gloom into the surrounding halls; then, nothing can be more serenely melancholy, or more in harmony with the tale of departed grandeur.

At such times I am apt to seek the Hall of Justice, whose deep shadowy arcades extend across the upper end of the court. Here were performed, in presence of Ferdinand and Isabella and their triumphant court, the pompous ceremonies of high mass on taking possession of the Alhambra. The very cross is still to be seen upon the wall where the altar was erected, and where officiated the grand cardinal of Spain and others of the highest religious dignitaries of the land.

I picture to myself the scene when this place was filled with the conquering host, that mixture of mitred prelate, and shorn monk, and steel-clad knight, and silken courtier; when crosses and croziers and religious standards were mingled with proud armorial ensigns and the banners of the haughty chiefs of Spain, and flaunted in triumph through these Moslem halls. I picture to myself Columbus, the future dis-

coverer of a world, taking his modest stand in a remote corner, the humble and neglected spectator of the pageant. I see in imagination the Catholic sovereigns prostrating themselves before the altar and pouring forth thanks for their victory, while the vaults resound with sacred minstrelsy and the deep-toned *Te Deum*.

The transient illusion is over, the pageant melts from the fancy—monarch, priest, and warrior return into oblivion with the poor Moslems over whom they exulted. The hall of their triumph is waste and desolate. The bat flits about its twilight vaults, and the owl hoots from the neighboring tower of Comares.

The Court of Lions has also its share of supernatural legends. There was an invalid soldier who had charge of the Alhambra to show it to strangers. As he was one evening about twilight passing through the Court of Lions he heard footsteps in the Hall of Abencerrages. Supposing some loungers to be lingering there, he advanced to attend upon them, when, to his astonishment, he beheld four Moors richly dressed, with gilded cuirasses and scimitars, and poniards glittering with precious stones.

They were walking to and fro with solemn pace, but paused and beckoned to him. The old soldier, however, took to flight; and could never afterward be persuaded to enter the Alhambra.

Thus it is that men sometimes turn their backs upon fortune; for it is the firm opinion of Mateo that the Moors intended to reveal the place where their treasures lay buried. A successor to the invalid soldier was more knowing; he came to the Alhambra poor, but at the end of a year went off to Malaga, bought horses and a carriage, and still lives

there, one of the richest, as well as the oldest, men of the place ; all which, Mateo surmises, was in consequence of his finding out the golden secret of these phantom Moors.

On entering the Court of Lions a few evenings since, I was startled at beholding a turbaned Moor quietly seated near the fountain. It seemed, for a moment, as if one of the stories of Mateo were realized, and some ancient inhabitant of the Alhambra had broken the spell of centuries and become visible. It proved, however, to be a mere ordinary mortal, a native of Tetuan in Barbary, who had a shop in the Zactatin of Granada, where he sold rhubarb, trinkets, and perfumes. As he spoke Spanish fluently, I was enabled to hold conversation with him, and found him shrewd and intelligent.

He told me that he came up the hill occasionally in the summer to pass a part of the day in the Alhambra, which reminded him of the old palaces in Barbary, which were built and adorned in similar style, though with less magnificence.

As we walked about the palace he pointed out several of the Arabic inscriptions, as possessing much poetic beauty.

“ Ah ! señor,” said he, “ when the Moors held Granada they were a gayer people than they are now-a-days. They thought only of love, of music, and of poetry. They made stanzas upon every occasion, and set them all to music. He who could make the best verses, and she who had the most tuneful voice, might be sure of favor and preferment. In those days, if any one asked for bread, the reply was, ‘ Make me a couplet’ ; and the poorest beggar, if he begged in rhyme, would often be rewarded with a piece of gold.”

As he was talking, his eye caught one of the inscriptions that foretold perpetuity to the power and glory of the Moslem monarchs, the masters of the pile. He shook his head

and shrugged his shoulders as he interpreted it. "Such might have been the case," said he; "the Moslems might still have been reigning in the Alhambra, had not Boabdil been a traitor and given up his capital to the Christians. The Spanish monarchs would never have been able to conquer it by open force.

"Abul Hassan might have been cruel, but he was brave, vigilant, and patriotic. Had he been properly seconded, Granada would have still been ours; but his son Boabdil thwarted his plans, crippled his power, sowed treason in his palace, and dissension in his camp." With these words the Moor left the Alhambra.

The Moors of Barbary consider Spain, and especially Andalusia, their rightful heritage, of which they have been despoiled by treachery and violence. These ideas are fostered and perpetuated by the descendants of the exiled Moors of Granada scattered among the cities of Barbary. Several of these reside in Tetuan, preserving their ancient names, such as Paez and Medina, and refraining from intermarriage with any families who cannot claim the same high origin. Their vaunted lineage is regarded with a degree of popular deference rarely shown in Mohammedan communities to any hereditary distinction except in the royal line.

These families, it is said, continue to sigh after the terrestrial paradise of their ancestors, and to put up prayers in their mosques on Fridays, imploring Allah to hasten the time when Granada will be restored to the faithful—an event to which they look forward as fondly and confidently as did the Christian crusaders to the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre. Nay, it is added that some of them retain the ancient maps and deeds of the estates and gardens of their ancestors at

Granada, and even the keys of the houses, holding them as evidences of their hereditary claims, to be produced at the anticipated day of restoration.

## NOTES FOR STUDY.

## I.

WASHINGTON IRVING (1783-1859), one of America's most popular prose writers, was born in New York City. He began the study of law when he was sixteen, but he had little taste for this or for the mercantile business which he took up later. He spent twenty-three years in Europe, four of them as Minister to Spain. His closing years were spent at Sunnyside, on the Hudson. His humorous *History of New York* by *Diedrick Knickerbocker*, *Bracebridge Hall*, *The Sketch Book*, *Life of Washington*, and the *Tales of a Traveler* are among his best works. They all have an enduring charm, due to his absolute purity of word and thought.

## II.

IL LU'SIONS, unreal images, errors.  
PHAN TAS MA GO'RIA, illusive images.

COL ON NADES', rows of columns.

ME MEN'TOES, reminders, souvenirs.

HA'REM, part of an oriental house given over to the women.

MI'TRED, adorned with a mitre, the head-covering of a cardinal.

CRO'ZIER, staff of a bishop.

AR MO'RI AL, belonging to the coat-of-arms of a family.

PAG'EANT (*päg'ënt*), pomp, showy procession.

MIN'STREL SY, songs.

TE DEUM, a well-known Christian hymn.

SCIM'I TAR, a short sword with a recurved point.

CUI RASS'ES, breast-plates.

PON'IARDS, small daggers.

## III.

AL HAM'BRA, a beautiful Moorish palace near Granada, in the southern part of Spain. The "Court of Lions" is one of its chief attractions.

A BEN CER RA'GES, a noted Moorish family, whose deadly hatred

of the Zegrис, another noble family, had much to do with the fall of Granada.

ZAC'A TIN, the main street of Granada.

BO AB'DIL, the last king of the Moors.

## XCIII.—THE SNOWSTORM.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

The sun that brief December day  
Rose cheerless over hills of gray,  
And, darkly circled, gave at noon  
A sadder light than waning moon.  
Slow tracing down the thickening sky  
Its mute and ominous prophecy,  
A portent seeming less than threat,  
It sank from sight before it set.  
A chill no coat, however stout,  
Of homespun stuff could quite shut out,  
A hard, dull bitterness of cold,  
That checked, mid-vein, the circling race  
Of lifeblood in the sharpened face,  
The coming of the snowstorm told.

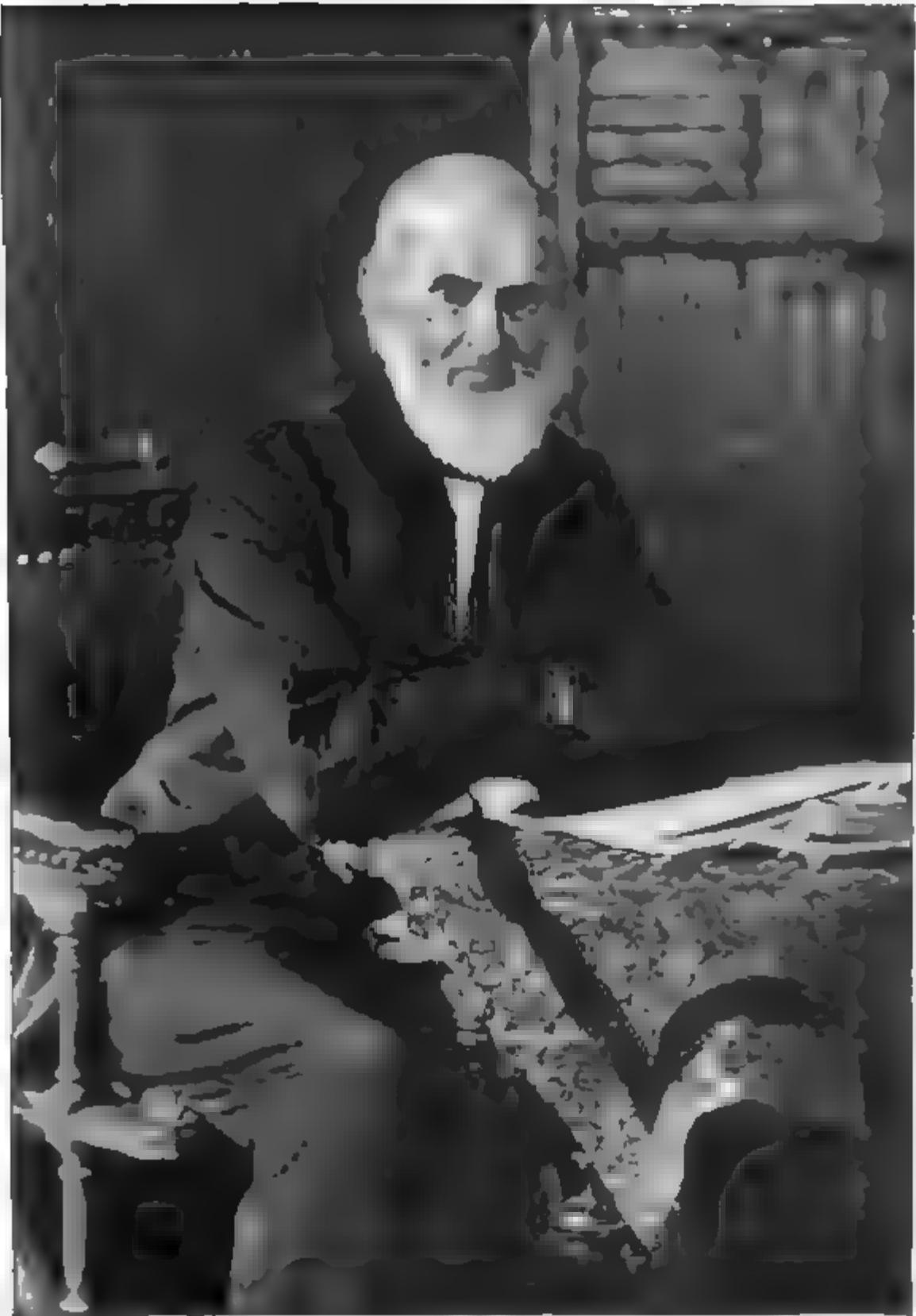
The wind blew east: we heard the roar  
Of Ocean on his wintry shore,  
And felt the strong pulse throbbing there  
Beat with low rhythm our inland air.  
Meanwhile we did our nightly chores—  
Brought in the wood from out-of-doors,  
Littered the stalls, and from the mows  
Raked down the herd's grass for the cows;  
Heard the horse whinnying for his corn;  
And, sharply clashing horn on horn,  
Impatient down the stanchion rows  
The cattle shake their walnut bows;  
While, peering from his early perch  
Upon the scaffold's pole of birch,

The cock his crested helmet bent  
And down his querulous challenge sent.

Unwarmed by any sunset light  
The gray day darkened into night,  
A night made hoary with the swarm  
And whirl-dance of the blinding storm,  
As zigzag wavering to and fro  
Crossed and recrossed the wingéd snow :  
And, ere the early bedtime came,  
The white drift piled the window frame,  
And through the glass the clothes-line posts  
Looked in like tall and sheeted ghosts.

So all night long the storm roared on ;  
The morning broke without a sun ;  
In tiny spherule traced with lines  
Of Nature's geometric signs,  
In starry flake and pellicle,  
All day the hoary meteor fell ;  
And when the second morning shone,  
We looked upon a world unknown,  
On nothing we could call our own.  
Around the glistening wonder bent  
The blue walls of the firmament,  
No cloud above, no earth below—  
A universe of sky and snow !

The old familiar sights of ours  
Took marvelous shapes ; strange domes and towers



JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

Rose up where sty or corn-crib stood,  
 Or garden wall, or belt of wood ;  
 A smooth white mound the brush pile showed,  
 A fenceless drift what once was road ;  
 The bridle post an old man sat  
 With loose-flung coat and high cocked hat ;  
 The well curb had a Chinese roof ;  
 And even the long sweep, high aloof,  
 In its slant splendor, seemed to tell  
 Of Pisa's leaning miracle.

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## NOTES FOR STUDY.

## I.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER (1807-1892), the Quaker poet, was born at Haverhill, Massachusetts. His boyhood was spent on a farm. On reaching his majority he became the editor of a newspaper, and later was on the staff of the *New England Review*, the *Pennsylvania Freeman*, and the *National Era*, in all of which he voiced his ardent sympathy with reform. In 1835 he was elected to the Massachusetts legislature. Besides his poetry, for which he is most noted, he wrote several political, philanthropic, and biographical treatises. Among his best known poems are *Snowbound*, *Among the Hills*, *Maud Müller*, and many stirring poems against slavery. His works have the enthusiasm of the patriot and reformer united with a love of nature fostered by his quiet country life.

## II.

|   |   |
|---|---|
| OM'I NOUS, threatening, foreboding.   | SPHER'ULE, a small sphere.  |
| WHIN'NY ING, crying like a horse.   | PEL'LI CLE, thin skin, crust, or layer.                                     |
| STAN'CHION, one of two posts between which the head of a cow is confined when in a stall. | ME'TE OR, a luminous appearance in the sky.                                 |
| QUER'U LOUS, complaining, dissatisfied.   | "PISA'S LEANING MIRACLE" refers to the famous leaning tower at Pisa, Italy. |

## XCIV.—A SNOWSTORM.

JOHN BURROUGHS.

That is a striking line with which Emerson opens his beautiful poem on the Snowstorm :

“Announced by all the trumpets of the sky,  
Arrives the snow, and, driving o'er the fields,  
Seems nowhere to alight.”

One seems to see the clouds puffing their cheeks as they sound the charge of their white legions. But the line is more accurately descriptive of a rainstorm, as, in both summer and winter, rain is usually preceded by wind. Homer, describing a snowstorm in his time, says :

“The winds are lulled.”

The preparations of a snowstorm are, as a rule, gentle and quiet ; a marked hush pervades both the earth and the sky. The movements of the celestial forces are muffled, as if the snow already paved the way of their coming. There is no uproar, no clashing of arms, no blowing of wind trumpets. These soft, feathery, exquisite crystals are formed as if in the silence and privacy of the inner cloud-chambers. Rude winds would break the spell and mar the process. The clouds are smoother and slower in their movements, with less definite outlines than those which bring rain. In fact, everything is prophetic of the gentle and noiseless meteor that is approaching, and of the stillness that is to succeed it, when “all the batteries of sound are spiked,” as Lowell says, and “we see the movements of life as a deaf man sees it—a mere wraith of the clamorous existence that inflicts itself on our ears when the ground is bare.”

After the storm is fairly launched, the winds not infre-

quently awake, and, seeing their opportunity, pipe the flakes a lively dance. I am speaking now of the typical, full-born, midwinter storm that comes to us from the north or northeast, and piles the landscape knee-deep with snow. Such a storm came to us the last day of January—the master-storm of the winter. Previous to that date we had had but light snow. The spruces had been able to catch it all upon their arms and keep a circle of bare ground beneath them, where the birds scratched. But the day following this fall they stood with their lower branches completely buried.

If the Old Man of the North had but sent us his couriers and errand boys before! The old graybeard appeared himself at our doors on this occasion, and we were all his subjects. His flag was upon every tree and roof, his seal upon every door and window, and his embargo upon every path and highway. He slipped down upon us, too, under the cover of such a bright, seraphic day—a day that disarmed suspicion with all but the wise ones, a day without a cloud or a film, a gentle breeze from the west, a dry, bracing air, a blazing sun that brought out the bare ground under the lee of the fences and farm buildings, and at night a spotless moon near her full. The next morning the sky reddened in the east, then became gray, heavy, and silent. A seamless cloud covered it. The smoke from the chimneys went up with a barely perceptible slant toward the north. In the forenoon the cedar birds, purple finches, yellowbirds, nuthatches, and bluebirds were in flocks or in couples and trios about the trees, more or less noisy and loquacious.

About noon a thin white veil began to blur the distant southern mountains. It was like a white dream slowly

descending upon them. The first flake or flakelet that reached me was a mere white speck that came idly circling and eddying to the ground. I could not see it after it alighted. It might have been a scale from the feather of some passing bird, or a larger mote in the air that the stillness was allowing to settle. Yet it was the altogether inaudible and infinitesimal trumpeter that announced the coming storm, the grain of sand that heralded the desert. Presently another fell, then another; the white mist was creeping up the river valley. How slowly and loiteringly it came, and how microscopic its first siftings!

This mill is bolting its flour very fine, you think. But wait a little; it gets coarser by and by; you begin to see the flakes; they increase in numbers and in size, and before one o'clock it is snowing steadily. The flakes come straight down, but in a half-hour they have a marked slant toward the north; the wind is taking a hand in the game. By mid-afternoon the storm is coming in regular pulse beats or in vertical waves. The wind is not strong, but seems steady; the pines hum, yet there is a sort of rhythmic throb in the meteor; the air toward the winds looks ribbed with steady-moving, vertical waves of snow. The impulses travel along like undulations in a vast suspended white curtain, imparted by some invisible hand there in the northeast.

As the day declines the storm waxes, the wind increases, and the snow-fall thickens, and

“The housemates sit  
Around the radiant fireplace, inclosed  
In a tumultuous privacy of storm.”

A privacy which you feel outside as well as in. Out-of-doors you seem in a vast tent of snow; the distance is shut out,

near-by objects are hidden; there are white curtains above you and white screens about you, and you feel housed and secluded in storm. Your friend leaves your door and he is wrapped away in white obscurity, caught up in a cloud, and his footsteps are obliterated. Travelers meet on the road and do not see or hear each other till they are face to face. The passing train, half a mile away, gives forth a mere wraith of sound. Its whistle is deadened as in a dense wood.

Still the storm rose. At five o'clock I went forth to face it in a two-mile walk. It was exhilarating in the extreme. The snow was lighter than chaff. It had been dried in the Arctic ovens to the last degree. The foot sped through it without hindrance. I fancied the grouse and quails quietly sitting down in the open places, and letting it drift over them. With head under wing and wing snugly folded, they would be softly and tenderly buried in a few moments. The mice and the squirrels were in their dens, but I fancied the fox asleep upon some rock or log, and allowing the flakes to cover him. The hare in her form, too, was being warmly sepulchered with the rest.

I thought of the young cattle and the sheep huddled together on the lee side of a haystack, in some remote field, all enveloped in mantles of white—

“ I thought me on the ourie cattle,  
Or silly sheep, wha bide this brattle  
O' wintry war,  
Or thro' the drift, deep-lairing sprattle,  
Beneath a scaur.

“ Ilk happing bird, wee helpless thing,  
That in the merry months o' spring,  
Delighted me to hear thee sing,

What comes o' thee?  
Where wilt thou cow'r thy chittering wing,  
And close thy ee?"

As I passed the creek I noticed the white woolly masses that filled the water. It was as if somebody up above had been washing his sheep and the water had carried away all the wool, and I thought of the Psalmist's phrase, "He giveth snow like wool." On the river a heavy fall of snow simulates a thin layer of cotton batting. The tide drifts it along, and where it meets with an obstruction along shore, it folds up and becomes wrinkled or convoluted like a fabric, or like cotton sheeting. Attempt to row a boat through it, and it seems indeed like cotton or wool, every fibre of which resists your progress.

As the sun went down and darkness fell the storm impulse reached its full. It became a wild conflagration of wind and snow; the world was wrapped in frost flame; it enveloped one, and penetrated his lungs and caught away his breath like a blast from a burning city. How it whipped around and under every cover and searched out every crack and crevice, sifting under the shingles in the attic, darting its white tongue under the kitchen door, puffing its breath down the chimney, roaring through the woods, stalking like a sheeted ghost across the hills, bending in white and ever-changing forms above the fences, sweeping across the plains, whirling in eddies behind the buildings, or leaping spitefully up their walls—in short, taking the world entirely to itself and giving a loose rein to its desire.

But in the morning, behold! the world was not consumed; it was not the besom of destruction, after all, but the gentle hand of mercy. How deeply and warmly and spotlessly

Earth's nakedness is clothed!—the “wool” of the Psalmist nearly two feet deep. And, as far as warmth and protection are concerned, there is a good deal of the virtue of wool in such a snow-fall. How it protects the grass, the plants, the roots of the trees, and the worms, insects, and smaller animals in the ground! It is a veritable fleece, beneath which the shivering earth (“the frozen hills ached with pain,” says one of our young poets) is restored to warmth.

When the temperature of the air is at zero, the thermometer, placed at the surface of the ground beneath a foot and a half of snow, would probably indicate but a few degrees below freezing; the snow is rendered such a perfect non-conductor of heat mainly by reason of the quantity of air that is caught and retained between the crystals. Then how, like a fleece of wool, it rounds and fills out the landscape, and makes the leanest and most angular field look smooth.

The day dawned and continued as innocent and fair as the day which had preceded—two mountain peaks of sky and sun, with their valley of cloud and snow between. Walk to the nearest spring-run on such a morning, and you can see the Colorado Valley and the great cañons of the West in miniature, carved in alabaster. In the midst of the plain of snow lie these chasms; the vertical walls, the bold headlands, the turrets and spires and obelisks, the rounded and towering capes, the carved and buttressed precipices, the branch valleys and cañons, and the winding and tortuous course of the main channel are all here—all that the Yosemite or Yellowstone has to show, except the terraces and the cascades. Sometimes my cañon is bridged, and one's fancy runs nimbly across a vast arch of Parian marble, and that makes up for the falls and the terraces.

Where the ground is marshy I come upon a pretty and vivid illustration of what I have read and been told of the Florida formation. This white and brittle limestone is undermined by water. Here are the dimples and depressions, the sinks and the wells, the springs and the lakes. Some places a mouse might break through the surface and reveal the water far beneath ; or the snow gives way of its own weight and you have a minute Florida well, with the truncated cone shape and all. The arched and subterranean pools and passages are there likewise.

But there is a more beautiful and fundamental geology than this in the snowstorm : we are admitted into nature's oldest laboratory and see the working of the law by which the foundations of the material universe were laid—the law or mystery of crystallization. The earth is built upon crystals : the granite rock is only a denser and more compact snow, or a kind of ice that was vapor once and may be vapor again. "Every stone is nothing else but a congealed lump of frozen earth," says Plutarch. By cold and pressure air can be liquefied, perhaps solidified. A little more time, a little more heat, and the hills are but April snow-banks.

Nature has but two forms : the cell and the crystal—the crystal first, the cell last. All organic nature is built up of the cell ; all inorganic, of the crystal. Cell upon cell rises the vegetable, rises the animal ; crystal wedded to and compacted with crystal stretches the earth beneath them. See in the falling snow the old cooling and precipitation, and the shooting, radiating forms, that are the architects of planet and globe.

We love the sight of the brown and ruddy earth ; it is the color of life, while a snow-covered plain is the face of death ;

yet snow is but the mask of the life-giving rain; it, too, is the friend of man—the tender, sculpturesque, immaculate, warming, fertilizing snow.

## NOTES FOR STUDY.

## I.

|   |  |
|---|--|
| SE RAPH'IC, angelic, heavenly.                                | BOLT'ING, sifting, purifying.  |
| WRAITH ( <i>rāth</i> ), an unreal image, a vision, a spectre. | MI CRO SCOP'IC, small, visible only by aid of a microscope.  |
| EM BAR'GO, restraint, order to prevent ships from sailing.    | PA'RI AN ( <i>pā'ri an</i> ), like the pure white marble of Paros, an island in the <i>Æ</i> gean Sea. |
| IN FIN I TES'I MAL, exceedingly small, minute.                | IM MAC'U LATE, spotless, pure.   |

## II.

|   |   |
|---|---|
| OU'RIE, Scotch word for cold, shivering.  | SPRAT'TLE, running with a rattling noise. |
| BRAT'TLE, a rattling or clattering noise. | ILK, each, every.                         |
| SCAUR, a cliff, a bare rock.              | COW'R, to crouch as with fear.            |

## XCV.—LAST DAYS OF ULYSSES S. GRANT.

HAMLIN GARLAND.

About this time General Simon Buckner paid a visit to his old classmate and conqueror. "It is a purely personal visit," he said to General Grant. "I wanted you to know that many Confederate officers sympathize with you in your sickness and trouble."

"I appreciate your calling highly," the Northern chieftain wrote in reply. "I have witnessed since my illness just what I have wished to see since the war, harmony—harmony and good will between the sections. . . . We now look forward

to a perpetual peace at home and a national strength which will screen us against any foreign complications. I believe myself that the war was worth all it cost us, fearful as that was. Since it was over I have visited every state in Europe and a number in the East. I know, as I did not before, the value of our institutions."

As General Buckner passed out of the house the reporters fell upon him, eager to know what was said. "I cannot tell you," he said. "The visit was purely personal; and, besides," he added, with eyes dim with tears, "it was too sacred. Without General Grant's consent I cannot speak."

After reaching New York General Buckner received a despatch from General Grant permitting the interview to be made public. When it appeared that the interview might add to the harmony and good will between the North and the South, Grant was eager to have it sent far and wide. Throughout all his later life he had had two predominating desires: one, to put down the rebellion; and when that was done, then his whole heart went out toward the task of reconstructing the nation. And so, now, though having gone away into a mountain to die, he still desired that every word of his should make for a united and peaceful nation.

His wish was gratified. The words he wrote went to North and South as messengers of peace. Again he said, "Let us have peace." And, standing there on the high ground between earth and the things beyond the earth, his words had all the force of a command and a benediction.

In ever increasing calm and ever decreasing sensibility to pain, he drifted toward the shadowed world. His introspection increased, and the certainty of his speedy death grew very strong in his own mind. "I have admonitions that the

doctors know not of," he wrote slowly upon his tablet; "I think it doubtful that I shall last much longer than the end of the month." Despair had no place in the growing serenity of his manner. There was a lofty courage which laid hold upon great conceptions of human destiny. He subscribed to no creed, but he had an unspeakable faith in the integrity of the universe. He had no map of the unseen land toward which he was marching; but he believed it to be a better land than this, and that light and the guidance of reason would be present there as in the world he was leaving. He did not know, but he had no fear.

His consideration and his instant courtesy never left him. His gratitude for little kindnesses was inexpressibly touching. His physicians could look upon it only with tears.

On the 22d of July, 1885, he expressed a wish to be in a bed. His bones were intolerably weary of the chair in which he had spent night and day during months of ceaseless suffering. The physicians looked at each other significantly. He was transferred to his bed, and as he stretched out his tired limbs and lay full length at last, he drew a sigh of relief and smiled. He felt the delicious restfulness of the bed as he used to do when a boy after a hard day's work. That he knew it to be his deathbed is certain; but it was none the less grateful because of that—it was the more grateful by reason of that.

"Does it seem good to be in bed?"

"So good. So good," he whispered in reply.

A deep, untroubled sleep fell upon him almost at once, but the physicians read the advance of death in the labored breathing and fluttering pulse. Slowly the blood ceased to warm the body. The lower limbs grew cold as marble, and

the breathing grew ever quicker and lighter. The lower cells of the lungs were closing. Life was retreating to the brain.

The family at last were all there. The loyal wife sat often by his side, where she could touch his face and press his hand. His eldest son, erect, calm, and soldierly, scarcely relaxed his painful vigil. It was a long and terrible watch, and, when midnight came, it was evident that death was present in the room at last. The great soldier lay in a doze which was the lethargy of dissolution, but still responded to the agonized words of love from his wife and daughter by opening his eyes in a peculiarly clear, wide, penetrating glance. This was only momentary. Each time it was more difficult to penetrate beneath the freezing flesh to the living soul. At two o'clock of the morning Colonel Grant laid his hand on the dying man's forehead and said: "Father, would you like a drink of water?"

In reply, Grant whispered, "Yes."

At three o'clock Colonel Grant again approached the bedside: "Father, is there anything you want?"

"Water," whispered the dying man, and this was his last word.

He could not swallow; but when his wife placed a sponge in his mouth he closed his lips upon it and seemed relieved by the trickling moisture.

All danger of a violent death was over. He was passing peacefully away, his face calm and unlined by pain. His body, wasted and grave-weary, composed itself for final rest. The coldness crept slowly but inexorably toward the faintly-beating heart. The birds sang outside, and the sun rose, warming the earth; but no waking and no warmth came to



The Great Commander lying so small and weak beneath his coverlet.

At seven minutes past eight, in the full flush of a glorious morning, he drew a deeper breath, and then uttered a long, gentle sigh, like one suddenly relieved of a painful burden. In the hush which followed, the watchers waited for the next breath. It did not come. The doctor stole softly to the bedside, and listened ; then rose and said in a low voice : "It is all over."

Ulysses Grant was dead.

The pomp and pageantry of the funeral which followed surpassed anything ever seen in America. The wail of bugle, the boom of cannon, the rataplan of drum, the tramp of columned men were all of martial suggestiveness—ceremony for which Grant cared little ; but if his spirit was able to look back toward its outworn vesture, it must have been glad to see Joseph Johnston and Simon Buckner marching side by side with their old classmates, Philip Sheridan and William Tecumseh Sherman. Over the body of Grant, the great warrior of peace, the North and the South clasped hands in a union never again to be broken. It is well that on the majestic marble mausoleum erected to cover his dust, on a wall looking to the South, these words should be carved : **LET US HAVE PEACE** ; for they express more completely than any other symbols could do, the inner gentleness and patriotism of the man.

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NOTES FOR STUDY.

I.

**HAMLIN GARLAND** (1860—) is a popular western writer who has seen life in many phases and has pictured it with all its variations of

light and shade. Among his novels are: *Wayside Courtships*, *Prairie Folks*, and *Jason Edwards*. He is a frequent contributor to the leading magazines.

## II.

|  |   |
|--|---|
| PRE DOM' I NA TING, having superior power. | VIG' ILS, night watches.                      |
| IN TRO SPEC'TIVE, looking within.          | LETH'AR GY, complete repose, unnatural sleep. |
| AD MO NI'TION, gentle reproof, warning.    | IN EX'OR A BLY, immovably, not yielding.      |
| SE REN'I TY, peaceful repose, calmness.    | MAU SO LE'UM, a large and stately tomb.       |

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## XCVI.—DIRGE FOR THE SOLDIER.

GEORGE HENRY BOKER.

Close his eyes ; his work is done.  
 What to him is friend or foeman,  
 Rise of moon, or set of sun,  
 Hand of man, or kiss of woman ?  
 Lay him low ; lay him low,  
 In the clover or the snow !  
 What cares he ? He cannot know.  
 Lay him low !

As man may, he fought his fight,  
 Proved his truth by his endeavor ;  
 Let him sleep in solemn right,—  
 Sleep forever and forever.  
 Lay him low ; lay him low,  
 In the clover or the snow !  
 What cares he ? He cannot know.  
 Lay him low !

Fold him in his country's stars,  
 Roll the drum, and fire the volley ;  
 What to him are all our wars,—  
 What but death-bemocking folly ?  
 Lay him low ; lay him low,  
 In the clover or the snow !  
 What cares he ? He cannot know.  
 Lay him low !

Leave him to God's watching eye,  
 Trust him to the hand that made him :  
 Mortal love weeps idly by ;  
 God alone has power to aid him.  
 Lay him low ; lay him low,  
 In the clover or the snow !  
 What cares he ? He cannot know.  
 Lay him low !

## NOTES FOR STUDY.

GEORGE HENRY BOKER (1824-1890) was born in Philadelphia and educated at Princeton College. He studied law, but devoted himself to literature. Under President Grant, he was appointed Minister to Turkey and, later, to Russia. He excelled as a dramatic and lyric poet and some of his dramas, notably *Calaynos*, *Leonor de Guzman*, and *The Betrothed*, rank almost with the classics. Of his shorter poems, *The Ivory Carver*, *The Black Regiment*, *The Ballad of Sir John Franklin*, and the one here given are general favorites.

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XCVII.—MRS. CAUDLE URGING THE NEED OF SPRING CLOTHING.

DOUGLAS WILLIAM JERROLD.

If there's anything in the world I hate—and you know it—it is asking you for money. I am sure, for myself, I'd

rather go without a thing a thousand times—and I do, the more shame for you to let me !

“ What do I want now ? ” As if you didn’t know ! I’m sure, if I’d any money of my own, I’d never ask you for a farthing—never ! It’s painful to me, gracious knows !

What do you say ? “ If it’s painful, why so often do it ? ” I suppose you call that a joke—one of your club-jokes. As I say, I only wish I’d any money of my own. If there is anything that humbles a poor woman, it is coming to a man’s pocket for every farthing. It’s dreadful !

Now, Caudle, you hear me, for it isn’t often I speak. Pray, do you know what month it is ? And did you see how the children looked at church to-day ?

“ What was the matter with them ? ” Oh, Caudle ! how can you ask ? Weren’t they all in their thick merinoes and beaver bonnets ?

What do you say ? “ What of it ? ” What ! You’ll tell me that you didn’t see how the Briggs girls in their new chips turned their noses up at ‘em ? And you didn’t see how the Browns looked at the Smiths, and then at our poor girls, as much as to say, “ Poor creatures ! what figures for the first of May ! ”

“ You didn’t see it ? ” The more shame for you ! I’m sure those Briggs girls—the little minxes !—put me into such a pucker, I could have pulled their ears for ‘em over the pew.

What do you say ? “ I ought to be ashamed to own it ? ” Now, Caudle, it’s no use talking ; those children shall not cross over the threshold next Sunday, if they haven’t things for the summer. Now mind—they shan’t ; and there’s an end of it !

“ I’m always wanting money for clothes ? ” How can you

say that? I'm sure there are no children in the world that cost their father so little ; but that's it—the less a poor woman does upon, the less she may.

Now, Caudle, dear ! What a man you are ! I know you will give me the money, because, after all, I think you love your children, and like to see 'em well dressed. It's only natural that a father should.

"How much money do I want?" Let me see, love. There's Caroline, and Jane, and Susan, and Mary Anne, and—

What do you say? "I needn't count 'em ! You know how many there are !" That's just the way you take me up !

Well, how much money will it take? Let me see—I'll tell you in a minute. You always love to see the dear things look like new pins. I know that, Caudle ; and, though I say it—bless their little hearts !—they do credit to you, Caudle.

"How much?" Now don't be in a hurry ! Well, I think, with good pinching—and you know, Caudle, there's never a wife who can pinch closer than I can—I think, with pinching, I can do with twenty pounds.

What did you say? "Twenty fiddle-sticks?"

What! "You won't give half the money !" Very well, Mr. Caudle ; I don't care. Let the children go in rags ; let them stop from church, and grow up like heathens and cannibals ; and then you'll save your money, and, I suppose, be satisfied.

What do you say? "Ten pounds enough?" Yes, just like you men ; you think things cost nothing for women ; but you don't care how much you lay out upon yourselves.

"They only want frocks and bonnets?" How do you

know what they want? How should a man know anything at all about it? And you won't give more than ten pounds? Very well. Then you may go shopping with it yourself, and see what *you'll* make of it! I'll have none of your ten pounds, I can tell you—no, sir!

No, you've no cause to say that. I don't want to dress the children up like countesses! You often throw that in my teeth, you do; but you know it's false, Caudle; you know it! I only wish to give 'em proper notions of themselves; and what, indeed, can the poor things think, when they see the Briggses, the Browns, and the Smiths—and their fathers don't make the money you do, Caudle—when they see them as fine as tulips? Why, they must think themselves nobody. However, the twenty pounds I *will* have, if I've any, or not a farthing.

No, sir—no! I don't want to dress up the children like peacocks and parrots! I only want to make 'em respectable.

What do you say? "You'll give me fifteen pounds?" No, Caudle—no! Not a penny will I take under twenty. If I did, it would seem as if I wanted to waste your money; and I'm sure, when I come to think of it, twenty pounds will hardly do!

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#### NOTES FOR STUDY.

##### I.

DOUGLAS WILLIAM JERROLD (1803–1858) was born in London. He early devoted himself to dramatic literature and produced some plays which are still acted. But his fame rests rather upon his sketches and essays, many of which appeared in the *London Punch*. Of these, the *Caudle Lectures* are the most widely known. *The Chronicles of Clovernook* and *St. Giles and St. James* are his best novels.

## II.

|   |   |
|---|---|
| <b>FAR'THING</b> , one-fourth of an English penny.      | <b>FIG'URES</b> , designs, ornaments.                       |
| <b>ME RI'NOES</b> , made of wool from the merino sheep. | <b>MINX'ES</b> , saucy girls.                               |
| <b>BEAV'ER</b> , made of the fur of the beaver.         | <b>PUCK'ER</b> , state of perplexity, agitation, confusion. |
|   | <b>CAN'NI BALS</b> , human beings that eat human flesh.     |

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**XCVIII.—THE SOUTHERN SOLDIER.**

HENRY GRADY.

You of the North have had drawn for you with a master's hand the picture of your returning armies. You have heard how, in the pomp and circumstance of war, they came back to you, marching with proud and victorious tread, reading their glory in a nation's eyes.

Will you bear with me while I tell you of another army that sought its home at the close of the late war—an army that marched home in defeat and not in victory, in pathos and not in splendor?

Let me picture to you the footsore Confederate soldier, as, buttoning up in his faded gray jacket the parole which was to bear testimony to his children of his fidelity and faith, he turned his face southward from Appomattox in April, 1865. Think of him as, ragged, half-starved, heavy-hearted, enfeebled by want and wounds, having fought to exhaustion, he surrenders his gun, wrings the hands of his comrades in silence, and lifting his tear-stained and pallid face for the last time to the graves that dot the old Virginia hills, pulls his gray cap over his brow and begins the slow and painful journey.

What does he find—let me ask you, who went to your

homes eager to find in the welcome you had justly earned, full payment for four years' sacrifice—what does he find when, having followed the battle-stained cross against overwhelming odds, dreading death not half so much as surrender, he reaches the home he left so prosperous and beautiful?

He finds his house in ruins, his farms devastated, his slaves free, his stock killed, his barns empty, his trade destroyed, his money worthless; his social system, feudal in its magnificence, swept away; his people without law or legal status, his comrades slain, and the burdens of others heavy on his shoulders. Crushed by defeat, his very traditions are gone; without money, credit, employment, material, or training; and beside all this, confronted with the gravest problem that ever met human intelligence—the establishing of a status for the vast body of his liberated slaves.

What does he do—this hero in gray, with a heart of gold? Does he sit down in sullenness and despair? Not for a day. Surely God, who had stripped him of his prosperity, inspired him in his adversity. As ruin was never so overwhelming, never was restoration swifter. The soldier stepped from the trenches into the furrow; horses that had charged Federal guns marched before the plough, and fields that ran red with blood in April were green with the harvest in June.

Never was nobler duty confided to human hands than the uplifting and upbuilding of the prostrate and bleeding South, misguided, perhaps, but beautiful in her suffering. In the record of her social, industrial, and political evolution, we await with confidence the verdict of the world.

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## XCIX.—BEETHOVEN'S MOONLIGHT SONATA.

ANONYMOUS.

It happened at Bonn. One moonlight winter's evening I called upon Beethoven, for I wanted him to take a walk, and afterward sup with me. In passing through some dark, narrow street he paused suddenly. "Hush!" he said—"What sound is that? It is from my sonata in F!" he said, eagerly. "Hark! how well it is played!"

It was a little, mean dwelling, and we paused outside and listened. The player went on; but in the midst of the *finale* there was a sudden break, then the voice of sobbing. "I can not play any more. It is so beautiful, it is utterly beyond my power to do it justice. Oh, what would I not give to go to the concert at Cologne!"

"Ah, my sister," said her companion, "why create regrets when there is no remedy? We can scarcely pay our rent."

"You are right; and yet I wish for once in my life to hear some really good music. But it is of no use."

Beethoven looked at me. "Let us go in," he said.

"Go in!" I exclaimed. "What can we go in for?"

"I will play to her," he said, in an excited tone. "Here is feeling—genius—understanding. I will play to her, and she will understand it." And, before I could prevent him, his hand was upon the door.

A pale young man was sitting by the table, making shoes; and near him, leaning sorrowfully upon an old-fashioned harpsichord, sat a young girl, with a profusion of light hair falling over her bent face. Both were cleanly but very poorly dressed, and both started and turned toward us as we entered.

“Pardon me,” said Beethoven, “but I heard music, and was tempted to enter. I am a musician.”

The girl blushed and the young man looked grave—somewhat annoyed.

“I—I also overheard something of what you said,” continued my friend. “You wish to hear—that is, you would like—that is—shall I play for you?”

There was something so odd in the whole affair, and something so comic and pleasant in the manner of the speaker, that the spell was broken in a moment, and all smiled involuntarily.

“Thank you!” said the shoemaker; “but our harpsichord is so wretched, and we have no music.”

“No music!” echoed my friend. “How, then, does the Fräulein—”

He paused and colored up, for the girl looked full at him, and he saw that she was blind.

“I—I entreat your pardon!” he stammered. “But I had not perceived before. Then you play by ear?”

“Entirely.”

“And where do you hear the music, since you frequent no concerts?”

“I used to hear a lady practising near us, when we lived at Brühl two years. During the summer evenings her windows were generally open, and I walked to and fro outside to listen to her.”

She seemed shy; so Beethoven said no more, but seated himself quietly before the piano, and began to play. He had no sooner struck the first chord than I knew what would follow—how grand he would be that night. And I was not mistaken. Never, during all the years I knew him, did I

hear him play as he then played to that blind girl and her brother. He was inspired; and from the instant when his fingers began to wander along the keys, the very tone of the instrument began to grow sweeter and more equal.

The brother and sister were silent with wonder and rapture. The former laid aside his work; the latter, with her head bent slightly forward, and her hands pressed tightly over her breast, crouched down near the end of the harpsichord, as if fearful lest even the beating of her heart should break the flow of those magical, sweet sounds. It was as if we were all bound in a strange dream, and only feared to wake.

Suddenly the flame of the single candle wavered, sank, flickered, and went out. Beethoven paused, and I threw open the shutters, admitting a flood of brilliant moonlight. The room was almost as light as before, and the illumination fell strongest upon the piano and player. But the chain of his ideas seemed to have been broken by the accident. His head dropped upon his breast; his hands rested upon his knees; he seemed absorbed in meditation. It was thus for some time.

At length the young shoemaker rose, and approached him eagerly, yet reverently. "Wonderful man!" he said, in a low tone, "who and what are you?"

The composer smiled as he only could smile, benevolently, indulgently, kingly. "Listen!" he said, and he played the opening bars of the sonata in F.

A cry of delight and recognition burst from them both, and exclaiming, "Then you are Beethoven!" they covered his hands with tears and kisses.

He rose to go, but we held him back with entreaties.

“Play to us once more—only once more!”

He suffered himself to be led back to the instrument. The moon shone brightly in through the window and lit up his glorious, rugged head and massive figure. “I will improvise a sonata to the moonlight!” looking up thoughtfully to the sky and stars. Then his hands dropped on the keys, and he began playing a sad and infinitely lovely movement, which crept gently over the instrument like the calm flow of moonlight over the dark earth.

This was followed by a wild, elfin passage in triple time—a sort of grotesque interlude, like the dance of sprites upon the sward. Then came a swift *agitato finale*—a breathless, hurrying, trembling movement, descriptive of flight and uncertainty, and vague, impulsive terror, which carried us away on its rustling wings, and left us all in emotion and wonder.

“Farewell to you!” said Beethoven, pushing back his chair and turning toward the door—“farewell to you!”

“You will come again?” asked they, in one breath.

He paused, and looked compassionately, almost tenderly, at the face of the blind girl. “Yes, yes,” he said, hurriedly, “I will come again, and give the Fräulein some lessons. Farewell! I will soon come again!”

They followed us in silence more eloquent than words, and stood at their door till we were out of sight and hearing.

“Let us make haste back,” said Beethoven, “that I may write out that sonata while I can yet remember it.”

We did so, and he sat over it till long past day-dawn. And this was the origin of that moonlight sonata with which we are all so fondly acquainted.

## NOTES FOR STUDY.

|   |  |
|---|--|
| BEE'THOV EN ( <i>bā'tō vən</i> ), the great German music composer, was born in 1770 and died in 1827. | IM PRO VISE', to compose or play or sing without previous study. |
| SO NA'TA, a musical composition for the piano.  | ELF'IN, sportive, entrancing.                                    |
| HARP'SI CHORD, an old-fashioned stringed instrument.  | GRO TESQUE', irregular, out of proportion.                       |
| FI NA'LE, the last part, the end.   | FRAU'LEIN, the German word for maiden.                           |

SPRITES, fairies, elves, goblins.

## C.—HASTE NOT, REST NOT.

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE.

Without haste ! without rest !  
 Bind the motto to thy breast ;  
 Bear it with thee as a spell ;  
 Storm or sunshine, guard it well !  
 Heed not flowers that round thee bloom ;  
 Bear it onward to the tomb !

Haste not ;—let no thoughtless deed  
 Mar for e'er the spirit's speed :  
 Ponder well and know the right,  
 Onward, then, with all thy might !  
 Haste not ;—years can ne'er atone  
 For one reckless action done !

Rest not ;—life is sweeping by,  
 Do and dare, before you die ;  
 Something mighty and sublime  
 Leave behind to conquer time ;  
 Glorious 'tis to live for aye,  
 When these forms have passed away !

Haste not ! rest not ! calmly wait,  
 Meekly bear the storms of fate ;  
 Duty be thy polar guide ;—  
 Do the right, whate'er betide !  
 Haste not ! rest not ! Conflicts past,  
 God shall crown thy work at last.

## NOTES FOR STUDY.

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE (1749–1832), the greatest of German poets, was born at Frankfort-on-the-Main. Although he chose the law as his profession, taking the degree of LL.D. from the University of Leipsic, he applied himself to the painstaking study of literature and science. Through the patronage of the Duke of Saxe-Weimar, he held several high offices, finally becoming Privy-Councilor, the highest dignity a German subject could then attain. He wrote *Tasso*, *Iphigenia*, and *Hermann and Dorothea*. In this country his *Faust* is most familiar. He had the power in an unusual degree to combine accurate science with playful fancy.

## CL.—ABOU BEN ADHEM.

LEIGH HUNT.

Abou Ben Adhem—(may his tribe increase !)—  
 Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,  
 And saw, within the moonlight in his room,  
 Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,  
 An angel writing in a book of gold.

Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,  
 And to the presence in the room he said,  
 “What writest thou?” The vision raised its head,  
 And, with a voice made all of sweet accord,  
 Answered, “The names of those who love the Lord.”



“And is mine one?” said Abou. “Nay, not so,”  
Replied the angel. . . . Abou spoke more low,  
But cheerly still, and said, “I pray thee, then,  
Write me as one who loves his fellow-men.”

The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night  
It came again with a great wakening light,  
And showed the names whom love of God had blest,  
And, lo, Ben Adhem’s name led all the rest!

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#### NOTES FOR STUDY.

JAMES HENRY LEIGH HUNT (1784-1859), poet and essayist, was born in London and educated at Christ’s Hospital. While editor of the *Examiner*, he was fined and imprisoned two years for calling the Prince Regent “a fat Adonis of fifty.” While he was in prison he was cheered by visits from Shelley, Keats, and Byron and wrote *The Story of Rimini*. Other works are: *The Palfrey*, *A Legend of Florence*, and *The Old Court Suburb*. He looked on the sunny side of life and his poetry is graceful and sprightly.

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#### CII.—THE EAGLE’S NEST.

JOHN WILSON.

Almost all the people in the parish were loading in their meadow-hay on the same day of midsummer, so drying was the sunshine and the wind; and huge, heaped-up wains, that almost hid from view the horses that drew them along the sward, beginning to get green with second growth, were moving in all directions toward the snug farm-yard. Never before had the parish seemed so populous. Jocund was the balmy air with laughter, whistle, and song. But the tree-gnomons threw the shadow of “one o’clock” on the green

dial-face of the earth ; the horses were unyoked and turned loose to graze ; groups of men, women, lads, lasses, and children collected under grove and bush and hedge-row ; graces were pronounced, some of them rather too tedious in presence of the mantling milk-cans, bullion-bars of butter, and crackling cakes ; and the great Being who gave them that day their daily bread looked down from His eternal throne, well pleased with the piety of His thankful creatures.

The great golden eagle, the pride and pest of the parish, swooped down and flew away with something in its talons. One single, sudden, female shriek arose, and then shouts and outcries, as if a church-spire had tumbled down on a congregation at a sacrament. “Hannah Lamond’s bairn ! Hannah Lamond’s bairn !” was the loud, fast-spreading cry. “The eagle has ta’en off Hannah Lamond’s bairn !” and many hundred feet were in another instant hurrying toward the mountain.

Two miles of hill and dale, and copse and shingle, and many intersecting brooks, lay between ; but in an incredibly short time the foot of the mountain was alive with people. The eyry was well known, and both old birds were visible on the rock-ledge. But who shall scale that dizzy cliff, which Mark Stewart, the sailor, who had been at the storming of many a fort, attempted in vain ? All kept gazing, weeping, wringing their hands in vain, rooted to the ground, or running back and forward, like so many ants essaying their new wings in discomfiture. “What’s the use—what’s the use o’ ony puir human means ? We have no power but in prayer !” and many knelt down—fathers and mothers thinking of their own babies—as if they would force the deaf heavens to hear !

Hannah Lamond had all this while been sitting on a rock,

with a face perfectly white, and eyes like those of a mad person, fixed on the eyry. Nobody had noticed her; for, strong as all sympathies with her had been at the swoop of the eagle, they were now swallowed up in the agony of eyesight. "Only last Sabbath was my sweet wee wean baptized in the name o' the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost!" and on uttering these words, she flew off through the brakes and over the huge stones, up—up—up—faster than ever huntsman ran in to the death, fearless as a goat playing among the precipices. No one doubted—no one could doubt—that she soon would be dashed to pieces.

But have not people who walk in their sleep, obedient to the mysterious guidance of dreams, climbed the walls of old ruins, and found footing, even in decrepitude, along the edge of unguarded battlements, and down dilapidated staircases, deep as draw-wells or coal-pits, and returned, with open, fixed, and unseeing eyes, unharmed to their beds at midnight? It is all the work of the soul, to whom the body is a slave; and shall not the agony of a mother's passion, who sees her baby, whose warm mouth had just left her breast, hurried off by a demon to a hideous death, bear her limbs aloft wherever there is dust to dust, till she reach that devouring den, and fiercer and more furious far in the passion of love than any bird of prey that ever bathed its beak in blood, throttle the fiends that with their heavy wings would fain flap her down the cliffs, and hold up her child in deliverance before the eye of the all-seeing God?

No stop—no stay; she knew not that she drew her breath. Beneath her feet Providence fastened every loose stone, and to her hands strengthened every root. How was she ever to descend? That fear but once crossed her heart, as she went

up—up—up—to the little image of her own flesh and blood. “The God who holds me now from perishing, will not the same God save me when my child is on my bosom?” Down came the fierce rushing eagles’ wings—each savage bird dashing close to her head, so that she saw the yellow of their wrathful eyes. All at once they quailed and were cowed. Yelling, they flew off to the stump of an ash, jutting out of a cliff, a thousand feet above the cataract; and the Christian mother, falling across the eyry, in the midst of bones and blood, clasped her child—dead—dead—dead, no doubt, but unmangled and untorn, and swaddled up just as it was when she laid it down asleep among the fresh hay in the nook of the harvest-field.

Oh, what a pang of perfect blessedness transfixes her heart from that faint, feeble cry. “It lives! it lives! it lives! O Thou great and Thou dreadful God! Whither hast Thou brought me, one of the most sinful of Thy creatures? Oh! save my soul, lest it perish, even for Thy own name’s sake! O Thou who diedst to save sinners, have mercy upon me!”

Below were cliffs, chasms, blocks of stone, and the skeletons of old trees—far, far down, and dwindled into specks—and a thousand creatures of her own kind, stationary or running to and fro! Was that the sound of the water-fall, or the faint roar of voices? Is that her native strath?—and that tuft of trees, does it contain the hut in which stands the cradle of her child? Never more shall it be rocked by her foot! Here must she die; and her baby too! And those horrid beaks and eyes and talons and wings will return, and her child will be devoured at last, even within the dead bosom that can protect it no more.

Where, all this time, was Mark Stewart, the sailor? Half-

way up the cliffs. But his eye had got dim and his heart sick ; and he, who had so often reefed the top-gallant sail, when at midnight the coming of the gale was heard afar, covered his face with his hands, and dared look no longer on the swimming heights.

“And who will take care of my poor, bedridden mother ?” thought Hannah, whose soul, through the exhaustion of so many passions, could no more retain in its grasp that hope which it had clutched in despair. A voice whispered, “God.” She looked around, expecting to see an angel, but nothing moved except a rotten branch, that, under its own weight, broke off from the crumbling rock. Her eye, by some secret sympathy of her soul with the inanimate object, watched its fall, and it seemed to stop not far off, on a small platform. Her child was bound within her bosom—she remembered not how or when, but it was safe ; and, scarcely daring to open her eyes, she slid down the shelving rocks, and found herself on a small piece of firm, root-bound soil, with the tops of bushes appearing below.

With fingers suddenly strengthened into the power of iron, she swung herself down by brier and broom, and heather and dwarf birch. Here a loosened stone leaped over a ledge, and no sound was heard, so profound was its fall. There the shingle rattled down the screes, and she hesitated not to follow. Her feet bounded against the huge stone that stopped them, but she felt no pain. Her body was callous as the cliff. Steep as the upright wall of a house was now the side of the precipice ; but it was matted with ivy centuries old, long ago dead, and without a single green leaf, but with thousands of arm-thick stems petrified into the rock, and covering it as with a trellis. She bound her

her lying as in death. "Give me the bonnie bit bairn into my arms!" cried first one mother, and then another; and it was tenderly handed around the circle of kisses, many of the snooded maidens bathing its face in tears. "There's na a scratch about the puir innocent, for the eagle, you see, maun hae stuck its talons into the lang claes and the shawl. Blin', blin' maun they be, who see not the finger o' God in this thing!" Hannah started up from her swoon, and looking wildly around, cried: "Oh, the bird! the bird! the eagle! The eagle has carried off my bonnie wee Walter! Is there nane to pursue?" A neighbor put her baby to her breast, and shutting her eyes and smiting her forehead, the sorely bewildered creature said, in a low voice: "Am I wauken? Oh, tell me if I am wauken! or if a' this be the wark o' a fever, and the delirium o' a dream.

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#### NOTES FOR STUDY.

##### I.

JOHN WILSON, "Christopher North" (1785-1854), was professor of moral philosophy in Edinburgh University, and, for many years, the editor of *Blackwood's Magazine*. Besides many poems and short essays in this magazine, he wrote a novel, *Margaret Lyndsay*, and a series of papers entitled *Noctes Ambrosianæ*. The force of Professor Wilson's character was expressed not only in his writing, but also in wrestling with celebrated prize fighters and in chastising street ruffians who offended him—a strange pastime for a university professor of morals.

##### II.

WAINS, wagons.

GNO'MON, the triangular piece of a sun-dial that points out the time of day.

BAIRN, a Scotch name for a child.

SHIN'GLE, rounded, water-worn pebbles coarser than gravel.

COPSE, a thicket of bushes.

DE CREP'I TUDE, broken down by infirmity or old age.

SWAD'DLED, wound or wrapped around with a bandage.

KIRK, a church, a house of worship.

SNOOD, a band worn about the hair by young unmarried Scotch girls.

## CIII.—THE COAL IN THE FIRE.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

“ You say that coal is transformed vegetable matter, but can you show us how the transformation takes place? Is it possible, according to known natural laws?” The chemist must answer that. And he tells us that wood can become lignite, or wood-coal, by parting with its oxygen in the shape of carbonic-acid gas or choke-damp, and then common or bituminous coal by parting with its hydrogen chiefly in the form of carburetted hydrogen, the gas with which we light our streets. This is about as much as the unscientific reader need know. But it is a fresh corroboration of the theory that coal has been once vegetable fibre, for it shows how vegetable fibre can, by the laws of nature, become coal. And it certainly helps us to believe that a thing has been done if we are shown that it can be done.

This fact explains also why, in mines of wood-coal, carbonic acid—*i. e.*, choke-damp—alone is given off. For in the wood-coal a great deal of the hydrogen still remains. But in mines of true coal not only is choke-damp given off, but that more terrible pest of the miners, fire-damp, or explosive carburetted hydrogen, and olefiant gases.

Now, the occurrence of that fire-damp in mines proves that changes are still going on in the coal—that it is getting rid of its hydrogen and so progressing toward the state of anthracite or culm—stone-coal, as it is sometimes called. In the Pennsylvania coal-fields some of the coal has actually done this under the disturbing force of earthquakes, for the coal, which is bituminous, becomes gradually anthracite. And is a further transformation possible? Yes, and more than one.

If we conceive the anthracite cleared of all but its last

atoms of oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen, till it has become all but pure carbon, it would become, as it has become in certain rocks of immense antiquity, graphite, what we miscall black lead. And after that it might go through one transformation more, and that the most startling of all. It would need only perfect purification and crystallization to become—a diamond ; nothing less.

We may consider the coal upon the fire as the middle term of a series of which the first is live wood, and the last diamond, and indulge safely in the fancy that every diamond in the world has probably, at some remote epoch, formed part of a growing plant.

A strange transformation, which will look to us more strange, more truly poetical, the more steadily we consider it. The coal in the fire, the table at which I write, what are they made of? Gas and sunbeams, with a small percentage of ash or earthly salts, which need hardly be taken in account. Gas and sunbeams ! Strange, but true.

The life of the growing plant—and what that life is who can tell?—laid hold of the gases in the air and in the soil—of the carbonic acid, the atmospheric air, the water, for that too is gas. It drank them in through its rootlets ; it breathed them in through its leaf-pores, that it might distil them into sap and bud and leaf and wood.

But it had to take in and retain another element, without which the distillation and the shaping could never have taken place. It had to drink in the sunbeams, that mysterious and complex force which is for ever pouring from the sun and making itself partly palpable to our senses as heat and light. So the life of the plant seized the sunbeams and absorbed them—buried them in itself—no longer as light and heat, but

as invisible chemical force, locked up for ages in that woody fibre. So it is.

A writer told us long ago, in a beautiful song, how “the Wind and the Beam loved the Rose.” But nature’s poetry was more beautiful than man’s. The wind and the beam loved the rose so well that they made the rose, or rather the rose took the wind and the beam and built up out of them, by her own inner life, her exquisite texture, hue, and fragrance. What next? The rose dies—the timber tree dies, decays down into vegetable fibre, is buried and turned to coal; but the plant cannot altogether undo its own work. Even in death and decay it cannot set free the sunbeams imprisoned in its tissue.

The sun-force must stay shut up age after age, invisible, but strong, working at its own prison-cells, transmuting them, or making them capable of being transmuted by man, into the manifold products of coal—coke, petroleum, mineral pitch, gases, coal-tar, benzole, delicate aniline dyes, and what not—till its day of deliverance comes. Man digs it, throws it on the fire, a black, dead-seeming lump. A corner, an atom of it, warms till it reaches the igniting point, the temperature at which it is able to combine with oxygen. And then, like a dormant live thing awaking after ages to the sense of its own powers, its own needs, the whole lump is seized, atom after atom, with an infectious hunger for that oxygen which it lost centuries since in the bosom of the earth.

It drinks the oxygen in at every pore, and burns. And so the spell of ages is broken. The sun-force bursts its prison-cells and blazes into the free atmosphere as light and heat once more, returning in a moment into the same forms in

which it entered the growing leaf a thousand centuries since. Strange it is, yet true. But of nature, as of the heart of man, the old saying stands—that truth is stranger than fiction.

## NOTES FOR STUDY.

## I.

**CHARLES KINGSLEY** (1819–1875), an English clergyman, was educated at Cambridge University, and fifteen years later became professor of modern history in his *alma mater*. He wrote many works. *Hypatia*, *The Water Babies*, and *Westward Ho* are the most popular.

## II.

**OX'Y GEN**, a colorless, inflammable gas.

**HY'DRO GEN**, the lightest gas known.

**CAR BU RET'TED**, united with carbon.

**COR ROB O RA'TION**, the confirming of a statement.

**O LE FI'ANT**, oil-producing or making.

**AN'THRA CITE**, mineral coal of almost pure carbon.

**BI TU'MI NOUS**, soft coal, containing much volatile matter.

**CULM**, the stony refuse of anthracite coal.

**NI'TRO GEN**, an odorless, colorless element found abundantly in the air.

**GRAPH'ITE**, a metallic variety of carbon, used in making lead-pencils.

**TRANS MUT'ING**, changing the nature of any substance.

**BEN'ZOLE**, same as benzine, a liquid made from petroleum whose vapor is very explosive.

**AN'I LINE**, a colorless oily compound of coal-tar.

**IN FEC'TIOUS**, catching, almost contagious.

## CIV.—THE FIRST SNOWFALL.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

The snow had begun in the gloaming,  
And busily all the night  
Had been heaping field and highway  
With a silence deep and white.



Every pine and fir and hemlock  
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,  
And the poorest twig on the elm-tree  
Was ridged inch-deep with pearl.

From sheds new-roofed with Carrara  
Came Chanticleer's muffled crow ;  
The stiff rails were softened to swan's-down ;  
And still fluttered down the snow.

I stood and watched, by the window,  
The noiseless work of the sky,  
And the sudden flurries of snow-birds  
Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn  
Where a little headstone stood,—  
How the flakes were folding it gently,  
As did robins the babes in the wood.

Up spoke our own little Mabel,  
Saying, “ Father, who makes it snow ? ”  
And I told of the good All-Father,  
Who cares for us all below.

Again I looked at the snowfall,  
And thought of the leaden sky  
That arched o'er our first great sorrow,  
When that mound was heaped so high.

I remembered the gradual patience  
 That fell from that cloud like snow,  
 Flake by flake, healing and hiding  
 The scar of that deep-stabbed woe.

And again to the child I whispered,  
 “The snow that husheth all,—  
 Darling, the merciful Father  
 Alone can make it fall.”

Then, with eyes that saw not, I kissed her ;  
 And she, kissing back, could not know  
 That my kiss was given to her sister  
 Folded close under deepening snow.

## NOTES FOR STUDY.

**CAR RA'RA**, a beautiful marble found in great abundance in the mountains of the same name in Italy.

**CHANT'I CLEER**, a name given to the rooster on account of his clear, loud voice in crowing.

**ER'MINE**, the snow-white fur of the animal of the same name.

**AU'BURN**, the celebrated cemetery in Cambridge, Massachusetts, in which are buried Lowell and his family. Here also is buried Longfellow. The cemetery is just back of *Elmwood*, the home of Lowell.

**GLOAM'ING**, twilight.

**FLUB'RIES**, hurryings, flutterings.

## CV.—THE DEATH OF GEORGE HERBERT.

IZAAK WALTON.

About three weeks before his death, his old and dear friend Mr. Woodnot came from London to Bemerton, and never left him till he had seen him draw his last breath ; and closed his

eyes on his death-bed. In this time he was often visited and prayed for by all the clergy that lived near to him, especially by his friends the Bishop and Prebends of the cathedral church in Salisbury; but by none more devoutly than his wife, his three nieces,—then a part of his family,—and Mr. Woodnot, who were the sad witnesses of his daily decay; to whom he would often speak to this purpose:

“I now look back upon the pleasures of my life past, and see the content I have taken in beauty, in wit, in music, and pleasant conversation, are now all past me, like a dream, or as a shadow that returns not; and are now all become dead to me, or I to them: and I see that, as my father and generation have done before me, so I also shall now suddenly, with Job, *make my bed also in the dark*; and I praise God I am prepared for it, and that I am not to learn patience, now I stand in such need of it; and my hope is, that I shall shortly leave this valley of tears, and be free from all fevers and pain: and, which will be a more happy condition, I shall be free from sin, and all the temptations and anxieties that attend it. And, this being past, I shall dwell in the new Jerusalem, dwell there with men made perfect; dwell where these eyes shall see my Master and Saviour; and, with Him, see my dear mother, and all my relations and friends. But I must die, or not come to that happy place. And this is my content, that I am going daily toward it; and that every day which I have lived hath taken a part of my appointed time from me; and that I shall live the less time for having lived this and the day past.”

These and the like expressions, which he uttered often, may be said to be his enjoyment of Heaven before he enjoyed it. The Sunday before his death, he rose suddenly from his

bed or couch, called for one of his instruments, took it in his hand, and said,—

My God, my God,  
My music shall find Thee ;  
And every string  
Shall have its attribute to sing.

And, having tuned it, he played and sung,—

The Sundays of man's life,  
Threaded together on time's string,  
Make bracelets, to adorn the Wife  
Of the eternal, glorious King ;  
On Sundays Heaven's door stands ope ;  
Blessings are plentiful and rife,  
More plentiful than hope.

Thus he sung on earth such hymns and anthems as the angels and he and Mr. Farrer now sing in Heaven. Thus he continued, meditating and praying and rejoicing, till the day of his death ; and on that day said to Mr. Woodnot, “ My dear friend, I am sorry I have nothing to present to my merciful God but sin and misery : but the first is pardoned ; and a few hours will now put a period to the latter ; for I shall suddenly go hence, and be no more seen.” Upon which expression, Mr. Woodnot took occasion to remember him of the re-edifying Layton church, and his many acts of mercy ; to which he made answer, saying, “ They be good works, if they be sprinkled with the blood of Christ, and not otherwise.”

After this discourse he became more restless, and his soul seemed to be weary of her earthly tabernacle ; and this uneasiness became so visible, that his wife, his three nieces, and Mr. Woodnot stood constantly about his bed, beholding

him with sorrow, and an unwillingness to lose the sight of him whom they could not hope to see much longer.

As they stood thus beholding him, his wife observed him to breathe faintly and with much trouble ; and observed him to fall into a sudden agony ; which so surprised her, that she fell into a sudden passion, and required of him to know how he did ; to which his answer was, that he had passed a conflict with his last enemy, and had overcome him, by the merits of his Master Jesus. After which answer, he looked up, and saw his wife and nieces weeping to an extremity, and charged them, if they loved him, to withdraw into the next room, and there pray every one alone for him ; for nothing but their lamentations could make his death uncomfortable. To which request their sighs and tears would not suffer them to make any reply : but they yielded him a sad obedience, leaving with him only Mr. Woodnot and Mr. Bostock.

Immediately after they had left him, he said to Mr. Bostock, "Pray, sir, open that door, then look into that cabinet, in which you may easily find my last will, and give it into my hand :" which being done, Mr. Herbert delivered it into the hand of Mr. Woodnot, and said, "My old friend, I here deliver you my last will, in which you will find that I have made you my sole executor for the good of my wife and nieces ; and I desire you to show kindness to them, as they shall need it. I do not desire you to be just, for I know you will be so for your own sake ; but I charge you, by the religion of our friendship, to be careful of them." And, having obtained Mr. Woodnot's promise to be so, he said, "I am now ready to die :" after which words he said, "Lord, forsake me not now my strength faileth me ; but grant me mercy for the merits of my Jesus : and now, Lord, Lord,

now receive my soul." And with those words he breathed forth his divine soul, without any apparent disturbance ; Mr. Woodnot and Mr. Bostock attending his last breath, and closing his eyes.

Thus he lived and thus he died, like a saint, unspotted from the world, full of alms-deeds, full of humility, and all the examples of a virtuous life.

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#### NOTES FOR STUDY.

IZAAK WALTON (1593-1683) was born at Stafford, England. Little is known of his early life except that he was a merchant in London and retired from business in 1643. His fame rests on *The Complete Angler or Contemplative Man's Recreation*—which, although antiquated as a fisherman's manual, is still delightful reading—and a series of *Lives*, which are among the best biographies in the language. The selection here given is from his *Life of Holy George Herbert*, and shows the exquisite charm of his simple style.

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#### CVI.—YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

Ye mariners of England,  
That guard our native seas,  
Whose flag has braved a thousand years  
The battle and the breeze,  
Your glorious standard launch again  
To match another foe,  
And sweep through the deep  
While the stormy winds do blow ;  
While the battle rages loud and long,  
And the stormy winds do blow.

The spirit of your fathers  
Shall start from every wave ;  
For the deck it was their field of fame,  
And ocean was their grave ;  
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell  
Your manly hearts shall glow,  
As ye sweep through the deep  
While the stormy winds do blow ;  
While the battle rages loud and long,  
And the stormy winds do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwark,  
No towers along the steep ;  
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,  
Her home is on the deep.  
With thunders from her native oak  
She quells the floods below,  
As they roar on the shore  
When the stormy winds do blow ;  
When the battle rages loud and long,  
And the stormy winds do blow.

The meteor flag of England  
Shall yet terrific burn ;  
Till danger's troubled night depart,  
And the star of peace return.  
Then, then, ye ocean-warriors,  
Our song and feast shall flow  
To the fame of your name,  
When the storm has ceased to blow ;  
When the fiery fight is heard no more,  
And the storm has ceased to blow.

## NOTES FOR STUDY.

THOMAS CAMPBELL (1777-1844) was born at Glasgow and educated in Glasgow University. On the publication of his first great poem, *The Pleasures of Hope*, he gave up the study of law and traveled on the continent. On his return, he removed to London and devoted himself to literature. Among his poems may be mentioned *Gertrude of Wyoming*, *The Battle of the Baltic*, *Hohenlinden*, and *Ye Mariners of England*. He excels as a writer of spirited lyrics.

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## CVII.—AMONG MY BOOKS.

ALEXANDER SMITH.

In my garden I spend my days ; in my library I spend my nights. My interests are divided between my geraniums and my books. With the flowers I am in the present ; with the books I am in the past. I go into my library, and all history unrolls before me. I breathe the morning air of the world while the scent of Eden's roses yet lingered in it, while it vibrated only to the world's first brood of nightingales, and to the laugh of Eve.

I see the pyramids building ; I hear the shoutings of the armies of Alexander ; I feel the ground shake beneath the march of Cambyses. I sit as in a theatre,—the stage is Time, the play is the World. What a spectacle it is ! What kingly pomp, what processions file past, what cities burn to heaven, what crowds of captives are dragged at the chariot wheels of conquerors !

I hear or cry “Bravo !” when the great actors come on, shaking the stage. I am a Roman emperor when I look at a Roman coin. I lift old Homer, and I shout Achilles in the trenches. The silence of the empeopled Syrian plains, the

outcomings and ingsoings of the patriarchs, Abraham and Ishmael, Isaac in the fields at eventide, Rebekah at the well, Jacob's guile, Esau's face reddened by the desert sun-heat, Joseph's splendid funeral procession—all these things I find within the boards of my Old Testament.

What a silence in those old books, as of a half-peopled world ; what bleating of flocks, what green pastoral rest, what indubitable human existence ! Across brawling centuries of blood and war I hear the bleating of Abraham's flocks, the tinkling of the bells of Rebekah's camels.

O men and women, so far separated yet so near, so strange yet so well known, by what miraculous power do I know you all ? Books are the true Elysian fields where the spirits of the dead converse, and into these fields a mortal may venture unappalled. What king's court can boast such company ? What school of philosophy such wisdom ?

There is Pan's pipe ; there are the songs of Apollo. Seated in my library at night, and looking on the silent faces of my books, I am occasionally visited by a strange sense of the supernatural. They are not collections of printed pages ; they are ghosts. I take one down, and it speaks with me in a tongue not now heard on earth, and of men and things of which it alone possesses the knowledge.

I call myself a solitary, but sometimes I think I misapply the term. No man sees more company than I do. I travel with mightier cohorts around me than ever did Timour or Ghengis Khan on their fiery marches. I am a sovereign in my library ; but it is the dead, not the living, that attend my levees.

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## NOTES FOR STUDY.

## I.

**ALEXANDER SMITH** (1830–1867), a Scotch poet, began life as a designer. When twenty-two he wrote *The Life Drama*, which created quite a stir in literary circles. His other works include *City Poems*, *Dreamthorp*, and *A Summer in Skye*. His later work is characterized by its fine finish and originality.

## II.

|                  |                                 |                                |                                |
|------------------|---------------------------------|--------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| IN DU'BI TA BLE, | not open to                     | UN AP PALLED',                 | not shocked, not               |
|                  | doubt.                          |                                | filled with fear or dismay.    |
| BRAWL'ING,       | disputing, wrangling.           | CO'HORTS,                      | divisions of the old Ro-       |
| E LYS'IAN,       | belong to Elysium, the          | man army, armed bodies of men. | man army, armed bodies of men. |
|                  | Greek paradise, hence supremely | LEV EES',                      | receptions to guests or        |
|                  | happy.                          |                                | callers.                       |

## CVIII.—THE LIBRARY.

JOHN GODFREY SAXE.

Here, e'en the sturdy democrat may find,  
 Nor scorn their rank, the nobles of the mind ;  
 While kings may learn, nor blush at being shown,  
 How Learning's patents abrogate their own.  
 A goodly company and fair to see ;  
 Royal plebeians ; earls of low degree ;  
 Beggars whose wealth enriches every clime ;  
 Princes who scarce can boast a mental dime  
 Crowd here together, like the quaint array  
 Of jostling neighbors on a market day.

Homer and Milton,—can we call them blind ?—  
 Of godlike sight, the vision of the mind ;

Shakespeare, who calmly looked creation through,  
 "Exhausted worlds, and then imagined new";  
 Plato the sage, so thoughtful and serene,  
 He seems a prophet by his heavenly mien;  
 Shrewd Socrates, whose philosophic power  
 Xantippe proved in many a trying hour;  
 And Aristophanes, whose humor run  
 In vain endeavor to be—"cloud" the sun;  
 Majestic Æschylus, whose glowing page  
 Holds half the grandeur of the Athenian stage;  
 Pindar, whose odes, replete with heavenly fire,  
 Proclaim the master of the Grecian lyre;  
 Anacreon, famed for many a luscious line,  
 Devotee to Venus and the god of wine.

I love vast libraries; yet there is a doubt  
 If one be better with them or without,—  
 Unless he use them wisely, and, indeed,  
 Knows the high art of what and how to read.  
 At Learning's fountain it is sweet to drink,  
 But 'tis a nobler privilege to think;  
 And oft, from books apart, the thirsting mind  
 May make the nectar which it cannot find.  
 'Tis well to borrow from the good and great;  
 'Tis wise to learn; 'tis godlike to create!

---

NOTES FOR STUDY.

I.

JOHN GODFREY SAXE (1816-1887) was born in Vermont and was graduated from Middlebury College. For a few years he practised law, but he devoted a large part of his time to literary work as editor of a paper and as a contributor to the *Knickerbocker Magazine*. He is

best remembered for his humorous poems, among which may be mentioned *The Briefless Barrister*, *The Proud Miss MacBride*, and *Pyramus and Thisbe*.

## II.

**AB'RO GATE**, to abolish, to repeal.  
**PLE BE'IANS**, the common people, men of no rank.

**XAN TIP'PE**, the wife of Socrates, with whose scolding tongue, it is

said, the philosopher was severely tried.

**AR IS TOPH'A NES**, a humorous poet of Greece, whose drama, *The Cloud*, is here referred to.

## CIX.—OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

Who of the millions whom he has amused, does not love him? To be the most beloved of English writers, what a title that is for a man! “He was a friend to virtue,” says Sir Walter Scott, “and in his most playful pages never forgets what is due to it. A gentleness, delicacy, and purity of feeling distinguishes whatever he wrote, and bears a correspondence to the generosity of a disposition which knew no bounds but his last guinea.”

A wild youth, wayward, but full of tenderness and affection, quits the country village where his boyhood has been passed in happy musing, in idle shelter, in fond longing to see the great world out of doors and achieve name and fortune; and, after years of dire struggle and neglect and poverty, his heart turning back as fondly to his native place as it had longed eagerly for a change when sheltered there, he writes a book and a poem, full of the recollections and feelings of home.

He paints the friends and scenes of his youth, and peoples Auburn and Wakefield with remembrances of Lissoy. Wan-

der he must, but he carries away a home-relic with him, and dies with it on his breast. His nature is truant; in repose he longs for a change, as on the journey he looks back for friends and quiet. He passes to-day in building an air-castle for to-morrow, or in writing yesterday's elegy; and he would fly away this hour but that a cage and necessity keep him.

What is the charm of his verse, his style, and humor? His sweet regrets, his delicate compassion, his soft smile, his tremulous sympathy, the weakness which he owns? Your love for him is half pity. You come hot and tired from the day's battle, and this sweet minstrel sings to you.

Who could harm the kind vagrant harper? Whom did he ever hurt? He carries no weapon save the harp on which he plays to you, and with which he delights great and humble, young and old, the captains in the tents or the soldiers round the fire, the women and children in the villages, at whose porches he stops and sings his simple songs of love and beauty. With that sweet story of "The Vicar of Wakefield" he has found entry into every castle and every hamlet in Europe.

"We read it," says the gentle Sir Walter, "in youth and in age—we return to it again and again, and bless the memory of an author who contrives so well to reconcile us to human nature. The admirable ease and grace of the narrative, as well as the pleasing truth with which the characters are designed, make 'The Vicar of Wakefield' one of the most delicious morsels of fictitious composition on which the human mind was ever employed."

Goldsmith's sweet and friendly nature bloomed kindly always in the midst of life's storm and rain and bitter weather. The poor fellow was never so friendless but he



OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

could befriend some one ; never so pinched and wretched but he could give of his crust, and speak a word of compassion. If he had but his flute left, he could give that and make the children happy in the dreary London Court. While he was an under-teacher in a school, he spent all his earnings in treats for the boys. His purse and his heart were everybody's, his friends' as much as his own.

For the last half dozen years of his life, Goldsmith was in receipt of a pretty large income from the booksellers, his patrons. Had he lived but a few years more, his public fame would have been as great as his private reputation, and he might have enjoyed a part of that esteem which his country has paid to the vivid and versatile genius who has touched on almost every subject of literature, and touched nothing that he did not adorn.

In the strength of his age, and the dawn of his reputation, having for patrons and friends the most illustrious literary men of his time, fame and prosperity might have been in store for Goldsmith, had fate so willed it. I say prosperity rather than competence, for it is probable that no sum could have put order into his affairs or sufficed for his habits.

As has been the case with many another good fellow of his nation, his life was tracked and his substance wasted by hungry beggars and lazy dependents. If they came at a lucky time,—and be sure they knew his affairs better than he did himself, and watched his pay-day—he gave them of his money ; if they begged on empty-purse-days, he gave them his promissory bills, or took them to a house where he had credit.

Staggering under a load of debt and labor, tracked by reproachful creditors, running from a hundred poor dependents, whose appealing looks, perhaps, were the hardest of all pains

for him to bear, devising fevered plans for the morrow, new histories, new comedies, all sorts of new literary schemes, flying from all these into seclusion, and out of seclusion into pleasure,—at last, at five-and-forty, death closed his career.

I have been many a time in the chambers of the Temple which were his, and passed up the staircase which Johnson, and Burke, and Reynolds trod to see their friend, their poet, their kind Goldsmith—the stair on which the poor women sat weeping bitterly when they heard that the greatest and most generous of all men was dead within the black oak door ; “they had no friend but him they had come to weep for.”

Ah ! it was a different lot from that for which the poor fellow sighed, when he wrote, with heart yearning for home, those most charming of all fond verses, in which he fancies he revisits Auburn :

“In all my wanderings round this world of care,  
In all my griefs—and God has given my share—  
I still had hopes my lastest hours to crown,  
Amid these humble bowers to lay me down ;  
To husband out life’s taper at the close,  
And keep the flame from wasting, by repose ;  
I still had hopes—for pride attends me still—  
Amidst the swains to show my book-learned skill ;  
Around my fire an evening group to draw,  
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw ;  
And, as a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,  
Pants to the place from whence at first she flew—  
I still had hopes—my long vexations past—  
Here to return, and die at home at last.”

Think of him, reckless, thriftless, vain, if you like—but merciful, gentle, generous, full of love and pity. He passes

out of our life, and goes to render his account beyond it. Think of the poor pensioners weeping at his grave ! think of the noble spirits that admired and deplored him ! think of the righteous pen that wrote his epitaph ! and of the wonderful and unanimous response of affection with which the world has paid back the love he gave it.

His humor delighting us still ; his song as fresh and beautiful as when he first charmed with it ; his words in every mouth ; his very weaknesses beloved and familiar—his benevolent spirit seems still to shine upon us ; to do gentle kindness ; to succor with sweet charity ; to soothe, caress, and forgive ; to plead with the fortunate for the unhappy and the poor.

#### NOTES FOR STUDY.

##### I.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY (1811-1863), one of the greatest modern novelists, was born in Calcutta, the son of an English official. He was educated in England and spent five years in the study of art in France, Italy, and Germany. On becoming convinced that he could never excel as an artist, he returned to England and gave a large part of his time to literature, contributing stories and poems to *Frazer's Magazine*, under the names of Michael Angelo Titmarsh or George Fitzboodle. To *Punch* he contributed the *Snob Papers* and *Jeames's Diary*. *Vanity Fair*, *Pendennis*, *Henry Esmond*, and *The Virginians* are some of his best works. His lectures on *English Humorists* and *The Four Georges* are valuable works of criticism.

##### II.

|   |  |
|---|--|
| MIN'STREL, a wandering musician, a lyric poet.    | VER'SA TILE, capable of doing many things.       |
| VA'GRANT, a wanderer, a rover.                    | EP'I TAPH, an inscription on a tomb or monument. |
| REC'ON CILE, to restore to friendship, to settle. | U NAN'I MOUS, of one mind.                       |

## CX.—SELECTIONS FROM JOHN RUSKIN.

## 1. THE RISING HEIGHT.

The mountain lies in the morning light, like a level vapor ; its gentle lines of ascent are scarcely felt by the eye ; it rises without effort or exertion, by the mightiness of its mass ; every slope is full of slumber ; and we know not how it has been exalted, until we find it laid as a floor for the walking of the clouds.

## 2. THE WATERFALL.

.... A broad ledge of moss and turf, leaning in a formidable precipice over the Arvè. An almost isolated rock promontory, many-colored, rises at the end of it. On the other sides it is bordered by cliffs, from which a little cascade falls, literally down among the pines, for it is so light, shaking itself into mere showers of seed-pearl in the sun, that the pines don't know it from mist, and grow through it without minding. Underneath there is only the mossy silence, and above, forever, the snow of the nameless Aiguille.

## 3. LICHENS AND MOSSES.

Meek creatures ! The first mercy of the earth, veiling with hushed softness its dintless rocks, laying quiet fingers on the trembling stones to teach them rest. They will not be gathered, like the flowers, for chaplet or love-token ; but of these the wild bird will make its nest, and the wearied child his pillow.

And, as the earth's first mercy, so they are its last gift to us. When all other service is vain, from tree and plant, the soft mosses and gray lichens take up their watch by the headstone. Trees for the builder's yard,

flowers for the bride's chamber, corn for the granary, moss for the grave.

Unfading as motionless, the worm frets them not, and the autumn wastes not. To them slow-fingered, constant-hearted, is entrusted the weaving of the dark, eternal tapestries of the hills ; to them slow-pencilled, iris-dyed, the tender framing of their endless imagery. While the winds of departing spring scatter the white hawthorn blossoms like drifted snow, and summer dims on the parched meadow the drooping of its cowslip-gold,—far above, among the mountains, the silver lichen-spots rest, star-like, on the stone ; and the gathering orange stain upon the edge of yonder western peak reflects the sunsets of a thousand years.

#### 4. ART INSPIRATION AT PISA.

Above all this scenery of perfect human life, rose dome and bell-tower burning with white alabaster and gold : beyond dome and bell-tower the slopes of mighty hills hoary with olive ; far in the north, above a purple sea of peaks of solemn Apennine, the clear, sharp-cloven Carrara mountains sent up their steadfast flames of marble summit into amber sky ; the great sea itself, scorching with expanse of light, stretching from their feet to the Gorgonian isles ; and over all these, ever present, near or far, that untroubled and sacred sky, which opened straight through its gates of cloud and veils of dew into the awfulness of the eternal world ; a heaven in which every cloud that passed was literally the chariot of an angel, and every ray of its Evening and Morning streamed from the throne of God.

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## CXI.—ALPINE SCENERY.

LORD BYRON.

Adieu to thee again ! a vain adieu !  
There can be no farewell to scenes like thine ;  
The mind is color'd by thine every hue ;  
And, if reluctantly the eyes resign  
Their cherish'd gaze upon thee, lovely Rhine,  
"Tis with the thankful glance of parting praise :  
More mighty spots may rise, more glaring shine,  
But none unite, in one attaching maze,  
The brilliant, fair, and soft,—the glories of old days.

The negligently-grand, the fruitful bloom  
Of coming ripeness, the white city's sheen,  
The rolling stream, the precipice's gloom,  
The forest's growth, and Gothic walls between,  
The wild rocks, shaped as they had turrets been,  
In mockery of man's art ; and these withal  
A race of faces happy as the scene,  
Whose fertile bounties here extend to all,  
Still springing o'er thy banks, though empires near them fall.

But these recede. Above me are the Alps,  
The palaces of Nature, whose vast walls  
Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps,  
And throned Eternity in icy halls  
Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls  
The avalanche,—the thunderbolt of snow !  
All that expands the spirit, yet appals,  
Gathers around these summits, as to show  
How Earth may pierce to Heaven, yet leave vain man below.

Clear, placid Leman ! thy contrasted lake  
 With the wide world I've dwelt in is a thing  
 Which warns me, with its stillness, to forsake  
 Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring.  
 This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing  
 To waft me from distraction : once I loved  
 Torn ocean's roar ; but thy soft murmuring  
 Sounds sweet as if a sister's voice reproved  
 That I with stern delights should e'er have been so moved.

It is the hush of night ; and all between  
 Thy margin and the mountains, dusk, yet clear,  
 Mellow'd and mingling, yet distinctly seen,  
 Save darken'd Jura, whose capp'd heights appear  
 Precipitously steep ; and, drawing near,  
 There breathes a living fragrance from the shore,  
 Of flowers yet fresh with childhood ; on the ear  
 Drops the light drip of the suspended oar,  
 Or chirps the grasshopper one good-night carol more.

He is an evening reveller, who makes  
 His life an infancy, and sings his fill ;  
 At intervals, some bird from out the brakes  
 Starts into voice a moment, then is still.  
 There seems a floating whisper on the hill ;  
 But that is fancy : for the starlight dews  
 All silently their tears of love distil,  
 Weeping themselves away till they infuse  
 Deep into Nature's breast the spirit of her hues.

Ye stars ! which are the poetry of Heaven,  
 If, in your bright leaves, we would read the fate  
 Of men and empires, 'tis to be forgiven,  
 That, in our aspirations to be great,  
 Our destinies o'erleap their mortal state,  
 And claim a kindred with you ; for ye are  
 A beauty and a mystery, and create  
 In us such love and reverence from afar,  
 That fortune, fame, power, life, have named themselves a star.

The sky is changed ! and such a change ! O Night,  
 And Storm and Darkness, ye are wondrous strong,  
 Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light  
 Of a dark eye in woman ! Far along,  
 From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,  
 Leaps the live thunder ! not from one lone cloud,  
 But every mountain now hath found a tongue ;  
 And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,  
 Back to the joyous Alps who call to her aloud !

And this is in the night :—most glorious Night,  
 Thou wert not sent for slumber ; let me be  
 A sharer in thy fierce and far delight,—  
 A portion of the tempest and of thee !  
 How the lit lake shines,—a phosphoric sea,—  
 And the big rain comes dancing to the earth !  
 And now again 'tis black ; and now the glee  
 Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain mirth,  
 As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's birth.

Sky, mountains, river, winds, lake, lightnings ! ye,  
 With night and clouds and thunder, and a soul  
 To make these felt and feeling, well may be  
 Things that have made me watchful : the far roll  
 Of your departing voices is the knell  
 Of what in me is sleepless,—if I rest,  
 But where, of ye, O tempests, is the goal ?  
 Are ye like those within the human breast ?  
 Or do ye find, at length, like eagles, some high nest ?

The morn is up again, the dewy morn,  
 With breath all incense, and with cheek all bloom,  
 Laughing the clouds away with playful scorn,  
 And living as if Earth contain'd no tomb,—  
 And glowing into day : we may resume  
 The march of our existence ; and thus I,  
 Still on thy shores, fair Leman, may find room  
 And food for meditation, nor pass by  
 Much that may give us pause, if ponder'd fittingly.

## NOTES FOR STUDY.

## I.

GEORGE GORDON NOEL BYRON (1788–1824) was born in London, and when eleven years of age succeeded to the estate and the title of Lord Byron. He was educated at Harrow and at Trinity College, Cambridge. He lived a roving life on the continent and wrote many most beautiful poems. His shorter poems are best known. His great work is *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, and others are *The Bride of Abydos*, *Don Juan*, and *The Corsair*.

## II.

PIN'NA CLED, attained the top-  
 most point.

DISTRAC'TION, confusion, disorder.

BRAKES, thickets of bushes, bram-  
 bles or canes.

PHOS PHOR'IC, having the power  
 to emit light without heat,  
 usually the glow caused by  
 minute animals in water.

PAUSE, time to reflect.

## CXII.—HYMN TO MONT BLANC.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLE RIDGE.

Hast thou a charm to stay the morning-star  
In his steep course? So long he seems to pause  
On thy bald awful head, O sovereign Blanc!  
The Arvè and Arveiron at thy base  
Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful form,  
Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,  
How silently! Around thee and above  
Deep is the air and dark, substantial, black,  
An ebon mass: methinks thou piercest it,  
As with a wedge! But, when I look again,  
It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,  
Thy habitation from eternity.  
O dread and silent Mount! I gazed upon thee,  
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,  
Didst vanish from my thought: entranced in prayer,  
I worship'd the Invisible alone.

Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody,  
So sweet, we know not we are listening to it,  
Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my thought,  
Yea, with my life and life's own secret joy;  
Till the dilating soul—enrapt, transfused,  
Into the mighty vision passing—there,  
As in her natural form, swell'd vast to Heaven!

Awake, my soul! not only passive praise  
Thou owest; not alone these swelling tears,  
Mute thanks, and secret ecstasy. Awake,  
Voice of sweet song! Awake, my heart, awake!  
Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my hymn.

Thou first and chief, sole sovereign of the vale !  
 O, struggling with the darkness all the night,  
 And visited all night by troops of stars,  
 Or when they climb the sky or when they sink ;  
 Companion of the morning-star at dawn,  
 Thyself Earth's rosy star, and of the dawn  
 Co-herald ; wake, Oh, wake, and utter praise !  
 Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth ?  
 Who fill'd thy countenance with rosy light ?  
 Who made thee parent of perpetual streams ?

And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely glad !  
 Who call'd you forth from night and utter death,  
 From dark and icy caverns call'd you forth,  
 Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,  
 For ever shatter'd and the same for ever ?  
 Who gave you your invulnerable life,  
 Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,  
 Unceasing thunder and eternal foam ?  
 And who commanded,—and the silence came,—  
 Here let the billows stiffen, and have rest ?

Ye ice-falls ! Ye that from the mountain's brow  
 Adown enormous ravines slope amain,—  
 Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,  
 And stopp'd at once amid their maddest plunge !  
 Motionless torrents ! Silent cataracts !—  
 Who made you glorious as the gates of Heaven  
 Beneath the keen full Moon ? Who bade the Sun  
 Clothe you with rainbows ? Who, with living flowers  
 Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet ?—

God ! Let the torrents, like a shout of nations  
Answer ! and let the ice-plains echo, "God !"  
"God !" sing ye meadow-streams with gladsome voice !  
Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds !  
And they too have a voice, yon piles of snow,  
And in their perilous fall shall thunder, "God !"

Ye living flowers that skirt th' eternal frost ;  
Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest ;  
Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain-storm ;  
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds ;  
Ye signs and wonders of the element,—  
Utter forth God, and fill the hills with praise !

Thou too, hoar Mount, with thy sky-pointing peaks,  
Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard,  
Shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene  
Into the depth of clouds that veil thy breast,—  
Thou too again, stupendous Mountain ! thou  
That, as I raise my head, awhile bow'd low  
In adoration, upward from thy base  
Slow traveling with dim eyes suffused with tears,  
Solemnly seemest, like a vapory cloud,  
To rise before me,—rise, O, ever rise,  
Rise like a cloud of incense from the Earth !  
Thou kingly Spirit throned among the hills,  
Thou dread ambassador from Earth to Heaven,  
Great hierarch ! tell thou the silent sky,  
And tell the stars, and tell yon rising Sun,  
Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God.

## NOTES FOR STUDY.

## I.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE (1772-1834), one of the Lake Poets, was educated at Christ's Hospital and at Cambridge University. With Southey and others he planned to emigrate to America, but could not do so because of his lack of money. Although a man of tremendous intellect, he was not a steady worker. We know him especially as a poet, but his prose writings are quite as valuable as his poetry. Of his prose works, the *Lectures on Shakespeare* and his *Table Talk* will serve as examples, while the *Rime of the Ancient Mariner*, *Kubla Khan*, and *Christabel* are representative poems. His poetry is perfect as to rhyme and rhythm, and there frequently flashes forth a thought of exquisite beauty.

## II.

|  |  |
|--|--|
| CO-HER'ALD, a forerunner equal with others, in this case equal with the stars. | HI'ER ARCH, leader of celestial hosts.   |
| IN VUL'NER A BLE, not capable of injury.                                       | AR VÈ' and AR VEI'RON, rivers whose sources are in the foot of Mont Blanc. Five other streams take their rise at the same place. |
| SUF FUSED', overspread, filled.  |  |

## CXIII.—THE COYOTE.

MARK TWAIN.

The coyote of the farther deserts is a long, slim, slick, and sorry-looking skeleton with a gray wolf-skin stretched over it, a tolerably bushy tail, that forever sags down with a despairing expression of foresakenness and misery, a furtive and evil eye, and a long, sharp face, with slightly lifted lip and exposed teeth.

He has a general slinking expression all over. The coyote is a living, breathing allegory of want. He is always hungry. He is always poor, out of luck, and friendless. The meanest creatures despise him, and even the fleas would desert him

for a velocipede. He is so spiritless and cowardly that, even while his exposed teeth are pretending a threat, the rest of his face is apologizing for it. And he is so homely! so scrawny, and ribby, and coarse-haired, and pitiful!

When he sees you he lifts his lip and lets a flash of his teeth out, and then turns a little out of the course he was pursuing, depresses his head a bit, and strikes a long, soft-footed trot through the sage-brush, glancing over his shoulder at you from time to time, till he is about out of easy pistol-range, and then he stops and takes a deliberate survey of you. He will trot fifty yards, and stop again; another fifty, and stop again; and, finally, the gray of his gliding body blends with the gray of the sage-brush, and he disappears.

But, if you start a swift-footed dog after him, you will enjoy it ever so much—especially if it is a dog that has a good opinion of himself, and has been brought up to think that he knows something about speed. The coyote will go swinging gently off on that deceitful trot of his, and every little while he will smile a fraudulent smile over his shoulder that will fill that dog entirely full of encouragement and worldly ambition, and make him lay his head still lower to the ground, and stretch his neck farther to the front, and pant more fiercely, and move his furious legs with a yet wilder frenzy, and leave a broader and broader and higher and denser cloud of desert sand smoking behind, and marking his long wake across the level plain!

All this time the dog is only a short twenty feet behind the coyote, and, to save the life of him, he cannot understand why it is that he cannot get perceptibly closer; and he begins to get aggravated, and it makes him madder and madder to see how gently the coyote glides along, and never

pants or sweats, or ceases to smile ; and he grows still more and more incensed to see how shamefully he has been taken in by an entire stranger, and what an ignoble swindle that long, calm, soft-footed trot is.

And next the dog notices that he is getting fagged, and that the coyote actually has to slacken speed a little to keep from running away from him. And then that town-dog is mad in earnest, and he begins to strain, and weep, and swear, and paw the sand higher than ever, and reach for the coyote with concentrated and desperate energy.

This spurt finds him six feet behind the gliding enemy, and two miles from his friends. And then, in the instant that a wild new hope is lighting up his face, the coyote turns and smiles blandly upon him once more, and with a something about it which seems to say :

“ Well, I shall have to tear myself away from you, but—business is business, and it will not do for me to be fooling along this way all day.” And forthwith there is a rushing sound, and the sudden splitting of a long crack through the atmosphere ; and behold, that dog is solitary and alone in the midst of a vast solitude !

---

#### NOTES FOR STUDY.

##### I.

SAMUEL LANGHORNE CLEMENS, “Mark Twain” (1835— ——), was born in Missouri. After varied experiences in the West and elsewhere he published *The Jumping Frog* and other sketches, and *The Innocents Abroad*, an amusing description of his travels in Egypt and Palestine. This was soon followed by *Roughing It*, from which this sketch is taken. Besides these he has written *Tom Sawyer*, *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur’s Court*, *The Prince and the Pauper*, and many other books. The reader is not only amused by his rollicking humor, but charmed by his fine descriptions.

## II.

|   |  |
|---|--|
| CO YO'TE, the prairie-wolf of the western plains. | PER CEP'TI BLY, easily seen.             |
| FUR'TIVE, stealthy, sly, secret.                  | IG NO'BLE, unworthy, inferior, low-born. |
| VE LOC'I PEDE, an early form of bicycle.          | CON'CEN TRA TED, condensed, intensified. |
| SCRAW'NY, lean and bony, skinny.                  | BLAND'LY, gently, amusedly.              |

## CXIV.—THE VAGABONDS.

JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE.

We are two travelers, Roger and I.

Roger's my dog.—Come here, you scamp !  
Jump for the gentleman,—mind your eye !

Over the table,—look out for the lamp !—  
The rogue is growing a little old ;

Five years we've tramped through wind and weather,  
And slept out-doors when nights were cold,  
And ate and drank—and starved—together.

We've learned what comfort is, I tell you !

A bed on the floor, a bit of rosin,  
A fire to thaw our thumbs (poor fellow !  
The paw he holds up there has been frozen) ;  
Plenty of catgut for my fiddle  
(This out-door business is bad for strings),  
Then a few nice buckwheats hot from the griddle,  
And Roger and I set up for kings !

No, thank you, Sir,—I never drink ;

Roger and I are exceedingly moral,—  
Aren't we, Roger ? See him wink !

Well, something hot, then,—we won't quarrel.

He's thirsty, too,—see him nod his head !  
 What a pity, Sir, that dogs can't talk !  
 He understands every word that's said,—  
 And he knows good milk from water-and-chalk.

The truth is, Sir, now I reflect,  
 I've been so sadly given to grog,  
 I wonder I've not lost the respect  
 (Here's to you, Sir !) even of my dog.  
 But he sticks by, through thick and thin ;  
 And this old coat, with its empty pockets,  
 And rags that smell of tobacco and gin,  
 He'll follow while he has eyes in his sockets.

There isn't another creature living  
 Would do it, and prove, through every disaster,  
 So fond, so faithful, and so forgiving,  
 To such a miserable, thankless master !  
 No, Sir !—see him wag his tail and grin !  
 By George ! it makes my old eyes water !  
 That is, there is something in this gin  
 That chokes a fellow. But no matter !

We'll have some music, if you're willing,  
 And Roger (hem ! what a plague a cough is, Sir !)  
 Shall march a little.—Start, you villain !  
 Stand straight ! 'Bout face ! Salute your officer !  
 Put up that paw ! Dress ! Take your rifle !  
 (Some dogs have arms, you see !) Now hold your  
 Cap while the gentlemen give a trifle,  
 To aid a poor old patriot soldier !

March ! Halt ! Now show how the rebel shakes  
When he stands up to hear his sentence.  
Now tell us how many drams it takes  
To honor a jolly new acquaintance !  
Five yelps—that's five ; he's mighty knowing !  
The night's before us, fill the glasses !—  
Quick, Sir ! I'm ill,—my brain is going !—  
Some brandy—thank you—there—it passes !

Why not reform ? That's easily said ;  
But I've gone through such wretched treatment,  
Sometimes forgetting the taste of bread,  
And scarce remembering what meat meant,  
That my poor stomach's past reform ;  
And there are times when, mad with thinking,  
I'd sell out Heaven for something warm  
To prop a horrible inward sinking.

Is there a way to forget to think ?  
At your age, Sir, home, fortune, friends,  
A dear girl's love,—but I took to drink ;  
The same old story ; you know how it ends.  
If you could have seen these classic features,—  
You needn't laugh, Sir ; they were not then  
Such a burning libel on God's creatures ;  
I was one of your handsome men !

If you had seen her, so fair and young,  
Whose head was happy on this breast !  
If you could have heard the songs I sung  
When the wine went round, you wouldn't have guessed

That ever I, Sir, should be straying  
 From door to door with fiddle and dog,  
 Ragged, and penniless, and playing  
 To you to-night for a glass of grog !

She's married since,—a parson's wife ;  
 'Twas better for her that we should part ;—  
 Better the soberest, prosiest life  
 Than a blasted home and a broken heart.  
 I've seen her ? Once : I was weak and spent  
 On the dusty road ; a carriage stopped :  
 But little she dreamed, as on she went,  
 Who kissed the coin that her fingers dropped !

You've set me talking, Sir ; I'm sorry ;  
 It makes me wild to think of the change !  
 What do you care for a beggar's story ?  
 Is it amusing ? You find it strange ?  
 I had a mother so proud of me !  
 'Twas well she died before—Do you know  
 If the happy spirits in Heaven can see  
 The ruin and wretchedness here below ?

Another glass, and strong, to deaden  
 This pain ; then Roger and I will start. . .  
 I wonder has he such a lumpish, leaden,  
 Aching thing, in place of a heart ?  
 He is sad, sometimes, and would weep, if he could,  
 No doubt remembering things that were,—  
 A virtuous kennel, with plenty of food,  
 And himself a sober, respectable cur.

I'm better now ; that glass was warming.  
You rascal ! limber your lazy feet !  
We must be fiddling and performing  
For supper and bed, or starve in the street.  
Not a very gay life to lead, you think ?  
But soon we shall go where lodgings are free,  
And the sleepers need neither victuals nor drink ;—  
The sooner the better for Roger and me.

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## NOTES FOR STUDY.

JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE (1827—) was born in New York, and when twenty years of age removed to Boston, where he began his career as a writer. Among his earlier works are many poems and novels, but later he has become conspicuous as a writer for boys. *Neighbor Jackwood*, *Cudjo's Cave*, and *The Book of Gold and Other Poems* are good representatives of his work.

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## CXV.—WINTER-LIFE IN ST. PETERSBURG.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

Darkness rather than cold is the characteristic of the St. Petersburg winter. The temperature, which, at Montreal or St. Paul, would not be thought remarkably low, seems to be more severely felt here, owing to the absence of pure daylight.

Although both Lake Ladoga and the Gulf of Finland are frozen, the air always retains a damp, raw, penetrating quality, and the snow is more frequently sticky and clammy than dry and crystalline. Few, indeed, are the days which are not cheerless and depressing.

In December, when the sky is overcast for weeks together, the sun, rising after nine o'clock, and sliding along just above

the horizon, enables you to dispense with lamp-light somewhere between ten and eleven ; but by two in the afternoon you must call for lights again. Even when a clear day comes, the yellow, level sunshine is a combination of sunrise and sunset, and neither tempers the air nor mitigates the general expression of gloom, almost of despair, on the face of Nature.

The preparations for the season have been made long before. In most houses the double windows are allowed to remain through the summer, but they must be carefully examined, the layer of cotton between them, at the bottom, replenished, a small vessel of salt added to absorb the moisture and prevent it from freezing on the panes, and strips of paper pasted over every possible crack. . . . .

One winter picture remains clearly outlined upon my memory. In the beginning of December we happened once to drive across the Admiralty Square in early evening twilight, —three o'clock in the afternoon. The temperature was about  $10^{\circ}$  below zero ; the sky, a low roof of moveless clouds, which seemed to be frozen in their places.

The pillars of St. Isaac's Cathedral,—splendid monoliths of granite, sixty feet high,—had precipitated the moisture of the air, and stood silvered with rime from base to capital. The Column of Alexander, the bronze statue of Peter, with his horse poised in air on the edge of the rock, and the trees on the long esplanade in front of the Admiralty, were all similarly coated, every twig rising as rigid as iron in the dark air.

A few people, swaddled from head to foot, passed rapidly to and fro, or a drosky, drawn by a frosted horse, sped away. Even these appeared rather like wintry phantoms than crea-

tures filled with warm blood and breathing the breath of life.

The vast spaces of the capital, the magnitude of its principal edifices, and the display of gold and colors, strengthened the general aspect of unreality, by introducing so many inharmonious elements into the picture. A bleak moor, with the light of a single cottage window shining across it, would have been less cold, dead, and desolate.

The temperature, I may here mention, was never very severe. There were three days when the mercury fluctuated between  $15^{\circ}$  and  $20^{\circ}$  below zero, five days when it reached  $10^{\circ}$  below, and perhaps twenty when it fell to zero or a degree or two on either side. The mean of the five winter months was certainly not lower than  $12^{\circ}$  below zero.

Quite as much rain fell as snow. After two or three days of sharp cold there was almost invariably a day of rain or fog, and for many days walking was so difficult that we were obliged to give up all out-door exercises except skating or sliding. The streets were either coated with glassy ice, or they were a foot deep in slush.

As soon as snow had fallen and freezing weather set in, the rough, broken ice of the Neva was flooded in various places for skating-ponds, and the work of erecting ice-hills commenced. There were speedily a number of the latter in full play, in the various suburbs,—a space of level ground, at least a furlong in length, being necessary.

The construction of these ice-hills is very simple. They are rude towers of timber, twenty to thirty feet in height, the summit of which is reached by a staircase at the back, while in front descends a steep concave of planking, upon which water is poured until it is covered with a six-inch coating of solid ice.

Raised planks at the side keep the sled in its place until it reaches the foot, where it enters upon an icy plain from two to four hundred yards in length (in proportion to the height of the hill); at the extremity of which rises a similar hill, facing toward the first, but a little on one side, so that the sleds from opposite ends may pass without collision.

The first experience of this diversion is fearful to a person of delicate nerves. The pitch of the descent is so sheer, the height so great (apparently), the motion of the sled so swift, and its course so easily changed,—even the lifting of a hand is sufficient,—that the novice is almost sure to make immediate shipwreck.

The sleds are small and low, with smooth iron runners, and a plush cushion, upon which the navigator sits bolt upright, with his legs close together, projecting over the front. The runners must be exactly parallel to the lines of the course at starting, and the least tendency to sway to either side must be instantly corrected by the slightest motion of the hand.

I engaged an attendant to pilot me on my first voyage. The man had taken his position well forward on the little sled. I knelt upon the rear end, where there was barely space enough for my knees, placed my hands upon his shoulders, and awaited the result.

He shoved the sled with his hands, very gently and carefully, to the brink of the icy steep; then there was a moment's adjustment; then a poise; then—sinking of the heart, cessation of breath, giddy roaring and whistling of the air, and I found myself scudding along the level with the speed of an express train. I never happened to fall out of a fourth-story window, but I immediately understood the sensations of the unfortunate persons who do.

It was so frightful that I shuddered when we reached the end of the course, and the man coolly began ascending the steps of the opposite hill, with the sled under his arm. But my companions were waiting to see me return, so I mounted after him, knelt again, and held my breath.

This time, knowing what was coming, I caught a glimpse of our descent, and found that only the first plunge from the brink was threatening. The lower part of the curve is more gradual, and the seeming headlong fall does not last more than the one-tenth part of a second. The sensation, nevertheless, is very powerful, having all the attraction without the reality of danger.

Before Christmas, the Lapps came down from the North with their reindeer, and pitched their tents on the river, in front of the Winter Palace. Instead of the canoe-shaped pulkha drawn by a single deer, they hitched four abreast to an ordinary sled, and took half a dozen passengers at a time, on a course of a mile, for a small fee. I tried it once for a child's sake, but the romance of reindeer travel was lost without the pulkha.

The Russian sleighs are very similar to our own for driving about the city; in very cold weather, or for trips into the country, a heavy closed carriage on runners is used. To my eye, the most dashing team in the world is the three span; the thill-horse being trained to trot rapidly, while the other two, very lightly and loosely harnessed, canter on either side of him.

From the ends of the thills springs a wooden arch, called the *duga*, rising eighteen inches above the horse's shoulder, and usually emblazoned with gilding and brilliant colors. The Russians being the best coachmen in the world, these

teams dash past each other at a furious rate of speed, often escaping collision by the breadth of a hair, but never coming in violent contact.

## NOTES FOR STUDY.

## I.

**MON'O LITHS**, single stones forming a pillar or obelisk.

**PRE CIP'I TA TED**, taken from solution and reduced to a solid.

**RIME** (*rim*), white frost.

**ES PLA NADE'**, an open square used as a public walk.

**DROS'KY**, a light open four-wheeled Russian carriage.

**CLAM'MY**, damp and cold.

**CES SA'TION**, act of stopping any motion or effort.

**LAPPS**, the Laplanders.

**PULK'HA**, the sled of a Laplander, shaped like a canoe, and drawn by a single reindeer.

**THILL-HORSE**, the horse within the thills or shafts.

## II.

**COLUMN OF ALEXANDER**, a monument in honor of Alexander I. (1777-1825). When it was proposed to erect this monument Alexander said, "May a monument be erected to me in your hearts as it is to you in mine."

**STATUE OF PETER**, an equestrian statue in honor of Peter I.,

called the Great. Peter laid the foundations of the empire in 1700. He defeated Charles XII. of Sweden in the decisive battle of Pultowa in 1709.

**ADMIRALTY SQUARE**, the open space in front of the public buildings on the south side of the river Neva.

## CXVI.—THE ESQUIMAUX FAMILY.

GUILLAUME LOUIS FIGUIER.

Greenland and most of the islands adjacent to this portion of the American continent are inhabited by a people that have received the common name of Esquimaux, and who constitute a numerous family.

The principal and the most numerous tribes of the Esquimaux family belong to the American continent. But they are quite distinct from the other inhabitants of this continent, and they have a much greater resemblance to the people of Northern Asia and to the Mongols.

The head of the Esquimaus has a more nearly pyramidal shape than that of the Mongols of Upper Asia. This is owing to the narrowing of the skull. Such an outward sign of degradation reveals at once the moral and social inferiority of these poor people.

Their eyes are black, small, and wild ; but show no vivacity. Their nose is very flat ; and they have a small mouth, with the lower lip much thicker than the upper one. Their hair is usually black ; but occasionally fair, and always long, coarse, and unkempt. Their complexion is clear. They are thick-set, have a decided tendency to obesity, and are seldom more than five feet in height.

During a journey undertaken by Dr. Kane, of Philadelphia, to the 82d degree of northern latitude, this bold explorer spent more than a year amongst the Esquimaux who live at Etah, the nearest human abode to the North Pole. Men, women, and children lay in heaps in a hut, huddled together in a kind of basket. A lamp, with a flame sixteen inches long, produced by burning seal-oil, warmed and lighted the place. Bits of seal's flesh, from whence issued a most horrible odor, lay upon the floor of this den.

The seals provide the Esquimaux with food during the greater part of the year. The winter begins to cease when the sun reappears. January and February are the months of hardship ; during the latter part of March the spring fisheries recommence, and with them movement and life

begin anew. The poor wretched dens covered with snow are then the scenes of great activity. The masses of accumulated provisions are then brought out and piled up on the frozen ground; the women prepare the skins to make shoes, and the men make a reserve store of harpoons for the winter.

The Esquimaux are not lazy. They hunt with a good deal of pluck, and are often forced to hide their game in excavations that the wild beasts may not get at it. Their consumption of food is very great. They are large eaters, not from greediness, but of necessity, on account of the extreme cold of these high latitudes.

The Esquimaux style of dress seemed, to the learned traveler, pretty much the same for both sexes; a pair of boots, stockings, mittens, trousers, a waistcoat, and an overcoat. The father-in-law of one of his traveling companions wore boots of bearskin coming up to the knee, whilst those of his wife were similar, and were made of seal leather. Their trousers were made of sealskin, their stockings of dogskin, their mittens of sealskin, and their waistcoat of kidskin, with the fur inside.

The overcoat, made of the skin of the blue fox, does not open in front. It ends in a hood covering the head like the cowl of a monk. The women cut their coat to a point, in order to confine their hair, which they gather together on the top of the head, and tie up in a knot as close and hard as a stone, by means of untanned straps of sealskin.

Seal-hunting is the chief occupation of the Esquimaux.

The seal is a providential animal to the wild inhabitants of the Frozen Ocean of America, as the reindeer is the godsend of the Laplanders, inhabitants of the shores of the same seas

in the north of Europe. The eggs of the sea-birds, particularly of the penguin, are a second source of food to these people. The Esquimaux run all sorts of risks to gather the eggs of these birds on the steep and giddy cliffs where their nests are found.

The Esquimaux can only count up to ten, the number of their fingers. They have no system of notation, and can assign no date to past events. They have no annals of any kind or sort, and do not even know their own ages.

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#### NOTES FOR STUDY.

##### I.

GUILLAUME LOUIS FIGUIER (1819-1894) is a celebrated French chemist and scientific writer. He studied chemistry first with his uncle, Pierre Oscar Figuier, but afterward removed to Paris to continue his studies. Several of his more popular works have been translated into English and widely circulated in the United States. The best known are: *The World before the Deluge*, *The Insect World*, *The Vegetable World*, and *The Human Race*, from which this selection is taken.

##### II.

|  |  |
|--|--|
| PY RAM'I DAL, tapering to a point.                           | O BES'I TY, corpulency, fatness.                               |
| DEG RA DA'TION, baseness, of a lower type of the human race. | EX CA VA'TIONS, places dug out, hollows, cavities.             |
| AC CU'MU LATED, heaped or piled up, collected.               | COWL, a hooded garment worn by monks, also the hood of a monk. |
| HAR POON', a kind of spear used in capturing whales.         | PEN'GUIN, a web-footed bird of the colder regions.             |

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## CXVII.—A FOREST HYMN.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

The groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned  
 . To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,  
 And spread the roof above them,—ere he framed  
 The lofty vault, to gather and roll back  
 The sound of anthems,—in the darkling wood,  
 Amid the cool and silence he knelt down,  
 And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks  
 And supplication. For his simple heart  
 Might not resist the sacred influences  
 Which, from the stilly twilight of the place,  
 And from the gray old trunks that high in heaven  
 Mingled their mossy boughs, and from the sound  
 Of the invisible breath that swayed at once  
 All their green tops, stole over him, and bowed  
 His spirit with the thought of boundless power  
 And inaccessible majesty. Ah ! why  
 Should we, in the world's riper years, neglect  
 God's ancient sanctuaries, and adore  
 Only among the crowd, and under roofs  
 That our frail hands have raised ? Let me, at least,  
 Here, in the shadow of this aged wood,  
 Offer one hymn, thrice happy if it find  
 Acceptance in His ear :

Father, Thy hand  
 Hath reared these venerable columns ; Thou  
 Didst weave this verdant roof. Thou didst look down  
 Upon the naked earth, and forthwith rose  
 All these fair ranks of trees. They in Thy sun



**WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.**

Budded, and shook their green leaves in Thy breeze,  
 And shot toward heaven. The century-living crow,  
 Whose birth was in their tops, grew old and died  
 Among their branches, till at last they stood,  
 As now they stand, massy, and tall, and dark,  
 Fit shrine for humble worshiper to hold  
 Communion with his Maker.

These dim vaults,  
 These winding aisles, of human pomp or pride  
 Report not. No fantastic carvings show  
 The boast of our vain race to change the form  
 Of Thy fair works. But Thou art here ; Thou fill'st  
 The solitude. Thou art in the soft winds  
 That run along the summit of these trees  
 In music ; Thou art in the cooler breath  
 That from the inmost darkness of the place  
 Comes, scarcely felt ; the barky trunks, the ground,—  
 The fresh moist ground,—are all instinct with Thee.  
 Here is continual worship ; Nature here,  
 In the tranquillity that Thou dost love,  
 Enjoys Thy presence. Noiselessly around,  
 From perch to perch, the solitary bird  
 Passes ; and yon clear spring, that 'midst its herbs  
 Wells softly forth, and wandering steeps the roots  
 Of half the mighty forest, tells no tale  
 Of all the good it does.

Thou hast not left  
 Thyself without a witness, in these shades,  
 Of Thy perfections. Grandeur, strength, and grace

Are here to speak of Thee. This mighty oak,  
By whose immovable stem I stand and seem  
Almost annihilated,—not a prince,  
In all that proud old world beyond the deep,  
E'er wore his crown as loftily as he  
Wears the green coronal of leaves with which  
Thy hand has graced him. Nestled at his root  
Is beauty such as blooms not in the glare  
Of the broad sun. That delicate forest flower,  
With scented breath and look so like a smile,  
Seems, as it issues from the shapeless mould,  
An emanation of the indwelling Life,  
A visible token of the upholding Love,  
That are the soul of this wide universe.

My heart is awed within me when I think  
Of the great miracle that still goes on  
In silence round me,—the perpetual work  
Of Thy creation, finished, yet renewed  
Forever. Written on Thy works, I read  
The lesson of Thine own eternity.  
Lo ! all grow old and die ; but see, again,  
How on the faltering footsteps of decay  
Youth presses—ever gay and beautiful youth ..  
In all its beautiful forms. These lofty trees  
Wave not less proudly that their ancestors  
Moulder beneath them.

Oh, there is not lost  
One of Earth's charms : upon her bosom yet,  
After the flight of untold centuries,

The freshness of her far beginning lies,  
 And yet shall lie. Life mocks the idle hate  
 Of his arch-enemy Death ; yea, seats himself  
 Upon the tyrant's throne, the sepulchre,  
 And of the triumphs of his ghastly foe  
 Makes his own nourishment. For he came forth  
 From Thine own bosom, and shall have no end.

There have been holy men who hid themselves  
 Deep in the woody wilderness, and gave  
 Their lives to thought and prayer, till they outlived  
 The generation born with them, nor seemed  
 Less aged than the hoary trees and rocks  
 Around them ; and there have been holy men  
 Who deemed it were not well to pass life thus.  
 But let me often to these solitudes  
 Retire, and in Thy presence reassure  
 My feeble virtue. Here its enemies,  
 The passions, at Thy plainer footsteps shrink  
 And tremble, and are still.

O God ! when Thou  
 Dost scare the world with tempests, set on fire  
 The heavens with falling thunderbolts, or fill  
 With all the waters of the firmament  
 The swift, dark whirlwind that uproots the woods  
 And drowns the villages ; when, at Thy call,  
 Uprises the great deep, and throws himself  
 Upon the continent, and overwhelms  
 Its cities,—who forgets not, at the sight  
 Of these tremendous tokens of Thy power,

His pride, and lays his strifes and follies by ?  
 Oh, from these sterner aspects of Thy face  
 Spare me and mine ; nor let us need the wrath  
 Of the mad, unchained elements to teach  
 Who rules them. Be it ours to meditate,  
 In these calm shades, Thy milder majesty,  
 And to the beautiful order of Thy works  
 Learn to conform the order of our lives.

## NOTES FOR STUDY.

|   |   |
|---|---|
| AN'THEMS, church music suited to                        | TRAN QUILL'LI TY, calmness, quietness, peace of mind. |
| COM MUN'ION, fellowship, religious companionship.       | STEEP, to wet thoroughly, to soak.                    |
| SANC'TU ARIES, holy or sacred places, temples, shrines. | AN NI'HI LA TED, reduced to nothing, destroyed.       |
| FAN TAS'TIC, odd, grotesque.                            | EM A NA'TION, the act of flowing forth, outgrowth.    |

## CXVIII.—BUNKER HILL MONUMENT—WHAT GOOD?

EDWARD EVERETT.

I am asked, "What good will the monument do?" And I ask, What good does anything do? What is good? Does anything do any good? The persons who suggest this objection, of course, think there are some projects and undertakings that do good; and I should, therefore, like to have the idea of good explained, and analyzed, and run out to its elements.

When this is done, if I do not demonstrate, in about two minutes, that the monument does the same kind of good that anything else does, I will consent that the huge blocks of granite, already laid, should be reduced to gravel and carted

off to fill up the mill-pond, for that, I suppose, is one of the good things.

Does a railroad or a canal do good? Answer: Yes. And how? It facilitates intercourse, opens markets, and increases the wealth of the country. But what is this good for? Why, individuals prosper and get rich.

And what good does that do? Is mere wealth as an ultimate end—gold and silver, without an inquiry as to their use—are these good? Certainly not. I should insult this audience by attempting to prove that a rich man, as such, is neither better nor happier than a poor one.

But as men grow rich, they live better. Is there any good in this stopping here? Is mere animal life—feeding, working, and sleeping like an ox—entitled to be called good? Certainly not.

But these improvements increase the population. And what good does that do? Where is the good in counting twelve millions, instead of six of mere feeding, working, sleeping animals?

There is, then, no good in the mere animal life, except that it is the physical basis of that higher moral existence which resides in the soul, the heart, the mind, the conscience; in good principles, good feelings, and good actions—and the more disinterested, the more entitled to be called good—which flow from them.

Now, sir, I say that generous and patriotic sentiments—sentiments which prepare us to serve our country, to live for our country, to die for our country—feelings like those which carried Prescott, and Warren, and Putnam to the battle-field, are good—good, humanly speaking, of the highest order.

It is good to have them, good to encourage them, good to

honor them, good to commemorate them ; and whatever tends to cherish, animate, and strengthen such feelings, does as much right-down practical good as filling low grounds and building railroads.

## NOTES FOR STUDY.

|   |   |
|---|---|
| DEM'ON STRATE, to point out, to make clear.         | DIS IN'TER EST ED, unselfish, impartial.            |
| FA CIL'I TATES, makes easier, lessens the labor of. | AN'I MATE, to make alive, to enliven, to stimulate. |

## CXIX.—AFTON WATER.

ROBERT BURNS.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,  
 Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise ;  
 My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,  
 Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Thou stock-dove whose echo resounds through the glen,  
 Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,  
 Thou green-crested lapwing thy screaming forbear,  
 I charge you disturb not my slumbering fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighboring hills  
 Far marked with the courses of clear, winding rills ;  
 There daily I wander as noon rises high,  
 My flock and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,  
 Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow,  
 There oft as mild evening weeps over the lea,  
 The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,  
 And winds by the cot where my Mary resides ;  
 How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,  
 As gathering sweet flowerets she stems thy clear wave.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,  
 Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays ;  
 My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,  
 Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

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CXX.—TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

ROBERT BURNS.

Thou lingering star, with lessening ray,  
 That lovest to greet the early morn,  
 Again thou usher'st in the day  
 My Mary from my soul was torn.  
 O Mary, dear departed shade !  
 Where is thy place of blissful rest ?  
 Seest thou thy lover lowly laid ?  
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast ?

That sacred hour can I forget ?  
 Can I forget the hallow'd grove,  
 Where by the winding Ayr we met,  
 To live one day of parting love ?  
 Eternity will not efface  
 Those records dear of transports past,—  
 Thy image at our last embrace ;  
 Ah ! little thought we 'twas our last !



**ROBERT BURNS.**

Ayr, gurgling, kiss'd his pebbled shore,  
 O'erhung with wild-woods, thickening green ;  
 The fragrant birch and hawthorn hoar  
 Twined amorous round the raptured scene ;  
 The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,  
 The birds sang love on every spray,  
 Till too, too soon the glowing West  
 Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,  
 And fondly broods with miser care ;  
 Time but th' impression deeper makes,  
 As streams their channels deeper wear.  
 My Mary, dear departed shade !  
 Where is thy place of blissful rest ?  
 Seest thou thy lover lowly laid ?  
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast ?

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NOTES FOR STUDY.

ROBERT BURNS (1759-1796), sometimes called "the Ayrshire Plowman," was born of poor parents near Ayr, Scotland. His schooling was meagre, but his father gave him careful instruction at home, and in his humble cabin were to be found editions of several of the best English poets. At sixteen he began to write poetry in the Scottish dialect. *Tam O'Shanter*, *The Cotter's Saturday Night*, *The Jolly Beggars*, *Bruce's Address*, and *Twa Dogs* are well-known examples of his work. Burns' poems and songs are characterized by a depth and manliness of sentiment and a directness of expression which immediately won for him the praises of readers of all classes.

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## CXXI.—BURDENS OF MANKIND.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

## I.

It is a celebrated thought of Socrates, that if all the misfortunes of mankind were cast into a public stock, in order to be equally distributed among the whole species, those who now think themselves the most unhappy, would prefer the share they are already possessed of, before that which would fall to them by such a division. Horace has carried this thought a great deal further: he says that the hardships or misfortunes which we lie under are more easy to us than those of any other person would be, in case we could change conditions with him.

As I was ruminating on these two remarks, and seated in my elbow-chair, I insensibly fell asleep, when, on a sudden, I thought there was a proclamation made by Jupiter, that every mortal should bring in his griefs and calamities and throw them together in a heap. There was a large plain appointed for this purpose. I took my stand in the centre of it, and saw, with a great deal of pleasure, the whole human species marching one after another, and throwing down their several loads, which immediately grew up into a prodigious mountain that seemed to rise above the clouds.

There was a certain lady of a thin airy shape, who was very active in this solemnity. She carried a magnifying glass in one of her hands, and was clothed in a loose flowing robe, embroidered with several figures of fiends and spectres, that discovered themselves in a thousand chimerical shapes, as her garment hovered in the wind. There was something wild and distracted in her looks. Her name was Fancy. She led up every mortal to the appointed place, after having very

officially assisted him in making up his pack and laying it upon his shoulders. My heart melted within me to see my fellow-creatures groaning under their respective burdens, and to consider that prodigious bulk of human calamities which lay before me.

There were, however, several persons who gave me great diversion upon this occasion. I observed one bringing in a fardel very carefully concealed under an old embroidered cloak, which, upon his throwing it into the heap, I discovered to be Poverty. Another, after a great deal of puffing, threw down his luggage, which, upon examining, I found to be his wife.

There were numbers of lovers saddled with very whimsical burdens composed of darts and flames ; but, what was very odd, though they sighed as if their hearts would break under these bundles of calamities, they could not persuade themselves to cast them into the heap when they came up to it : but, after a few faint efforts, shook their heads and marched away as heavy laden as they came. I saw multitudes of old women throw down their wrinkles, and several young ones who stripped themselves of a tawny skin. There were very great heaps of red noses, large lips, and rusty teeth. The truth of it is, I was surprised to see the greater part of the mountain made up of bodily deformities.

Observing one advancing toward the heap, with a larger cargo than ordinary upon his back, I found upon his near approach that it was only a natural hump, which he disposed of, with great joy of heart, among this collection of human miseries. There were likewise distempers of all sorts, though I could not but observe that there were many more imaginary than real. One little packet I could not but take notice of,

which was a complication of all the diseases incident to human nature, and was in the hand of a great many fine people: this was called the Spleen. But what most of all surprised me, was a remark I made that there was not a single vice or folly thrown into the whole heap, at which I was very much astonished, having concluded within myself that every one would take this opportunity of getting rid of his passions, prejudices, and frailties.

I took notice in particular of a very profligate fellow, who, I did not question, came loaded with his crimes: but upon searching into his bundle, I found that, instead of throwing his guilt from him, he had only laid down his memory. He was followed by another worthless rogue, who flung away his modesty instead of his ignorance.

When the whole race of mankind had thus cast their burdens, the phantom which had been so busy on this occasion, seeing me an idle spectator of what had passed, approached toward me. I grew uneasy at her presence, when of a sudden she held her magnifying glass full before my eyes. I no sooner saw my face in it than I was startled at the shortness of it, which now appeared to me in its utmost aggravation. The immoderate breadth of the features made me very much out of humor with my own countenance, upon which I threw it from me like a mask. It happened very luckily that one who stood by me had just before thrown down his visage, which it seems was too long for him. It was indeed extended to a shameful length: I believe the very chin was, modestly speaking, as long as my whole face. We had both of us an opportunity of mending ourselves; and all the contributions being now brought in, every man was at liberty to exchange his misfortunes for those of another person.

## II.

I saw, with unspeakable pleasure, the whole species thus delivered from its sorrows ; though, at the same time, as we stood round the heap, and surveyed the several materials of which it was composed, there was scarcely a mortal in this vast multitude who did not discover what he thought pleasures of life, and wondered how the owners of them ever came to look upon them as burdens and grievances. As we were regarding very attentively this confusion of miseries, this chaos of calamity, Jupiter issued a second proclamation, that every one was now at liberty to exchange his affliction, and to return to his habitation with any such other bundle as should be delivered to him.

Upon this, Fancy began again to bestir herself, and, parceling out the whole heap with incredible activity, recommended to every one his particular packet. The hurry and confusion at this time were not to be expressed. Some observations which I made upon this occasion I shall communicate to the public. A venerable, gray-headed man, who had laid down the colic, and who, I found, wanted an heir to his estate, snatched up an undutiful son that had been thrown into the heap by an angry father. The graceless youth, in less than a quarter of an hour, pulled the old gentleman by the beard, and had like to have knocked his brains out ; so that meeting the true father, who came toward him with a fit of the gripes, he begged him to take his son again and give him back his colic ; but they were incapable either of them to recede from the choice they had made. A poor galley slave, who had thrown down his chains, took up the gout in their stead, but made such wry faces that one might easily perceive he was no great gainer by the bargain. It was pleasant

enough to see the several exchanges that were made for sickness against poverty, hunger against want of appetite, and care against pain.

The female world were very busy among themselves in bartering for features: one was trucking a lock of gray hairs for a carbuncle; and another was making over a short waist for a pair of round shoulders; and a third cheapening a bad face for a lost reputation: but on all these occasions, there was not one of them who did not think the new blemish, as soon as she had got it into her possession, much more disagreeable than the old one. I made the same observation on every other misfortune or calamity, which every one in the assembly brought upon himself, in lieu of what he had parted with; whether it be that all the evils which befall us are in some measure suited and proportioned to our strength, or that every evil becomes more supportable by our being accustomed to it, I shall not determine.

I must not omit my own particular adventure. My friend with the long visage had no sooner taken upon him my short face, but he made so grotesque a figure that as I looked upon him I could not forbear laughing at myself, insomuch that I put my own face out of countenance. The poor gentleman was so sensible of the ridicule, that I found he was ashamed of what he had done: on the other side, I found that I myself had no great reason to triumph, for as I went to touch my forehead I missed the place, and clapped my finger upon my upper lip. Besides, as my nose was exceedingly prominent, I gave it two or three unlucky knocks as I was playing my hand about my face, and aiming at some other part of it.

I saw two other gentlemen by me, who were in the same

ridiculous circumstances. These had made a foolish exchange between a couple of thick bandy legs, and two long trap-sticks that had no calves to them. One of these looked like a man walking upon stilts, and was so lifted up into the air, above his ordinary height that his head turned round with it; while the other made so awkward circles, as he attempted to walk, that he scarcely knew how to move forward upon his new supporters. Observing him to be a pleasant kind of fellow, I stuck my cane in the ground, and told him I would lay him a bottle of wine, that he did not march up to it, on a line that I drew for him, in a quarter of an hour.

The heap was at last distributed among the two sexes, who made a most piteous sight as they wandered up and down under the pressure of their several burdens. The whole plain was filled with murmurs and complaints, groans and lamentations. Jupiter, at length, taking compassion on the poor mortals, ordered them a second time to lay down their loads, with a design to give every one his own again. They discharged themselves with a great deal of pleasure, after which the phantom who had led them into such gross delusions was commanded to disappear. There was sent in her stead a goddess of a quite different figure: her motions were steady and composed, and her aspect serious but cheerful. She every now and then cast her eyes toward heaven and fixed them upon Jupiter. Her name was Patience. She had no sooner placed herself by the mount of Sorrows, but, what I thought very remarkable, the whole heap sunk to such a degree that it did not appear a third part so big as it was before. She afterward returned every man his own proper calamity, and, teaching him how to bear it in the most commodious manner,

he marched off with it contentedly, being very well pleased that he had not been left to his own choice as to the kind of evils which fell to his lot.

Besides the several pieces of morality to be drawn out of this vision, I learned from it never to repine at my own misfortunes or to envy the happiness of another, since it is impossible for any man to form a right judgment of his neighbor's sufferings; for which reason also I have determined never to think too lightly of another's complaints, but to regard the sorrows of my fellow-creatures with sentiments of humanity and compassion.

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#### NOTES FOR STUDY.

##### I.

JOSEPH ADDISON (1672-1719), an eminent English essayist and poet, received his education at the famous Charterhouse School and at Oxford. A pension was conferred upon him for a poem eulogizing William III., but it was withdrawn after that monarch's death, leaving its recipient in poverty. Another eulogy on the Duke of Marlborough's victories, *The Campaign*, brought him again into prominence. His fame rests chiefly on the essays which he contributed to the *Spectator*, the *Tatler*, and the *Guardian*. They are looked upon as models of correct taste, and did much to improve the literature and morals of his time. Dr. Samuel Johnson declared that the essay on the *Burdens of Mankind*, here given, is the most exquisite in the English language.

##### II.

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|--|---|
| RU'MI NA TING, meditating, reflecting.                             | OF FI'CIOS, meddling with what is not one's own concerns. |
| PROC LA MA'TION, announcement, the act of publishing or declaring. | PROF'LI GATE, a depraved person, shameless sinfulness.    |
| CHI MER'IC AL, visionary, unreal, fanciful.                        | TRUCK'ING, exchanging, bartering, trading.                |
| FAR'DEL, a bundle, pack, burden.                                   | CAR'BUN CLE, a boil, a blotch or pimple on the face.      |

## CXXII.—SUPPOSED SPEECH OF JOHN ADAMS.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote. It is true indeed that in the beginning we aimed not at independence. But there's a Divinity which shapes our ends. The injustice of England has driven us to arms; and, blinded to her own interest for our good, she has obstinately persisted, till independence is now within our grasp. We have but to reach forth to it, and it is ours. Why then should we defer the Declaration? Is any man so weak as now to hope for a reconciliation with England, which shall leave either safety to the country and its liberties, or safety to his life and his own honor? Are not you, sir, who sit in that chair, is not he, our venerable colleague near you, are you not both already the proscribed and predestined objects of punishment and of vengeance? Cut off from all hope of royal clemency, what are you, what can you be, while the power of England remains, but outlaws?

If we postpone independence, do we mean to carry on, or to give up, the war? Do we mean to submit to the measures of Parliament, Boston-Port Bill and all? Do we mean to submit, and consent that we ourselves shall be ground to powder, and our country and its rights trodden down in the dust? I know we do not mean to submit. We never shall submit. Do we mean to violate that most solemn obligation ever entered into by men, that plighting, before God, of our sacred honor to Washington, when, putting him forth to incur the dangers of war, as well as the political hazards of the times, we promised to adhere to him, in every extremity, with our fortunes and our lives?

I know there is not a man here, who would not rather see a general conflagration sweep over the land, or an earthquake sink it, than one jot or tittle of that plighted faith fall to the ground. For myself, having, twelve months ago, in this place, moved you, that George Washington be appointed commander of the forces raised, or to be raised, for defence of American liberty, may my right hand forget her cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I hesitate or waver in the support I give him.

The war, then, must go on. We must fight it through. And if the war must go on, why put off longer the Declaration of Independence? That measure will strengthen us. It will give us character abroad. The nations will then treat with us, which they never can do while we acknowledge ourselves subjects in arms against our sovereign. Nay, I maintain that England herself will sooner treat for peace with us on the footing of independence than consent, by repealing her Acts, to acknowledge that her whole conduct toward us has been a course of injustice and oppression. Her pride will be less wounded by submitting to that course of things which now predestinates our independence than by yielding the points in controversy to her rebellious subjects. The former she would regard as the result of fortune; the latter she would feel as her own deep disgrace. Why then, why then, sir, do we not as soon as possible change this from a civil to a national war? And since we must fight it through, why not put ourselves in a state to enjoy all the benefits of victory, if we gain the victory?

If we fail, it can be no worse for us. But we shall not fail. The cause will raise up armies; the cause will create navies. The people, the people, if we are true to them, will carry us,

and will carry themselves, gloriously through this struggle. I care not how fickle other people have been found. I know the people of these Colonies, and I know that resistance to British aggression is deep and settled in their hearts and cannot be eradicated. Every Colony, indeed, has expressed its willingness to follow, if we but take the lead.

Sir, the Declaration will inspire the people with increased courage. Instead of a long and bloody war for restoration of privileges, for redress of grievances, for chartered immunities, held under a British King, set before them the glorious object of entire independence, and it will breathe into them anew the breath of life. Read this Declaration at the head of the army ; every sword will be drawn from its scabbard, and the solemn vow uttered, to maintain it, or to perish on the bed of honor. Publish it from the pulpit ; religion will approve it, and the love of religious liberty will cling round it, resolved to stand with it or fall with it. Send it to the public halls ; proclaim it there ; let them hear it who heard the first roar of the enemy's cannon ; let them see it who saw their brothers and their sons fall on the field of Bunker Hill, and in the streets of Lexington and Concord, and the very walls will cry out in its support.

Sir, I know the uncertainty of human affairs, but I see, I see clearly, through this day's business. You and I indeed may rue it. We may not live to the time when this Declaration shall be made good. We may die ; die, colonists ; die, slaves ; die, it may be, ignominiously and on the scaffold. Be it so ; be it so ! If it be the pleasure of Heaven that my country shall require the poor offering of my life, the victim shall be ready at the appointed hour of sacrifice, come when that hour may. But while I do live, let me have a

country, or at least the hope of a country, and that a free country.

But, whatever may be our fate, be assured, be assured, that this Declaration will stand. It may cost treasure, and it may cost blood; but it will stand, and it will richly compensate for both. Through the thick gloom of the present I see the brightness of the future, as the Sun in heaven. We shall make this a glorious, an immortal day. When we are in our graves, our children will honor it. They will celebrate it with thanksgiving, with festivity, with bonfires, and illuminations. On its annual return they will shed tears, copious, gushing tears, not of subjection and slavery, not of agony and distress, but of exultation, of gratitude, and of joy.

Sir, before God, I believe the hour is come. My judgment approves this measure, and my whole heart is in it. All that I have, and all that I am, and all that I hope, in this life, I am now ready here to stake upon it: and I leave off, as I began, that, live or die, survive or perish, I am for the Declaration. It is my living sentiment, and by the blessing of God it shall be my dying sentiment, Independence now, and INDEPENDENCE FOR EVER.

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#### NOTES FOR STUDY.

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| PER SIST'ED, adhered firmly to one purpose, continued unchanged. | PRO SCRIBED', outlawed, rejected.                  |
| FICK'LE, changeable.   | PRE DES'TI NATES, decrees beforehand.              |
| CLEM'EN CY, mildness toward offenders, mercy.                    | COM'PEN SATE, to make up for, to reward, to repay. |

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## CXXIII.—EACH AND ALL.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Little thinks, in the field, yon red-cloaked clown  
 Of thee from the hill-top looking down ;  
 The heifer that lows in the upland farm,  
 Far-heard, lows not thine ear to charm ;

The sexton, tolling his bell at noon,  
 Deems not that great Napoleon  
 Stops his horse, and lists with delight,  
 While his files sweep round yon Alpine height ;  
 Nor knowest thou what argument  
 Thy life to thy neighbor's creed has lent.

All are needed by each one ;  
 Nothing is fair or good alone.

I thought the sparrow's note from heaven,  
 Singing at dawn on the alder bough ;  
 I brought him home, in his nest, at even ;  
 He sings the song, but it cheers not now,  
 For I did not bring home the river and sky ;—  
 He sang to my ear,—they sang to my eye.

The delicate shells lay on the shore ;  
 The bubbles of the latest wave  
 Fresh pearls to their enamel gave,  
 And the bellowing of the savage sea  
 Greeted their safe escape to me.

I wiped away the weeds and foam,  
I fetched my sea-born treasures home ;  
But the poor, unsightly, noisome things  
Had left their beauty on the shore,  
With the sun, and the sand, and the wild uproar.

The lover watched his graceful maid,  
As 'mid the virgin train she strayed,  
Nor knew her beauty's best attire  
Was woven still by the snow-white choir.  
At last she came to his hermitage,  
Like the bird from the woodlands to the cage ;—  
The gay enchantment was undone—  
A gentle wife, but fairy none.

Then I said : “ I covet truth ;  
Beauty is unripe childhood's cheat ;  
I leave it behind with the games of youth.”

As I spoke, beneath my feet  
The ground-pine curled its pretty wreath,  
Running over the club-moss burrs ;  
I inhaled the violet's breath ;  
Around me stood the oaks and firs ;  
Pine-cones and acorns lay on the ground ;  
Over me soared the eternal sky,  
Full of light and of deity ;

Again I saw, again I heard  
The rolling river, the morning bird ;—  
Beauty through my senses stole ;  
I yielded myself to the perfect whole.

## NOTES FOR STUDY.

## I.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON (1803-1882) was born in Boston and educated in the Boston Latin School and at Harvard College. He entered the Unitarian ministry, and later became a popular lecturer. Emerson is the most celebrated of American philosophers. He was one of the leaders of the American transcendentalists who formed the Brook Farm Community. For two years he was editor of *The Dial*, which was the organ of the movement. Of his many works, his *Poems*, *Representative Men*, and several volumes of *Essays* deserve mention.

## II.

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|---|--|
| SEX'TON, a janitor or care-taker of a church. | NOI'SOME, offensive, especially to the sense of smell, foul. |
| CREED, that which is believed, doctrine.      | HER'MIT AGE, the retreat of a hermit, a lonely place.        |
| EN AM'EL, a hard and glossy coating.          | EN CHANT'MENT, filling with delight or surprise.             |
| BEL'LOW ING, roaring.                         | COV'ET, to desire, to crave.                                 |

## CXXIV.—THE BURNING OF MOSCOW.

JOEL TYLER HEADLEY.

At length Moscow, with its domes and towers and palaces, appeared in sight; and Napoleon, who had joined the advanced guard, gazed long and thoughtfully on that goal of his wishes.

Murat went forward and entered the gates with his splendid cavalry; but as he went through the streets he was struck by the solitude that surrounded him. Nothing was heard but the heavy tramp of his squadrons as he passed along; for a deserted city was the meagre prize for which such unequalled efforts had been made.

As night drew its curtain over the splendid capital, Napo-

leon entered the gates, and at once appointed Mortier governor. In his directions he commanded him to abstain from all pillage. "For this," said he, "you shall be answerable with your life. Defend Moscow against all, whether friend or foe."

The bright moon rose over the mighty city, tipping with silver the domes of more than two hundred churches, and pouring a flood of light over a thousand palaces and the dwellings of three hundred thousand people. The weary soldiers sank to rest, but there was no sleep for Mortier's eyes.

Not the grand and beautiful palaces and their rich ornaments, nor the parks and gardens and Oriental magnificence that everywhere surrounded him, kept him wakeful, but the awful foreboding that some dire calamity was hanging over the silent capital.

When he entered it scarcely a living soul met his gaze as he looked down the long streets ; and when he broke open the buildings, he found parlors and bed rooms and chambers all furnished and in order, but no occupants.

This sudden desertion of their homes betokened some secret purpose yet to be fulfilled. The midnight moon was setting over the city, when the cry of "Fire!" reached the ears of Mortier ; and the first light over Napoleon's faltering empire was kindled, and that most wondrous scene of modern times commenced—*the Burning of Moscow*.

Mortier, as governor of the city, immediately issued his orders, and was putting forth every exertion, when at daylight Napoleon hastened to him. Pretending to disbelieve the reports that the inhabitants were firing their own city, he put more rigid commands on Mortier to keep the soldiers from the work of destruction.

The marshal simply pointed to some iron-covered houses that had not yet been opened, from every crevice of which smoke was issuing like steam from the sides of a pent-up volcano. Sad and thoughtful, Napoleon turned toward the Kremlin, the ancient palace of the Czars, whose huge structure rose high above the surrounding edifices.

In the morning Mortier, by great exertions, was enabled to subdue the fire ; but the next night, September 15th, at midnight, the sentinels on watch upon the lofty Kremlin saw below them the flames bursting through the houses and palaces, and the cry of "Fire ! fire !" passed through the city.

The dread scene was now fairly opened. Fiery balloons were seen dropping from the air and lighting on the houses ; dull explosions were heard on every side from the shut-up dwellings, and the next moment light burst forth and the flames were raging through the apartments.

All was uproar and confusion. The serene air and moonlight of the night before had given way to driving clouds and a wild tempest that swept like the roar of the sea over the city. Flames arose on every side, blazing and crackling in the storm ; while clouds of smoke and sparks, in an incessant shower, went driving toward the Kremlin.

The clouds themselves seemed turned into fire, rolling wrath over devoted Moscow. Mortier, crushed with the responsibility thrown upon his shoulders, moved with his Young Guard amid this desolation, blowing up the houses and facing the tempest and the flames, struggling nobly to arrest the conflagration.

He hastened from place to place amid the ruins, his face blackened with smoke and his hair and eyebrows singed with

the fierce heat. At length the day dawned—a day of tempest and of flame—and Mortier, who had strained every nerve for thirty-six hours, entered a palace and dropped down from fatigue.

The manly form and stalwart arm that had so often carried death into the ranks of the enemy, at length gave way, and the gloomy marshal lay and panted in utter exhaustion. But the night of tempest had been succeeded by a day of tempest; and when night again enveloped the city, it was one broad flame, waving to and fro in the blast.

The wind had increased to a perfect hurricane and shifted from quarter to quarter, as if on purpose to swell the sea of fire and extinguish the last hope. The fire was approaching the Kremlin, and already the roar of the flames and crash of falling houses, and the crackling of burning timbers were borne to the ears of the startled Emperor.

He arose and walked to and fro, stopping suddenly and gazing on the terrific scene. Murat, Eugene, and Berthier rushed into his presence, and on their knees besought him to flee; but he still clung to that haughty palace as if it were his empire.

But at length the shout, "The Kremlin is on fire!" was heard above the roar of the conflagration, and Napoleon at last consented to leave. He descended into the streets with his staff, and looked about for a way of egress, but the flames blocked every passage. At length they discovered a postern gate, leading to the Moskwa, and entered; but they had passed still farther into the danger.

As Napoleon cast his eye round the open space, girdled and arched with fire, smoke, and cinders, he saw one single street yet open, but all on fire. Into this he rushed, and amid the

crash of falling houses, and the raging of the flames, over burning ruins, through clouds of rolling smoke, and between walls of fire he pressed on.

Half-suffocated, he emerged in safety from the blazing city and took up his quarters in the imperial palace of Petrowsky, nearly three miles distant.

Mortier, relieved from his anxiety for the Emperor, redoubled his efforts to arrest the conflagration. His men cheerfully rushed into every danger.

Breathing nothing but smoke and ashes ; canopied by flame, and smoke, and cinders ; surrounded by walls of fire, that rocked to and fro, and fell with a crash amid the blazing ruins, carrying down with them red-hot roofs of iron, he struggled against an enemy that no boldness could awe, no courage overcome.

Those brave troops had often heard without fear the tramp of thousands of cavalry sweeping to battle ; but now they stood in still terror before the march of the conflagration, under whose burning footsteps was heard the incessant crash of falling houses, palaces, and churches. The continuous roar of the raging hurricane, mingled with that of the flames, was more terrible than the thunder of artillery ; and before this new foe, in the midst of this battle of the elements, the awe-struck army stood affrighted and powerless.

When night again descended on the city it presented a sight, the like of which was never seen before, and which baffles all description. The streets were streets of fire, the heavens a canopy of fire, and the entire body of the city a mass of fire, fed by a hurricane that sped the blazing fragments in a constant stream through the air. Incessant explosions, from the blowing-up of stores of oil, tar, and spirits,

shook the very foundations of the city, and sent vast volumes of smoke rolling furiously toward the sky.

Huge sheets of canvas on fire came floating like messengers of death through the flames; the towers and domes of the churches and palaces, glowing with a red heat over the wild sea below, then tottering a moment on their bases, were hurled by the tempest into the common ruin. Thousands of wretches, before unseen, were driven by the heat from the cellars and hovels and streamed in throngs through the streets.

Children were seen carrying their parents; the strong, the weak; while thousands more were staggering under the loads of plunder which they had snatched from the flames. This, too, would frequently take fire in the falling shower, and the miserable creatures would be compelled to drop it and flee for their lives.

Oh, it was a scene of woe and fear beyond description! A mighty and closely packed city of houses, churches, and palaces, wrapped from limit to limit in flames, which are fed by a whirling hurricane, is a sight this world will seldom see.

But this was within the city. To Napoleon, without, the spectacle was still more sublime and terrific. When the flames had overcome all obstacles, and had wrapped everything in their red mantle, that great city looked like a sea of rolling fire, swept by a tempest that drove it into billows. Huge domes and towers, throwing off sparks like blazing fire-brands, now disappeared in their maddening flow, as they rushed and broke high over their tops, scattering their spray of fire against the clouds. The heavens themselves seemed to have caught the conflagration, and the angry masses that swept it rolled over a bosom of fire.

Columns of flames would rise and sink along the surface of this sea and huge volumes of black smoke suddenly shoot into the air as if volcanoes were working below.

Napoleon stood and gazed on the scene in silent awe. Though nearly three miles distant, the windows and walls of his apartment were so hot that he could scarcely bear his hand against them.

Said he, years afterward, "It was the spectacle of a sea and billows of fire; a sky and clouds of flame; mountains of red rolling flames, like immense waves of the sea, alternately bursting forth and elevating themselves to skies of fire, and then sinking into the flame below. Oh, it was the most grand, the most sublime, and the most terrific sight the world ever beheld!"

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#### NOTES FOR STUDY.

##### I.

JOEL TYLER HEADLEY (1814-1897) was born in New York, was graduated at Union College, studied at the Auburn Theological Seminary, and for a time was pastor of a church at Stockbridge, Massachusetts. His health failing, he traveled in Europe, and on his return published *Letters from Italy* and *The Alps and the Rhine*. Other later works are: *Washington and his Generals* and a *History of the Second War between England and the United States*.

##### II.

|  |   |
|--|---|
| POS'TERN, a private or rear gate to a town, a small door beside a large one to a fort. | IN CES'SANT, unending, ceaseless.           |
| CAN'O PIED, covered, sheltered.  | CON FLA GRA'TION, a great fire.             |
|  | EN VEL'OPED, enclosed, shut in, surrounded. |

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## CXXV.—THE YOSEMITE VALLEY.

THOMAS STARR KING.

A fresh impression of the marvels of nature always awakens a religious emotion. I thought of this more seriously than ever before, when I first looked down from the Mariposa trail into the tremendous fissure of the Sierras. The place is fitly called “Inspiration Point.” The shock to the senses there, as one rides out from the level and sheltered forest, up to which our horses had been climbing two days, is scarcely less than if he had been instantly borne to a region where the Creator reveals more of himself in His works than can be learned from the ordinary scenery of this world.

We stood, almost without warning, on the summit of the southerly wall of the valley, and obtained our first impression of its depth and grandeur by looking *down*. A vast trench, cloven by Omnipotence amid a tumult of mountains, yawned beneath us. The length of it was seven or eight miles ; the sides of it were bare rock, and they were perpendicular. They did not flow or subside to the valley in charming curves, such as I have seen in the wildest passes of the New England mountains. The walls were firm and sheer. A man could have found places where he could have jumped three thousand feet in one descent to the valley. More than a thousand feet beneath us was the arching head of a waterfall, that leaped another thousand before its widening spray shattered itself into finer mists in a rocky dell. The roar of it, at our elevation, was a slight murmur.

On the wall opposite, about a mile across the gulf, a brook was pouring itself to the valley. Although it was slipping down more than half a mile of undisturbed depth, it appeared

to be creeping at its own will and leisure. We could not believe that the awful force of gravitation was controlling it.

“But like a downward smoke, the slender stream  
Along the cliff to fall, and pause, and fall, did seem.”

Noble trees of two hundred feet stature, by the river-side below, were tiny shrubs. The river itself lay like a bow of glass upon the curved green meadow which nestled so peacefully under the shadow of the Egyptian walls. And off from the northernmost cliff, retreating a mile or two from it, soared a bare, wedge-like summit of one of the Sierras—ashy in hue, springing above a vast field of snow which could not cling to its steep smoothness, but lay quietly melting to feed the foam and music of a cataract.

So far as we know, the Yosemite Valley offers the most stupendous specimens of natural masonry to be seen on our globe. Switzerland has no gorge that compares with it. The desolate and splintered walls of Sinai and Horeb are not a quarter so high. No explored district of the highest Andes displays such masses of clean, abrupt rock. The Himalayas alone can furnish competitors for its falls and turrets.

But in the Yosemite, a man may ride close to a crag whose summit, as he holds his head back to discern it, is more than three thousand feet above him. He may stand in the spray of a waterfall and see, forty-three hundred feet over his head, the edge of a mountain wall that shields the water from the early afternoon sun. He may look up to a tower, which resembles an incomplete spire of a Gothic minster, and see its broken edges, softened by more than three-quarters of a mile of distance, directly above his eyes. He may sit at an

evening, when the sun has retreated from every portion of the valley, and look at the "South Dome," a vast globe of bold rock almost a full mile in height, while the sunset is sheathing it with impalpable gold. Or he may lie at noon beneath a tree at the base of one wall of the valley, and allow his eye to wander up at leisure the magnificent battlement called "El Capitan." It is not so high as some of the others I have named, for it is a little less than four thousand feet. But there is not a crevice in it where anything green can lodge and grow. There is no mark or line of stratification. It is one piece of solid, savage granite.

But what words shall describe the beauty of one of the waterfalls, as we see it plunging from the brow of a cliff nearly three thousand feet high, and clearing fifteen hundred feet in one leap? It is comparatively narrow at the top of the precipice; but it widens as it descends, and curves a little as it widens, so that it shapes itself, before it reaches its first bowl of granite, into the charming figure of the comet that glowed on our sky some years ago. But more beautiful than the comet, you can see the substance of this watery loveliness ever renew itself, and ever pour itself away. And all over its white and swaying mistiness, which now and then swings along the mountain-side, at the persuasion of the wind, like a pendulum of lace, and now and then is whirled round and round by some eddying breeze as though the gust meant to see if it could wring it dry—all over its surface, as it falls, are shooting rockets of water which spend themselves by the time they half reach the bottom, and then reform, for the remaining descent—thus fascinating the gazer so that he could lie for hours never tired, but ever hungry for more of the exquisite witchery of liquid motion and grace.

How little we *see* of nature! How utterly powerless are our senses to take any measure or impression of the actual grandeur of what we do see! Think of being moved religiously by looking at a pinnacle or bluff four thousand feet high, and then think what the earth contains which might move us! What if one of the Himalayas could be cloven from its topmost tile of ice to its torrid base, so that we could look up a sheer wall of twenty-eight thousand feet—the equator at the bottom, and at the apex perpetual polar frost! And then think that the loftiest Himalaya is only a slight excrescence on the planet. What if we could have a vision, for a moment, of the earth's diameter, from a point where we could look each way along all its strata and its core of fire, in lines each four thousand miles in their stretch!

And then, remember, that this is nothing—this is not a unit-inch toward measuring the diameter of the Earth's orbit, and that Earth and orbit both are invisible and undreamed of from the Pole Star or Sirius, which is the apex of a reach of space that we can write in figures, but which we could not have counted off yet if we had begun six thousand years ago and given each second to a mile!

Or what if we could turn from delight at seeing a waterfall of fifteen hundred feet, which looks like the tail of a comet, and could get a sensuous impression of the actual trail of that light upon the sky, a cataract of luminous spray, steady and true, a hundred and twenty millions of miles in extent—more than the distance between us and the sun! And yet this is but one spot upon the dark immensity!

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## NOTES FOR STUDY.

## I.

THOMAS STARR KING (1824-1864), a Unitarian minister, was born in New York and was for twelve years pastor of a church in Boston. He was a noted public lecturer. At the outbreak of the Rebellion, his oratory was of great service in keeping the State of California in the Union. Mr. King also contributed frequently to the magazines and published a volume entitled *The White Hills: Their Legends, Landscapes, and Poetry*.

## II.

FIS'SURE, a narrow opening produced by the parting of a substance as rock.

CLO'VEN, parted, divided.

STU PEN'DOUS, of immense size or bulk.

BAT'TLE MENT, a fortification, a breast-work.

COM PET'I TORS, rivals, those that struggle for the same end or reward.

STRAT I FI CA'TION, the formation or arrangement in layers or regular strata.

EX CRES'CENCE, an unnatural out-growth, a slight deformity.

## CXXVI.—IN SCHOOL-DAYS.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

Still sits the school-house by the road,  
A ragged beggar sunning :  
Around it still the sumachs grow,  
And blackberry vines are running.

Within, the master's desk is seen,  
Deep scarred by raps official—  
The warping floor, the battered seats,  
The jack-knife's carved initial ;



The charcoal frescoes on its wall ;  
Its door's worn sill betraying  
The feet that, creeping slow to school,  
Went storming out to playing !

Long years ago a winter sun  
Shone over it at setting,  
Lit up its western window-panes,  
And low eaves' icy fretting.

It touched the tangled golden curls,  
And brown eyes full of grieving,  
Of one who still her steps delayed  
When all the school were leaving,

For near her stood the little boy  
Her childish favor singled,  
His cap pulled low upon a face  
Where pride and shame were mingled.

“ I’m sorry that I spelt the word ;  
I hate to go above you,  
Because ”—the brown eyes lower fell—  
“ Because, you see, I love you ! ”

Still memory to a gray-haired man  
That sweet child-face is showing.  
Dear girl ! the grasses on her grave  
Have forty years been growing !

He lives to learn, in life’s hard school,  
How few who pass above him  
Lament their triumph and his loss,  
Like her—because they love him.

## CXXVII.—PLEASURES AND PERILS OF AFRICAN TRAVEL.

HENRY DRUMMOND.

## I.

All African work, as a rule, is done single-handed. It is not always easy to find a companion for such a project, and the climate is so pestilential that when two go, you and your friend are simply nursing each other time about, and the expedition never gets on. On the whole, however, the solitary course is not to be commended. An unutterable loneliness comes over one at times in the great still forests, and there is a stage in African fever—and every one *must* have fever—when the watchful hand of a friend may make the difference between life and death.

After leaving Quilimane, the first week of our journey up the Qua-qua was one long picnic. We had two small row-boats, the sterns covered with a sun-proof awning, and under these we basked, and talked, and read, and prospected, from dawn to sunset. Each boat was paddled by seven or eight natives—muscular heathens, whose sole dress was a pocket-handkerchief, a little palm oil, and a few mosquitoes.

Except at first, the river was only a few yards broad and changed in character and novelty every hour. Now it ran through a grove of cocoanut palms—the most wonderful and beautiful tree of the tropics. Now its sullen current oozed through a foetid swamp of mangroves—the home of the crocodile and the hippopotamus, whose slimy bodies wallowed into the pools with a splash as our boats sped past. Again the banks became green and graceful, the long plumed grasses bending to the stream, and the whole a living aviary of birds—the white ibis and the gaunt fish eagle, and the exquisite

blue and scarlet kingfisher watching its prey from the overhanging boughs.

The business-like air of this last bird is almost comical, and somehow sits ill on a creature of such gorgeous beauty. One expects him to flutter away before the approach of so material a thing as a boat, display his fairy plumage in a few airy movements and melt away in the sunshine. But there he sits, stolid and impassive, and though the spray of the paddles almost dashes in his face, the intent eyes never move, and he refuses to acknowledge the intruder by so much as a glance.

His larger ally, the black and white spotted kingfisher, if less beautiful, is much more energetic, and darts about the bank incessantly, coquetting with the boat from reach to reach, and seldom allowing an inspection close enough to take in the details of his piebald coat.

The banks are lined with the densest jungle of mangroves and aquatic grasses, while creepers of a hundred kinds struggle for life among the interlacing stems. We saw crocodiles here in such numbers that count was very soon lost. They were of all sizes, from the baby specimen which one might take home in a bottle, to the enormous bullet-proof brute the size of an eighty-one-ton gun. These revolting animals take their siesta in the heat of the day, lying prone upon the bank, with their wedge-shaped heads directed toward the water. When disturbed they scuttle into the river with a wriggling movement, the precipitancy of which defies the power of sight.

The adjustment of the adult crocodile to its environment in the matter of color is quite remarkable. The younger forms are lighter yellow, and more easily discoverable ; but it takes the careful use of a good pair of eyes to distinguish in

the gnarled slime-covered log lying among the rotten stumps the living form of the mature specimen.

Many of the ibises I shot as we moved along for food for the men, who, like all Africans, will do anything for flesh in whatever form. For ourselves, we lived upon emaciated fowls and tinned meats, cooking them at a fire on the bank when the boat stopped. Eggs are never eaten by the natives, but always set ; although, if you offer to buy them, the natives will bring you a dozen from a sitting hen, which they assure you were laid that very morning.

Breakfast and luncheon and dinner are all the same in Africa. There is no beef, nor mutton, nor bread, nor flour, nor sugar, nor salt, nor anything whatever, except an occasional fowl, which an Englishman can eat. Hence the enormous outfit which he must carry with him. No one has any idea of what can be had in tins till he camps out abroad ; but after two or three months of canned foods you learn that this tempting semblance of variety is a gigantic imposition. The sole difference between these various articles lies, like the Rhine wines, in the label. Plum pudding or kippered herring taste just the same. Whether you begin dinner with tinned calves'-foot jelly or end with tinned salmon makes no difference ; and after six months it is only by a slight feeling of hardness that you do not swallow the tins themselves.

At the end of a too short week we left our boats behind. Engaging an army of shy natives at a few huts near the bank, we struck across a low neck of land, and after an hour's walk found ourselves suddenly on the banks of the Zambesi. A solitary bungalow was in sight, and opposite it the little steamer of the African Lakes Company, which was to take us up the Shiré. There is more in the association, perhaps, than

in the landscape, to strike one as he first furrows the waters of this virgin river.

We are fifty miles from its mouth, the mile-wide water shallow and brown, the low sandy banks fringed with alligators and wild birds. The great deltoid plain, yellow with sun-tanned reeds and sparsely covered with trees, stretches on every side ; the sun is blistering hot ; the sky, as it will be for months, a monotonous dome of blue—not a frank bright blue like the Canadian sky, but a veiled blue, a suspicious and malarious blue, partly due to the perpetual heat haze and partly to the imagination, for the Zambesi is no friend to the European, and this whole region is heavy with depressing memories.

This impression, perhaps, was heightened by the fact that we were to spend that night within a few yards of the place where Mrs. Livingstone died. Late in the afternoon we reached the spot—a low ruined hut a hundred yards from the river's bank, with a broad veranda shading its crumbling walls. A grass-grown path straggled to the doorway, and the fresh print of a hippopotamus told how neglected the spot is now.

Pushing the door open, we found ourselves in a long dark room, its mud floor broken into fragments, and remains of native fires betraying its latest occupants. Turning to the right, we entered a smaller chamber, the walls bare and stained, with two glassless windows facing the river. The evening sun, setting over the far-off Morumballa mountains, filled the room with its soft glow, and took our thoughts back to that Sunday evening twenty years ago, when in this same bedroom, at this same hour, Livingstone knelt over his dying wife and witnessed the great sunset of his life.

Under a huge baobab tree—a miracle of vegetable vitality and luxuriance—stands Mrs. Livingstone's grave. The picture in Livingstone's book represents the place as well kept and surrounded with neatly-planted trees. But now it is an utter wilderness, matted with jungle grass and trodden by the beasts of the forest; and as I looked at the forsaken mound and contrasted it with her husband's tomb in Westminster Abbey, I thought perhaps the woman's love which brought her to a spot like this might be not less worthy of immortality.

## II.

After some time spent in the Lake Shirwa and Shiré districts, I set out for the Upper Shiré and Lake Nyassa. Two short days' walk from the settlement at Blantyre brings one once more to the banks of the Shiré. Here I found waiting the famous little *Ilala*, a tiny steamer, little bigger than a large steam launch. It belonged originally to the missionaries on Lake Nyassa, and was carried here a few years ago from England in seven hundred pieces, and bolted together on the river bank. No chapter in romance is more interesting than the story of the pioneer voyage of the *Ilala* as it sailed away for the first time toward the unknown waters of Nyassa. No keel had ever broken the surface of this mighty lake before, and the wonderment of the natives as the Big Canoe hissed past their villages was a spectacle of indescribable interest. The *Ilala* is named, of course, after the village where David Livingstone breathed his last. It indicates the heroic mission of the little ship—to take up the work of Civilization and Christianity where the great explorer left it.

It was a brilliant summer morning when the *Ilala* steamed into Lake Nyassa, and in a few hours we were at anchor in

the little bay at Livingstonia. My first impressions of this famous mission-station certainly will never be forgotten. Magnificent mountains of granite, green to the summit with forest, encircled it, and on the silver sand of a still smaller bay stood the small row of trim white cottages. A neat path through a small garden led up to the settlement, and I approached the largest house and entered. It was the Livingstonia manse—the head missionary's house. It was spotlessly *clean*; English furniture was in the room, a medicine chest, familiar-looking dishes were in the cupboards, books lying about, but there was no missionary in it.

I went to the next house—it was the school, the benches were there and the blackboard, but there were no scholars and no teacher. I passed to the next, it was the blacksmith's shop; there were the tools and the anvil, but there was no blacksmith. And so on to the next, and the next, all in perfect order, and all *empty*. Then a native approached and led me a few yards into the forest. And there among the mimosa trees, under a huge granite mountain, were four or five graves. These were the missionaries.

I spent a day or two in the solemn shadow of that deserted manse. It is one of the loveliest spots in the world; and it was hard to believe, sitting under the tamarind trees by the quiet lake shore, that the pestilence which wasteth at midnight had made this beautiful spot its home.

Malarial fever is the one sad certainty which every African traveler must face. For months he may escape, but its finger is upon him, and well for him if he has a friend near when it finally overtakes him. It is preceded for weeks, or even for a month or two, by unaccountable irritability, depression, and weariness. On the march with his men he has scarcely

started when he sighs for the noon-day rest. Putting it down to mere laziness, he goads himself on by draughts from the water-bottle, and totters forward a mile or two more. Next he finds himself skulking into the forest on the pretext of looking at a specimen, and, when his porters are out of sight, throws himself under a tree in utter limpness and despair. Roused by mere shame, he staggers along the trail, and as he nears the mid-day camp puts on a spurt to conceal his defeat, which finishes him for the rest of the day. This is a good place for specimens he tells the men—the tent may be pitched for the night. This goes on day after day till the crash comes—first cold and pain, then heat and pain, then every kind of pain and every degree of heat, then delirium, then the life-and-death struggle.

He rises, if he does rise, a shadow ; and slowly accumulates strength for the next attack, which he knows too well will not disappoint him. No one has ever yet got to the bottom of Africa fever. Its geographical distribution is still unmapped, but generally it prevails over the whole east and west coasts within the tropical limit, along all the river-courses, on the shores of the inland lakes, and in all low-lying and marshy districts. The higher plateaux, presumably, are comparatively free from it ; but in order to reach these, malarious districts of greater or smaller area have to be traversed. There the system becomes saturated with fever, which often develops long after the infected region is left behind.

The malaria spares no man ; the strong fall as the weak ; no number of precautions can provide against it ; no kind of care can do more than make the attacks less frequent ; no prediction can be made beforehand as to which regions are

haunted by it and which are safe. It is not the least ghastly feature of this invisible plague that the only known scientific test for it at present is a human life. That test has been applied in the Congo region already with a recklessness which the sober judgment can only characterize as criminal.

It is a small matter that men should throw away their lives, in hundreds if need be, for a holy cause ; but it is not a small matter that man after man, in long and in fatal succession, should seek to overleap what is plainly a barrier of Nature. And science has a duty in pointing out that no devotion or enthusiasm can give any man a charmed life, and that those who work for the highest ends will best attain them in humble obedience to the common laws. Transcendentally, this may be denied ; the warning finger may be despised as the hand of the coward and the profane. But the fact remains—the fact of an awful chain of English graves stretching across Africa.

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#### NOTES FOR STUDY.

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| OOZED, escaped slowly or gradually.                                      | SI ES'TA, a mid-day or after-dinner nap.                                |
| FOE'TID, giving forth offensive odors.                                   | E MA'CI A TED, made thin, reduced in flesh.                             |
| A'VI A RY, place where live birds are kept.                              | KIP'PERED, fish cured by splitting, drying, and slightly smoking.       |
| CO QUET'TING, acting in a trifling manner, deceiving with affected love. | DEL'TOID, shaped like the Greek letter <i>delta</i> , triangular.       |
| PIE'BALD, having spots of white, black, or other colors ; many-colored.  | TRAN SCEN DEN'TAL LY, above experience, without regard to common sense. |

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## CXXVIII.—ENTRANCE OF CORTES INTO MEXICO.

WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT.

With the first faint streak of dawn the Spanish general was up mustering his followers. They gathered, with beating hearts, under their respective banners, as the trumpet sent forth its spirit-stirring sounds across water and woodland, till they died away in distant echoes among the mountains. The sacred flames on the altars of numberless *teocallis*, dimly seen through the gray mists of morning, indicated the site of the capital, till temple, tower, and palace were fully revealed in the glorious illumination which the sun, as he rose above the eastern barrier, poured over the beautiful valley.

It was the eighth of November, 1519—a conspicuous day in history, as that on which the Europeans first set foot in the capital of the Western World. Cortes with his little body of horse formed a sort of advanced guard to the army. Then came the Spanish infantry, who in a summer's campaign had acquired the discipline and the weather-beaten aspect of veterans. The baggage occupied the centre, and the rear was closed by the dark files of Tlascalan warriors. The whole number must have fallen short of seven thousand, of which less than four hundred were Spaniards.

For a short distance the army kept along the narrow tongue of land that divides the Tezcucan from the Chalcan waters, when it entered on the great dike, which, with the exception of an angle near the commencement, stretches in a perfectly straight line across the salt floods of Tezcuco to the gates of the capital. It was the same causeway, or rather the basis of that, which still forms the great southern avenue of Mexico.

The Spaniards had occasion more than ever to admire the

mechanical science of the Aztecs, in the geometrical precision with which the work was executed, as well as the solidity of its construction. It was composed of huge stones well laid in cement, and wide enough, throughout its whole extent, for ten horsemen to ride abreast. They saw, as they passed along, several large towns resting on piles, and reaching far into the water—a kind of architecture which found great favor with the Aztecs, being in imitation of that of their metropolis. The busy population obtained a good subsistence from the manufacture of salt, which they extracted from the waters of the great lake. The duties on the traffic in this article were a considerable source of revenue to the crown.

Everywhere the conquerors beheld the evidence of a crowded and thriving population, exceeding all they had yet seen. The temples and principal buildings of the cities were covered with a hard white stucco, which glistened like enamel in the level beams of the morning. The margin of the great basin was more thickly gemmed than that of Chalco with towns and hamlets. The water was darkened by swarms of canoes filled with Indians, who clambered up the sides of the causeway and gazed with curious astonishment on the strangers. And here, also, they beheld those fairy islands of flowers, overshadowed occasionally by trees of considerable size, rising and falling with the gentle undulation of the billows.

At the distance of half a league from the capital they encountered a solid work or curtain of stone which traversed the dike. It was twelve feet high, was strengthened by towers at the extremities, and in the centre was a battlemented gateway, which opened a passage to the troops. It was called the Fort of Xoloc, and became memorable in after-

times as the position occupied by Cortes in the famous siege of Mexico.

Here they were met by several hundred Aztec chiefs, who came out to announce the approach of Montezuma, and to welcome the Spaniards to his capital. They were dressed in the fanciful gala-costume of the country, with a cotton sash around their loins, and a broad mantle of the same material, or of the brilliant feather-embroidery, flowing gracefully down their shoulders. On their necks and arms they displayed collars and bracelets of turquoise mosaic, with which delicate plumage was curiously mingled, while the ears, underlips, and occasionally their noses, were garnished with pendants formed of precious stones or crescents of fine gold.

As each cacique made the usual formal salutation of the country separately to the general, the tedious ceremony delayed the march more than an hour. After this the army experienced no further interruption till it reached a bridge near the gates of the city. It was built of wood, since replaced by one of stone, and was thrown across an opening of the dike, which furnished an outlet to the waters when agitated by the winds or swollen by a sudden influx in the rainy season. It was a draw-bridge, and the Spaniards, as they crossed it, felt how truly they were committing themselves to the mercy of Montezuma, who, by thus cutting off their communications with the country, might hold them prisoners in his capital.

In the midst of these unpleasant reflections, they beheld the glittering retinue of the emperor emerging from the great street which led then, as it still does, through the heart of the city. Amidst a crowd of Indian nobles, preceded by three

officers of state bearing golden wands, they saw the royal palanquin blazing with burnished gold. It was borne on the shoulders of nobles, and over it a canopy of gaudy feather-work, powdered with jewels and fringed with silver, was supported by four attendants of the same rank.

They were barefooted, and walked with a slow, measured pace and with eyes bent on the ground. When the train had come within a convenient distance it halted, and Montezuma, descending from his litter, came forward leaning on the arms of the lords of Tezcoco and Iztapalapan, his nephew and brother, both of whom had already been made known to the Spaniards. As the monarch advanced under the canopy, the obsequious attendants strewed the ground with cotton tapestry, that his imperial feet might not be contaminated by the rude soil.

His subjects of high and low degree, who lined the sides of the causeway, bent forward with their eyes fastened on the ground as he passed, and some of the humbler class prostrated themselves before him. Such was the homage paid to the Indian despot, showing that the slavish forms of Oriental adulation were to be found among the rude inhabitants of the Western World.

Montezuma wore the girdle and ample square cloak, *tilmatli*, of his nation. It was made of the finest cotton, with the embroidered ends gathered in a knot round his neck. His feet were defended by sandals having soles of gold, and the leathern thongs which bound them to his ankles were embossed with the same metal. Both the cloak and sandals were sprinkled with pearls and precious stones, among which the emerald and the *chalchivill*—a green stone of higher estimation than any other among the Aztecs—were conspicuous.

On his head he wore no other ornament than a panaché of plumes of the royal green, which floated down his back, the badge of military, rather than of regal, rank.

He was at this time about forty years of age. His person was tall and thin, but not ill made. His hair, which was black and straight, was not very long: to wear it short was considered unbecoming persons of rank. His beard was thin; his complexion somewhat paler than is often found in his dusky, or rather copper-colored, race. His features, though serious in their expression, did not wear the look of melancholy—indeed, of dejection—which characterizes his portrait, and which may well have settled on them at a later period. He moved with dignity, and his whole demeanor, tempered by an expression of benignity not to have been anticipated from the reports circulated of his character, was worthy of a great prince.

Such is the portrait left to us of the celebrated Indian emperor in this his first interview with the white men.

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#### NOTES FOR STUDY.

##### I.

WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT (1796–1859) was born in Salem, Massachusetts, and received his education at Harvard College. While at Harvard, a fellow-student threw a piece of bread across the room and unintentionally struck Prescott in the eye,—an accident which resulted in almost total blindness. He then gave up the law and devoted himself to history. For ten years he worked on his book, *Ferdinand and Isabella*. *The Conquest of Mexico* took six years and *The Conquest of Peru* required four years for completion. Prescott's historical work is charmingly written; he made the dry facts of history read like fiction, and he has the reputation of being a very careful and methodical historian.

## II.

**TE O CAL'LIS**, pyramidal mounds erected for public services, peculiar to ancient Mexicans.

**CON SPIC'U OUS**, prominent, easily seen.

**SUB SIST'ENCE**, the act or process of subsisting—*i. e.*, existing by reason of something.

**CAUSE'WAY**, a made or raised road over marshy ground.

**STUC'CO**, a fine plaster for walls or ornaments.

**CA CIQUE'** (*că skē'*), a prince or chief.

**TUR QUOISE'**, a blue or bluish-green stone prized as a gem.

**RET'I NUE**, the servants attending a person of rank.

**OB SE'QUI OUS**, cringing, fawning, flattering in manner.

**TAP'ES TRY**, a peculiar kind of fabric.

**CON TAM'I NATE**, to make impure, to defile, to pollute.

**AD U LA'TION**, flattery, extravagant and unreasonable praise.

**PA NACHE'** (*pă năsh'*), a plume or bunch of feathers.

## CXXIX.—FAMOUS SONNETS.

## THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE CRICKET.

JOHN KEATE.

The poetry of earth is never dead :

When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,

And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run

From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead :

That is the grasshopper's ; he takes the lead

In summer luxury ; he has never done

With his delights, for, when tired out with fun,

He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.

The poetry of earth is ceasing never :

On a lone winter evening, when the frost

Has wrought a silence, from the stove there shrills

The cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever,

And seems to one in drowsiness half lost,

The grasshopper's among some grassy hills.

## THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE CRICKET.

LEIGH HUNT.

Green little vaulter in the sunny grass,  
 Catching your heart up at the feel of June,  
 Sole voice that's heard amidst the lazy noon,  
 When even the bees lag at the summoning brass ;  
 And you, warm little housekeeper, who class  
 With those who think the candles came too soon,  
 Loving the fire, and with your tricksome tune  
 Nick the glad silent moments as they pass ;  
 O sweet and tiny cousins ! that belong,  
 One to the fields, the other to the hearth,  
 Both have your sunshine ; both, though small, are strong  
 At your clear hearts ; and both seem given to earth  
 To ring in thoughtful ears this natural song—  
 In-doors and out, summer and winter—Mirth.

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## ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S HOMER.

JOHN KEATS.

Much have I traveled in the realms of gold,  
 And many goodly states and kingdoms seen ;  
 Round many western islands have I been,  
 Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.  
 Oft of one wide expanse had I been told  
 That deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne :  
 Yet did I never breathe its pure serene  
 Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold :  
 Then I felt like some watcher of the skies  
 When a new planet swims into his ken ;

Or like stout Cortez, when with eagle eyes  
He stared at the Pacific,—and all his men  
Looked at each other with a wild surmise,—  
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

## ON HIS BLINDNESS.

JOHN MILTON.

When I consider how my light is spent,  
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,  
And that one talent which is death to hide,  
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent  
To serve therewith my Maker, and present  
My true account, lest he returning chide ;  
“ Doth God exact day-labor, light denied ? ”  
I fondly ask : But Patience, to prevent  
That murmur, soon replies, “ God doth not need  
Either man’s work, or his own gifts ; who best  
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best : his state  
Is kingly ; thousands at his bidding speed,  
And post o’er land and ocean without rest ;  
They also serve who only stand and wait.”

MILTON.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Milton ! thou shouldst be living at this hour ;  
England hath need of thee : she is a fen  
Of stagnant waters : altar, sword, and pen,  
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,  
Have forfeited their ancient English dower  
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men ;  
Oh, raise us up, return to us again !

And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.  
 Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart :  
 Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea ;  
 Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,  
 So didst thou travel on life's common way  
 In cheerful godliness ; and yet thy heart  
 The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

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## WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Earth has not anything to show more fair :  
 Dull would he be of soul who could pass by  
 A sight so touching in its majesty :  
 This City now doth, like a garment, wear  
 The beauty of the morning ; silent, bare,  
 Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie  
 Open unto the fields, and to the sky ;  
 All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.  
 Never did Sun more beautifully steep,  
 In his first splendor, valley, rock, or hill ;  
 Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep !  
 The river glideth at his own sweet will :  
 Dear God ! the very houses seem asleep ;  
 And all that mighty heart is lying still !

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## OZYMANDIAS.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

I met a traveler from an antique land,  
 Who said : Two vast and trunkless legs of stone  
 Stand in the desert. Near them on the sand,  
 Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown

And wrinkled lip and sneer of cold command  
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read  
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,  
The hand that mocked them and the heart that fed.  
And on the pedestal these words appear :  
“ My name is Ozymandias, king of kings :  
Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair ! ”  
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay  
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare,  
The lone and level sands stretch far away.

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### CXXX.—THE LAST DAYS OF COLONEL NEWCOME.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

The old man must have passed a sleepless night, for on going to his chamber in the morning his attendant found him dressed in his chair and his bed undisturbed. He must have sat all through the bitter night without a fire ; but his hands were burning hot, and he rambled in his talk. He spoke of some one coming to drink tea with him, pointed to the fire, and asked why it was not made ; he would not go to bed, though the nurse pressed him.

The bell began to ring for morning chapel ; he got up and went toward his gown, groping toward it as though he could hardly see, and put it over his shoulders, and would go out, but he would have fallen in the court if the good nurse had not given him her arm ; and the physician of the hospital, passing fortunately at this moment, who had always been a great friend of Colonel Newcome's, insisted upon leading him back to his room again and got him to bed. “ When the bell stopped he wanted to rise once more ; he fancied he was a boy

at school again," said the nurse, "and that he was going in to Dr. Raine, who was schoolmaster here ever so many years ago." So it was, that when happier days seemed to be dawning for the good man, that reprieve came too late. Grief, and years, and humiliation, and care, and cruelty had been too strong for him, and Thomas Newcome was stricken down. . . .

After some days the fever which had attacked him left him ; but left him so weak and enfeebled that he could only go from his bed to the chair by his fireside. The season was exceedingly bitter, the chamber which he inhabited was warm and spacious ; it was considered unadvisable to move him until he had attained greater strength and till warmer weather. The medical men of the House hoped he might rally in spring. My friend Dr. Goodenough came to him : he hoped too ; but not with a hopeful face. A chamber, luckily vacant, hard by the Colonel's, was assigned to his friends, where we sat when we were too many for him. Besides his customary attendant, he had two dear and watchful nurses, who were almost always with him,—Ethel and Madame de Florac, who had passed many a faithful year by an old man's bedside ; who would have come, as to a work of religion, to any sick couch,—much more to this one, where he lay for whose life she would once gladly have given her own. . . .

But our Colonel, we all were obliged to acknowledge, was no more our friend of old days. He knew us again and was good to every one round him, as his wont was ; especially when Boy came his old eyes lighted up with simple happiness, and, with eager, trembling hands, he would seek under his bed-clothes, or in the pockets of his dressing-gown, for toys or cakes, which he had caused to be purchased for his grandson. There was a little laughing, red-cheeked, white-



WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

headed gown-boy of the school, to whom the old man had taken a great fancy.

One of the symptoms of his returning consciousness and recovery, as we hoped, was his calling for this child, who pleased our friend by his archness and merry ways, and who, to the old gentleman's unfailing delight, used to call him "Codd Colonel." "Tell little F—— that Codd Colonel wants to see him;" and the little gown-boy was brought to him; and the Colonel would listen to him for hours; and hear all about his lessons and his play; and prattle, almost as childishly, about Dr. Raine and his own early school-days.

The boys of the school, it must be said, had heard the noble old gentleman's touching history, and had all got to know and love him. They came every day to hear news of him; sent him in books and papers to amuse him; and some benevolent young souls—God's blessing on all honest boys, say I—painted theatrical characters and sent them in to Codd Colonel's grandson. The little fellow was made free of gown-boys, and once came thence to his grandfather in a little gown, which delighted the old man hugely. Boy said he would like to be a little gown-boy; and I make no doubt, when he is old enough, his father will get him that post and put him under the tuition of my friend Dr. Senior.

So weeks passed away, during which our dear old friend still remained with us. His mind was gone at intervals, but would rally feebly; and with his consciousness returned his love, his simplicity, his sweetness. He would talk French with Madame De Florac, at which time his memory appeared to awaken with surprising vividness, his cheek flushed, and he was a youth again,—a youth all love and hope,—a stricken

old man, with a beard as white as snow covering the noble, careworn face. At such times he called her by her Christian name of Léonore ; he addressed courtly old words of regard and kindness to the aged lady ; anon he wandered in his talk, and spoke to her as if they still were young. Now, as in those early days, his heart was pure ; no anger remained in it ; no guile tainted it ; only peace and good-will dwelt in it.

The days went on and our hopes, raised sometimes, began to flicker and fail. One evening the Colonel left his chair for his bed in pretty good spirits, but passed a disturbed night and the next morning was too weak to rise. Then he remained in his bed and his friends visited him there. One afternoon he asked for his little gown-boy, and the child was brought to him and sat by the bed with a very awe-stricken face ; and then gathered courage and tried to amuse him by telling him how it was a half-holiday and they were having a cricket match with the St. Peter's boys in the green, and Gray Friars was in and winning. The Colonel quite understood about it ; he would like to see the game ; he had played many a game on that green when he was a boy. He grew excited ; Clive dismissed his father's little friend and put a sovereign into his hand ; and away he ran to say that Codd Colonel had come into a fortune, and to buy tarts, and to see the match out. *I, Curre, little white-haired gown-boy ! Heaven speed you, little friend !*

After the child had gone Thomas Newcome began to wander more and more. He talked louder ; he gave the word of command, spoke Hindustanee as if to his men. Then he spoke words in French rapidly, seizing a hand that was near him and crying, “ *Toujours, toujours !* ” But it was Ethel’s

hand which he took. Ethel and Clive and the nurse were in the room with him ; the nurse came to us, who were sitting in the adjoining apartment ; Madame de Florac was there with my wife and Bayham.

At the look in the woman's countenance Madame de Florac started up. "He is very bad, he wanders a great deal," the nurse whispered. The French lady fell instantly on her knees and remained rigid in prayer.

Some time afterward Ethel came in with a scared face to our pale group. "He is calling for you again, dear lady," she said, going up to Madame de Florac, who was still kneeling, "and just now he said he wanted Pendennis to take care of his boy. He will not know you." She hid her tears as she spoke.

She went into the room where Clive was at the bed's foot ; the old man within it talked on rapidly for a while : then again he would sigh and be still : once more I heard him say hurriedly, "Take care of him when I'm in India ;" and then, with a heart-rending voice, he called out, "Léonore, Léonore !" She was kneeling by his side now. The patient's voice sank into faint murmurs ; only a moan now and then announced that he was not asleep.

At the usual evening hour the chapel-bell began to toll, and Thomas Newcome's hands outside the bed feebly beat time. And just as the last bell struck a peculiar sweet smile shone over his face, and he lifted up his head a little and quickly said, "Adsum !" and fell back. It was the word we used at school when names were called ; and lo, he, whose heart was as that of a little child, had answered to his name and stood in the presence of The Master.

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## NOTES FOR STUDY.

**AT TEND'ANT**, a companion, a servant.

**RE PRIEVE'**, to suspend the execution of a sentence upon one who is found guilty.

**SPA'CIOUS**, of vast extent, extended.

**PRAT'TLE**, to talk in a simple or childish way.

**I**, Latin word meaning *go*.

**SOV'ER EIGN**, an English coin, worth about \$4.85.

**CUR'RE**, a Latin word which may be translated *speed thee!*

**TOU JOURS'** (*tōō zhūr'*) is the French for *always*.

**AD'SUM**, a Latin word meaning *I am here or present*.

## CXXXI.—THE CLOSING YEAR.

GEORGE DENISON PRENTICE.

'Tis midnight's holy hour, and silence now  
 Is brooding like a gentle spirit o'er  
 The still and pulseless world. Hark ! on the winds  
 The bell's deep tones are swelling,—'tis the knell  
 Of the departed year. No funeral train  
 Is sweeping past ; yet, on the stream and wood,  
 With melancholy light, the moonbeams rest  
 Like a pale, spotless shroud ; the air is stirred  
 As by a mourner's sigh ; and on yon cloud  
 That floats so still and placidly through heaven,  
 The spirits of the seasons seem to stand—  
 Young Spring, bright Summer, Autumn's solemn form,  
 And Winter with its aged locks—and breathe,  
 In mournful cadences that come abroad  
 Like the far wind-harp's wild and touching wail,  
 A melancholy dirge o'er the dead year,  
 Gone from the earth forever.

'Tis a time  
 For memory and for tears. Within the deep,  
 Still chambers of the heart, a specter dim,  
 Whose tones are like the wizard's voice of Time  
 Heard from the tomb of ages, points its cold  
 And solemn finger to the beautiful  
 And holy visions that have passed away  
 And left no shadow of their loveliness  
 On the dead waste of life. That specter lifts  
 The coffin lid of Hope and Joy and Love,  
 And, bending mournfully above the pale,  
 Sweet forms that slumber there, scatters dead flowers  
 O'er what has passed to nothingness.

The year  
 Has gone, and with it many a glorious throng  
 Of happy dreams. Its mark is on each brow,  
 Its shadow in each heart. In its swift course  
 It waved its scepter o'er the beautiful,  
 And they are not. It laid its pallid hand  
 Upon the strong man, and the haughty form  
 Is fallen, and the flashing eye is dim.  
 It trod the hall of revelry, where thronged  
 The bright and joyous, and the tearful wail  
 Of stricken ones is heard where erst the song  
 And reckless shout resounded.

It passed o'er  
 The battle plain where sword and spear and shield  
 Flashed in the light of midday, and the strength  
 Of serried hosts is shivered, and the grass,

Green from the soil of carnage, waves above  
The crushed and mouldering skeleton. It came,  
And faded like a wreath of mist at eve ;  
Yet ere it melted in the viewless air,  
It heralded its millions to their home  
In the dim land of dreams.

### Remorseless Time !

Fierce spirit of the glass and scythe ! What power  
Can stay him in his silent course, or melt  
His iron heart to pity ? On, still on,  
He presses, and forever. The proud bird,  
The condor of the Andes, that can soar  
Through heaven's unfathomable depths, or brave  
The fury of the northern hurricane,  
And bathe his plumage in the thunder's home,  
Furls his broad wings at nightfall, and sinks down  
To rest upon his mountain crag—but Time  
Knows not the weight of sleep or weariness,  
And night's deep darkness has no chain to bind  
His rushing pinions.

### Revolutions sweep

O'er earth, like troubled visions o'er the breast  
Of dreaming sorrow ; cities rise and sink  
Like bubbles on the water ; fiery isles  
Spring blazing from the ocean, and go back  
To their mysterious caverns ; mountains rear  
To heaven their bald and blackened cliffs, and bow  
Their tall heads to the plain ; new empires rise,  
Gathering the strength of hoary centuries,

And rush down like the Alpine avalanche,  
 Startling the nations ; and the very stars,  
 Yon bright and burning blazonry of God,  
 Glitter awhile in their eternal depths,  
 And, like the Pleiades, loveliest of their train,  
 Shoot from their glorious spheres, and pass away  
 To darkle in the trackless void : yet Time,  
 Time the tomb-builder, holds his fierce career,  
 Dark, stern, all-pitiless, and pauses not  
 Amid the mighty wrecks that strew his path  
 To sit and muse, like other conquerors,  
 Upon the fearful ruin he has wrought.

## NOTES FOR STUDY.

## I.

GEORGE DENISON PRENTICE (1802-1870) was born in Connecticut and was graduated from Brown University. He was an editor in Hartford, Conn., for two years, and then took charge of the *Louisville Journal*, which remained a Union paper throughout the war. He was a poet of no small power, and has written also a *Life of Henry Clay*. Under the title *Prenticeana* he republished a collection of witty paragraphs from his *Journal*.

## II.

**KNELL**, the tolling of a bell to announce a death.

**DIRGE**, a funeral hymn.

**SPEC'TER**, a ghost, a phantom of the dead.

**WIZ'ARD**, a male witch, a magician.

**ERST**, formerly, long ago.

**SER'RIED**, in close ranks or rows, as soldiers.

**CAR'NAGE**, bloody slaughter, murder.

**HOAR'Y**, white, ancient, aged.

**BLA'ZON RY**, decoration, display.

**PLEI' A DES**, a group of stars, six or seven of which are visible to the eye, named from the seven daughters of Atlas and Pleione. **DARK'LE**, to gradually become obscure or dark.

## CXXXII.—A PENNSYLVANIA SUGAR-CAMP.

GEORGE M. WERTZ.

When the summer songsters, whose abandoned nests of the last sunny season yet swing in the leafless branches, return to begin again the anthem of the year, the gathered life-fluid of the maple shall no longer yield to the pleasures of taste, but shall be transformed into graceful leaves, blossoms that tempt the waking bees, and seeds to swirl through autumn air and climb into new forests. Then the paraphernalia of a sugar-camp is scalded, cleansed, painted, arranged, locked up, and its owner hies away to furrowed fields to sow, to reap, and to garner. Then, too, the maple roots are searching the laboratory of mother Earth, accepting, rejecting, distilling, compounding, and preparing for the day when syrup-jugs need refilling and the luscious sugar needs replenishing.

In the good old time, when ground-hog and moon were the true and only oracles of the sugar-maker, the opening of the season witnessed the slashing of sumac and elder thickets, to make spouts for insertion in the trees. Then, too, the wild tulip trees fell victims to the axe and were fashioned into troughs in which to catch the dropping sap. In after-times these were used as cradles over which were sung the lullabys that ushered into dreamland the spirits of dear ones, deemed no less sweet than the nectar for the garnering of which they were first fashioned.

Then came the tapping process. With a deft stroke of the hatchet the rough bark of the tree was removed ; the dull, old auger, with cross-bar handles, bored holes half-way through the trees ; the assistant, trudging after, drove sumac spouts into the holes ; and the feet of the busy workers plowed furrows

through the snow to the next tree ; and so the process went on until the maple grove was ready for the sugar season.

When the sap began to flow from the spouts the wooden troughs were placed beneath to catch the falling drops. The setting of these troughs was a matter of great importance, and required much skill. Sometimes the wind blew the sugar-laden drops around the tree, then the trough was set far to the side : sometimes it blew the drops against the tree, then a stone-pile or snow-bank was placed beneath the trough to elevate it enough to catch the sap that did not soak into the sumac spout.

From these troughs the sap was regularly gathered into two great wooden buckets. The pouring of the sap into these buckets not infrequently resulted in its following the bottom of the trough and falling into one's shoes. When full, these buckets were suspended from the ends of a yoke resting upon the shoulders, and in this manner was the sap conveyed to the kettle. Woe to the carrier when a misstep was taken, and he landed upon his head in a gulley, with the yoke across his neck, one bucket of sap meandering down his spinal column, and the other flooding his head and ears !

Later on, the march of progress condemned the yoke to the fire, and an old horse, a twig sled, a barrel, and a great wooden funnel made the round of the camp. When the boiling-shed was reached the barrel was lifted from the sled and emptied into the storage tank. Nor was this an easy task. To roll the ice-coated barrel of sap over an icy plank, inclined at vexatious angle, was a feat worthy the ambition of a circus acrobat. If, luckily, one succeeded, how numerous were the chances yet that, before the stopper of half-decayed forest leaves was removed and the "kerchunk, chunk, chunk "

of the fitful flow made melodious music, the barrel in its perversity would drop head first into the storage vessel, knock out its bottom, and deluge the shed.

And then the boiling! How the wet wood sizzled and sputtered under the kettles, hung on poles, while the smoke sought the eyes of the attendants. Far into the night the silvery tinkling of the crystal drops sang sweetly to the sleepy workers; to whom oaken planks were as soft as eider down, and to whom the ruddy flames were as the wooings of Morphæus, while the steaming cauldrons sent up a flame that scorched the rafters and left the kettles glowing red with naught but ashes in them!

And there was the long-handled dipper, own brother to the old oaken bucket, made by fitting a rounded stick through a keeler, and used for dipping the half-finished syrup into a cloth strainer. The list of miscellanies in the strainer, after the syrup had passed through, included forest leaves, whisked into the kettles by eccentric winds; a walnut, dropped by a chipmunk as he ran along a rafter; beetles, disappointed with life; bacon rinds, thrown in to prevent boiling over; and, shades of the magicians, there were egg-shells!

But the sugar and the taffy! In the chimney over the fire-place hung a great iron kettle into which was poured the settled syrupy sweet, laboriously carried from the camp the night before. In it was a long, narrow wooden paddle; under it a fire; before it the paternal and maternal heads of the household, who saw in the product not only sweetness, but also food and clothing and education for loved ones.

Within the ruddy glow stood the expectant lads and lassies awaiting the interesting moment when the dripping paddle, held over a cup of cold water, produced a confection favorite

then and forever ! All the drudgery and weariness of camp toil,—the haps and mishaps, the sleepless nights when the kettles bubbled and sang to the time of a passing ice-bound brook, the weary watching of flickering shadows as the flames danced bewitchingly about the boiling kettles,—were forgotten in the delights of “stirring off.” The sturdy youth of the neighborhood, too, were welcome ; for had they not banished the loneliness and tedium of many a long night, when vessels overflowed in the camp, and helpful hands and cheerful words lightened the labor and enlivened the spirit ? Their names (may they ever be green !) yet appear, written in charcoal from the ancient furnace, upon the walls of the old boiling shed.

Some of the names tell the story of success, some of misfortune, some of death ! One name is that of a youth, taller than his fellows, perfect in form, amiable in manner, admirable in character, who bade good-bye one night to the assembled group of friends, marched off at the call of his country, was swept into that horrid maelstrom of sectional strife, and finally was carried, coffinless, in a tattered shroud of blue, from a southern prison to a resting-place in the soil of a country he died to preserve.

Is there truth in the theory that men reared in Nature’s haunts are less prone to wander from the path of rectitude than others ? If true, then seek the shadows of the maple groves. For they most strongly attach themselves to human sentiment and regard. Do they not, after October’s frosts, spread a wealth of color over mountain and valley that puts to shame the master artists of all times ? And when the picture has served its purpose, and the first breath of the Northland is blown upon it, how gracefully it dissolves, how its parts quiver and loosen, carried hither and

thither by the breath of the mountain, as shuttles are cast from the hand of the weaver, until a blanket is woven for the modest arbutus and a carpet is spread for the doe in the forest.

And while the elements are hurling snow and ice and killing blasts, driving beasts to their lairs, halting rivers in their rush to the sea, shutting out sun and moon and stars from earth's communion, these kings of the forest hold up their heads in defiance while their blood is chilled and frozen, and their starch elements turn to sweetness with a flavor and aroma never rivaled. Then the bushman, like the greedy highwayman in quest of gold, demands of these trees to stand and deliver—not gold alone, but blood and life.

And when these maples are again clothed in all the various shades of green, they exhale a delicate fragrance that is matchless in its power to beget thankfulness to their Creator. What a paradise is a maple grove in summer moonlight, with its softened lights and shadows moving in a wavering morrice, while the breezes toy its branches, while the hare leaps from shadow to shadow, while the night bird's note exalts the spirit to veneration and ecstacy ! No hammock swings so soothingly, cradles so entrancingly ; no swing sweeps so invitingly, as when pendant neath leafy arch or shadowy alcove of graceful maple boughs !

No home so home-like as the one surrounded by these forest friends, which seem to gather round and raise protecting arms against the storm and turn its very fury to music ; which interpret the voices of the night, and answer questions of the past and of the future ; which snatch the colors of the rainbow to weave a garland of love for the sheltered ones ; and which invite the birds of heaven to rest and to warble accompaniment to the human praise ascending from the home altar beneath.

## NOTES FOR STUDY.

## I.

**GEORGE M. WERTZ** (1856 —) was born in Cambria County, Pennsylvania. He received a good education, and for seven years taught school in his native County. He has been a voluminous reader and an earnest student of nature. He was for many years a model farmer, and his experience has been liberally given to benefit agriculture in his community. In 1893 he was elected County Commissioner and is now Sheriff of the County. His career is a remarkable illustration of the way a busy public man may find means and time to cultivate the finer sentiments of the heart.

## II.

**PAR A PHER NA'LI A**, miscellaneous articles of equipment, trappings.

**LAB'O RA TO RY**, a place fitted up for conducting scientific work, a work-shop.

**RE PLEN'ISH**, to fill again or afresh, to supply generously.

**OR'A CLE**, a wise saying, an authoritative utterance.

**DEFT**, handy, apt, clever.

**ME AN'DER**, flowing with a slow winding motion.

**AC'RO BAT**, one who practices rope-dancing and other feats.

**MOR'PHE US**, the son of sleep, the god of dreams, hence sleep.

**KEEL'ER**, a shallow tub.

**CHIP'MUNK**, a squirrel-like rodent, locally known as the ground-squirrel from its habit of burrowing in the ground.

**CON FEC'TION**, a sweetmeat, candy, icing for cake.

**A RO'MA**, fragrance exhaled by plants, an agreeable odor.

## CXXXIII.—O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

WALT WHITMAN.

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done;  
 The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought is won;  
 The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,  
 While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;  
 But O heart! heart! heart!  
 O the bleeding drops of red,

Where on the deck my Captain lies,  
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain ! my Captain ! rise up and hear the bells ;  
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills ;  
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the shores  
a-crowding,  
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning ;  
Here Captain ! dear father !  
    This arm beneath your head !  
It is some dream that on the deck,  
    You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still ;  
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will ;  
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and  
done,  
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won ;  
    Exult O shores, and ring O bells !  
    But I with mournful tread  
Walk the deck my Captain lies,  
    Fallen cold and dead.

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NOTES FOR STUDY.

WALT WHITMAN (1819-1893) was born on Long Island and educated in the schools of New York City. He was a printer, school-teacher, editor, carpenter, and, during the war, an army nurse. His later life was spent in Camden, New Jersey. Except in a few earlier poems, he has little respect either for rhyme or metre, so that there has been considerable discussion as to his position as a poet. His chief work is a series of unrhymed poems entitled *Leaves of Grass*. The poem here given is considered by many his masterpiece,—of course, “My Captain” is Abraham Lincoln.

## CXXXIV.—THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

Next morning, being Friday, the third day of August, in the year 1492, Columbus set sail, a little before sunrise, in presence of a vast crowd of spectators, who sent up their supplications to Heaven for the success of the voyage, which they wished rather than expected. Columbus steered directly for the Canary Islands, and arrived there without any occurrence that would have deserved notice on any other occasion. But in such an important voyage every circumstance was attended to.

As they proceeded, the signs of approaching land seemed to be more certain. The birds began to appear in flocks, making toward the south-west. Columbus, in imitation of the Portuguese navigators, who had been guided in several of their discoveries by the motion of birds, altered his course from due west toward that point whither they pointed their flight.

But after holding on for several days in this new direction, without any better success than formerly, having seen no object during the thirty days but the sea and the sky, the hopes of his companions subsided faster than they had risen; their fears revived with additional force; impatience, rage, and despair appeared in every countenance.

All idea of obedience was lost. The officers, who had hitherto agreed with Columbus in opinion, and supported his authority, now took part with the private men; they assembled tumultuously on the deck, expostulated with their commander, mingled threats with their expostulations, and required him to tack about and return to Europe.



**WASHINGTON IRVING.**

Columbus perceived that it would be of no avail to employ either gentle or severe measures to quell a mutiny so general and so violent. He promised solemnly to his men that he would comply with their request, provided they would accompany him and obey his commands for three days longer, and if, during that time, land were not discovered, he would then abandon the enterprise, and direct his course toward Spain.

Enraged as the sailors were, and impatient to turn their faces again toward their native country, this proposition did not appear to them unreasonable ; nor did Columbus hazard much in confining himself to a term so short. The signs of land were now so numerous and promising that he deemed them infallible. For some days the sounding line had reached the bottom, and the soil which it brought up indicated land to be at no great distance.

The flocks of birds increased, and were composed not only of sea-fowl, but of such land birds as could not be supposed to fly far from shore. The crew of the Pinta observed a cane floating, which seemed to have been newly cut, and likewise a piece of timber artificially carved. The sailors aboard the Nina took up the branch of a tree with red berries perfectly fresh. The clouds around the setting sun assumed a new appearance ; the air was milder and warmer, and during night the wind became variable.

From all these symptoms, Columbus was so confident of being near land, that on the evening of the 11th of October he ordered the sails to be furled, and the ships to lie to, keeping strict watch lest they should be driven ashore in the night. During this interval of suspense and expectation no man shut his eyes, all kept upon deck, gazing intently

upon that quarter where they expected to discover the land which had so long been the object of their wishes.

About two hours before midnight, Columbus, standing on the forecastle, observed a light at a distance, and privately pointed it out to Pedro Gutierrez, a page of the queen's wardrobe. Gutierrez saw it, and calling to Salcedo, comptroller of the fleet, all three saw it in motion, as if it were carried from place to place.

A little after midnight the joyful sound of *Land! Land!* was heard from the Pinta, which kept always ahead of the other ships. But from having been so often deceived by false appearances, every man now became slow of belief, and waited in all the impatience of uncertainty for the return of day. As soon as morning dawned all doubts and fears were dispelled. From every ship an island was seen about two leagues to the north, whose flat and verdant fields, well stored with wood, and watered with many rivulets, presented the aspect of a delightful country.

The crew of the Pinta instantly began the *Te Deum*, as a hymn of thanksgiving to God, and were joined by those of the other ships with tears of joy. This office of gratitude to Heaven was followed by an act of justice to their commander. They threw themselves at the feet of Columbus, with feelings of self-condemnation, mingled with reverence.

They implored him to pardon their ignorance, incredulity, and insolence, which had hindered the prosecution of his plan, and passing, in the warmth of their admiration, from one extreme to another, they now pronounced the man, whom they had so lately reviled and threatened, to be a person inspired by Heaven with wisdom and fortitude more than human.

As soon as the sun arose, all their boats were manned and

armed. They rowed toward the island with their colors flying, and with warlike music. As they approached the coast, they saw it covered with a multitude of people, whom the novelty of the sight had drawn together, whose attitudes and gestures expressed wonder and astonishment at the strange objects which presented themselves to their view.

Columbus was the first European who set foot on the new world which he had discovered. He landed in a rich dress, and with a naked sword in his hand. His men followed, and, kneeling down, they all kissed the ground which they had so long desired to see. They then took possession of the country for the crown of Castile and Leon with all the formalities which it was customary to observe in acts of this kind.

The Spaniards, while thus employed, were surrounded by many of the natives, who gazed in silent admiration upon actions which they could not comprehend. The dress of the Spaniards, the whiteness of their skins, their beards, their arms, appeared strange and surprising.

The vast machines in which they had crossed the ocean, that seemed to move upon the water with wings, and uttered a dreadful sound resembling thunder, accompanied with lightning and smoke, struck them with such terror that they began to respect their new guests as a superior order of beings, and concluded that they were children of the sun, who had descended to visit the earth.

The Europeans were hardly less amazed at the scene now before them. Every herb and shrub and tree was different from those which flourished in Europe. The soil seemed to be rich, but bore few marks of cultivation. The black hair, long and uncurled, of the inhabitants, floated upon their shoulders, or was bound in tresses on their heads.

They had no beards: their complexion was of a dusky copper color, and their aspect gentle and timid. Though not tall, they were well shaped and active. Their faces, and parts of their bodies, were painted with glaring colors. They were shy at first, through fear, but soon became familiar with the Spaniards, and with transports of joy received from them hawk-bells, glass-beads, and other baubles; in return for which they gave such provisions as they had, and some cotton yarn, the only commodity of value which they could produce.

Toward evening, Columbus returned to the ship, accompanied by many of the islanders in their boats, which they called canoes, and though rudely formed out of the trunk of a single tree, they rowed them with surprising dexterity. Thus, in the first interview between the inhabitants of the old and new worlds, everything was conducted amicably and to their mutual satisfaction.

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#### NOTES FOR STUDY.

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| SUB'SIDE', to settle, to grow calm.    | IN'CRE DUL'I TY, unbelief.               |
| EX'POS'TU LATE, to reason earnestly.   | IN'SO LENCE, impudence, lack of respect. |
| SYMP'TOMS, signs.                      | BAU'BLES, trifles, toys.                 |
| MU'TI NY, rebellion against authority. | COM MOD'I TY, any article for sale.      |
|  | AM'I CA BLY, peaceably, friendly.        |

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#### CXXXV.—THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,  
 Sails the unshadowed main,—  
 The venturous bark that flings  
 On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings

In gulfs enchanted, where the siren sings,  
 And coral reefs lie bare,  
 Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl,—  
 Wrecked is the ship of pearl !  
 And every chambered cell,  
 Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,  
 As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,  
 Before thee lies revealed,—  
 Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed !

Year after year beheld the silent toil  
 That spread his lustrous coil ;  
 Still, as the spiral grew,  
 He left the past year's dwelling for the new,  
 Stole with soft step its shining archway through,  
 Built up its idle door,  
 Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,  
 Child of the wandering sea,  
 Cast from her lap forlorn !  
 From thy dead lips a clearer note is borne  
 That ever Triton blew from wreathed horn !  
 While on mine ear it rings,  
 Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings :

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,  
 As the swift seasons roll !  
 Leave thy low-vaulted past !

Let each new temple, nobler than the last,  
 Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,  
 Till thou at length art free,  
 Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea !

## NOTES FOR STUDY.

|   |  |
|---|--|
| CRYPT, a recess or vault, generally a place of interment.   | LUS'TROUS, shining, glossy.  |
| COR'AL, a minute sea-animal, the hard structures built by them in the sea.                                    | I'RISED, having the colors of the rainbow.   |
| REEFS, ridges of rocks lying near the surface of otherwise navigable waters, sometimes the work of the coral. | TRI'TON, a Greek god who raised or calmed the billows by blowing on a conch-shell. |

NAU'TI LUS, a mollusk found in the southern seas, of which there are many varieties.

## CXXXVI.—THE TRUE GRANDEUR OF NATIONS.

CHARLES SUMNER.

The true greatness of a nation cannot be in triumphs of the intellect alone. Literature and art may widen the sphere of its influence ; they may adorn it ; but they are in their nature but accessories. The true grandeur of humanity is in moral elevation, sustained, enlightened, and decorated by the intellect of man. The truest tokens of this grandeur in a State are the diffusion of the greatest happiness among the greatest number, and that passionless, Godlike Justice which controls the relations of the State to other States, and to all the people who are committed to its charge.

But war crushes with bloody heel all justice, all happiness, all that is Godlike in man. "It is," says the eloquent Robert Hall, "the temporary repeal of all the principles of virtue." True, it cannot be disguised that there are passages in its

dreary annals cheered by deeds of generosity and sacrifice ; but the virtues which shed their charm over the horrors are all borrowed of peace ; they are emanations of the spirit of love, which is so strong in the heart of man that it survives the rudest assaults. The flowers of gentleness, of kindness, of fidelity, of humanity, which flourish in unregarded luxuriance in the rich meadows of peace, receive unwonted admiration when we discern them in war, like violets shedding their perfume on the perilous edges of the precipice, beyond the smiling borders of civilization.

God be praised for all the examples of magnanimous virtue which he has vouchsafed to mankind ! God be praised that the Roman emperor, about to start on a distant expedition of war, encompassed by squadrons of cavalry and by golden eagles which moved in the winds, stooped from his saddle to listen to the prayer of the humble widow, demanding justice for the death of her son ! God be praised that Sidney, on the field of battle, gave with dying hand the cup of cold water to the dying soldier ! That single act of self-forgetful sacrifice has consecrated the fenny field of Zutphen far, oh, far beyond its battle ; it has consecrated thy name, gallant Sidney, beyond any feat of thy sword, beyond any triumph of thy pen.

As we cast our eyes over the history of nations, we discern with horror the succession of murderous slaughters by which their progress has been marked. As the hunter traces the wild beast, when pursued to his lair, by the drops of blood on the earth, so we follow man, faint, weary, staggering with wounds, through the black forest of the past, which he has reddened with his gore.

Oh, let it not be in the future ages as in those which we now contemplate. Let the grandeur of man be discerned in

the blessings which he has secured; in the good he has accomplished; in the triumphs of benevolence and justice; in the establishment of perpetual peace.

As the ocean washes every shore, and clasps with all-embracing arms every land, while it bears on its heaving bosom the products of various climes, so peace surrounds, protects, and upholds all other blessings. Without it commerce is vain, the ardor of industry is restrained, happiness is blasted, virtue sickens and dies.

And peace has its own peculiar victories, in comparison with which Marathon and Bannockburn and Bunker Hill, fields held sacred in the history of human freedom, shall lose their luster. Our own Washington rises to a truly heavenly stature—not when we follow him over the ice of the Delaware to the capture of Trenton—not when we behold him victorious over Cornwallis at Yorktown—but when we regard him, in noble deference to justice, refusing the kingly crown which a faithless soldiery proffered, and at a later day upholding the peaceful neutrality of the country, while he received unmoved the clamor of the people wickedly crying for war. . . .

War is known as the last reason of kings. Let it be no reason of our republic. Let us renounce and throw off forever the yoke of a tyranny more oppressive than any in the annals of the world. As those standing on the mountain tops first discern the coming beams of morning, let us, from the vantage ground of liberal institutions, first recognize the ascending sun of a new era. Lift high the gates and let the King of glory in—the King of true glory, of peace. I shall catch the last words of music from the lips of innocence and beauty—

“And let the whole earth be filled with his glory!”

It is a beautiful picture in Grecian story that there was at least one spot, the small island of Delos, dedicated to the gods, and kept at all times sacred from war, where the citizens of hostile countries met and united in a common worship. So let us dedicate our broad country. The temple of honor shall be surrounded by the temple of concord, so that the former can be entered only through the portals of the latter; the horn of abundance shall overflow at its gates; the angel of religion shall be the guide over its steps of flashing adamant; while within, Justice, returned to the earth from her long exile in the skies, shall rear her serene and majestic front. And the future chiefs of the republic, destined to uphold the glories of a new area, unspotted by human blood, shall be "the first in peace, and the first in the hearts of their countrymen."

But while we seek these blissful glories for our ourselves, let us strive to extend them to other lands. Let the bugles sound the truce of God to the whole world forever. Let the selfish boast of the Spartan women become the grand chorus of mankind, that they have never seen the smoke of an enemy's camp. Let the iron belt of martial music which now encompasses the earth be exchanged for the golden cestus of peace, clothing all with celestial beauty.

History dwells with fondness on the reverent homage that was bestowed by massacring soldiers on the spot occupied by the sepulcher of the Lord. Vain man, to restrain his regard to a few feet of sacred mould! The whole earth is the sepulcher of the Lord; nor can any righteous man profane any part thereof. Let us recognize this truth; and now, on this Sabbath of our country, lay a new stone in the grand temple of universal peace, whose dome shall be as lofty as

the firmament of heaven, as broad and comprehensive as the earth itself.

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## NOTES FOR STUDY.

## I.

CHARLES SUMNER (1811-1874) was born in Boston and educated at Harvard College and at the Cambridge Law School. He was editor of the *American Jurist* and published many law reports, and became famous as a scholar and statesman. His speeches and orations in the Senate were acknowledged to be models of literary excellence, and were delivered with marvelous power. Two of these deserve special mention: *The True Grandeur of Nations* and *The Barbarism of Slavery*.

## II.

|   |  |
|---|--|
| AC'CES'SO RIES, subordinate aids.                     | FEN'NY, boggy, marshy.                         |
| DIF FU'SION, circulation, a scattering.               | O DOR IF'ER OUS, spreading an odor or perfume. |
| O RI EN'TAL, relating to the lands of the far east.   | E'THER, the upper regions of the sky.          |
| PROF'FER, to offer, to tender.                        | AD'A MANT, a very hard mineral, a diamond.     |
| NEU TRAL'I TY, taking no part in a contest, inactive. | CES'TUS, a belt or girdle.                     |

## CXXXVII.—OTHELLO BEFORE THE SENATE.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

SCENE,—*Venice. A Council-chamber.**The DUKE and Senators sitting at a Table.**Enter, to them, BRABANTIO, OTHELLO, IAGO, RODERIGO, and Officers.**Duke.* Valiant Othello, we must straight employ you

Against the general enemy Ottoman.—

[To BRAB.] I did not see you; welcome, gentle Signior;

We lack'd your counsel and your help to-night.

*Bra.* So did I yours. Good your Grace, pardon me:

Neither my place, nor aught I heard of business,

Hath raised me from my bed, nor doth the general care  
Take hold on me ; for my particular grief  
Is of so flood-gate and o'erbearing nature,  
That it engluts and swallows other sorrows,  
And it is still itself.

*Duke.* Why, what's the matter?

*Bra.* My daughter ! O, my daughter !

*Duke.* Dead?

*Bra.* Ay, to me :

She is abused, stol'n from me, and corrupted  
By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks ;  
For nature so preposterously to err,  
Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense,  
Sans witchcrafts could not.

*Duke.* Whoe'er he be that, in this foul proceeding,  
Hath thus beguiled your daughter of herself,  
And you of her, the bloody book of law  
You shall yourself read in the bitter letter  
After your own sense ; yea, though our proper son  
Stood in your action.

*Bra.* Humbly I thank your Grace.  
Here is the man, this Moor ; whom now, it seems,  
Your special mandate, for the State-affairs,  
Hath hither brought.

*Duke and Senators.* We're very sorry for 't.

*Duke.* (To OTEL.) What, in your own part, can you say to this?

*Bra.* Nothing, but this is so.

Oth. Most potent, grave, and reverend Signiors,  
My very noble and approved good masters,  
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

It is most true ; true, I have married her :  
 The very head and front of my offending  
 Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech,  
 And little bless'd with the soft phrase of peace ;  
 For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,  
 Till now some nine moons wasted, they have used  
 Their dearest action in the tented field ;  
 And little of this great world can I speak,  
 More than pertains to feats of broil and battle ;  
 And therefore little shall I grace my cause  
 In speaking for myself. Yet, by your gracious patience,  
 I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver  
 Of my whole course of love ; what drugs, what charms,  
 What conjuration, and what mighty magic—  
 For such proceeding I am charged withal—  
 I won his daughter.

*Bra.*

A maiden never bold ;

Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion  
 Blush'd at herself ; and she—in spite of nature,  
 Of years, of country, credit, every thing—  
 To fall in love with what she fear'd to look on !  
 It is a judgment maim'd and most imperfect,  
 That will confess perfection so could err  
 Against all rules of nature ; and must be driven  
 To find out practices of cunning Hell,  
 Why this should be. I therefore vouch again,  
 That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood,  
 Or with some dram conjured to this effect,  
 He wrought upon her.

*Duke.*

To vouch this, is no proof :

Without more certain and more overt test,

These are thin habits, and poor likelihoods  
Of modern seeming, you prefer against him.

1 *Sen.* But, Othello, speak :

Did you by indirect and forced courses  
Subdue and poison this young maid's affections ?  
Or came in by request, and such fair question  
As soul to soul affordeth ?

*Oth.* I do beseech you,  
Send for the lady to the Sagittary,  
And let her speak of me before her father :  
If you do find me foul in her report,  
The trust, the office, I do hold of you,  
Not only take away, but let your sentence  
Even fall upon my life.

*Duke.* Fetch Desdemona hither.

*Oth.* Ancient, conduct them ; you best know the place.—

[*Exeunt IAGO and Attendants.*]

And, till she come, as truly as to Heaven  
I do confess the vices of my blood,  
So justly to your grave ears I'll present  
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,  
And she in mine.

*Duke.* Say it, Othello.

*Oth.* Her father loved me ; oft invited me ;  
Still question'd me the story of my life,  
From year to year,—the battles, sieges, fortunes,  
That I have pass'd.

I ran it through, even from my boyish days  
To th' very moment that he bade me tell it :  
Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,  
Of moving accidents by flood and field ;

Of hair-breadth scapes i' the imminent deadly breach ;  
Of being taken by the insolent foe,  
And sold to slavery ; of my redemption thence,  
And portance in my travel's history :  
Wherein of antres vast and deserts idle,  
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven,  
It was my hint to speak,—such was the process ;  
And of the Cannibals that each other eat,  
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads  
Do grow beneath their shoulders. This to hear  
Would Desdemona seriously incline :  
But still the house-affairs would draw her thence ;  
Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,  
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear  
Devour up my discourse. Which I observing,  
Took once a pliant hour ; and found good means  
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart  
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,  
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,  
But not intently : I did consent ;  
And often did beguile her of her tears,  
When I did speak of some distressful stroke  
That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,  
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs :  
She swore, *In faith 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange ;*  
*'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful :*  
She wish'd she had not heard it ; yet she wish'd  
That Heaven had made her such a man : she thank'd me ;  
And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,  
I should but teach him how to tell my story,  
And that would woo her. Upon this hint, I spake :

She loved me for the dangers I had pass'd ;  
 And I loved her, that she did pity them.  
 This only is the witchcraft I have used :—  
 Here comes the lady ; let her witness it.

*Enter DESDEMONA with IAGO and Attendants.*

*Duke.* I think this tale would win my daughter too.—  
 Good Brabantio,  
 Take up this mangled matter at the best :  
 Men do their broken weapons rather use  
 Than their bare hands.

*Bra.* I pray you, hear her speak :  
 If she confess that she was half the wooer,  
 Destruction on my head, if my bad blame  
 Light on the man !—Come hither, gentle mistress :  
 Do you perceive in all this noble company  
 Where most you owe obedience ?

*Des.* My noble father,  
 I do perceive here a divided duty :  
 To you I'm bound for life and education ;  
 My life and education both do learn me  
 How to respect you ; you're the lord of duty,—  
 I'm hitherto your daughter : but here's my husband ;  
 And so much duty as my mother show'd  
 To you, preferring you before her father,  
 So much I challenge that I may profess  
 Due to the Moor my lord.

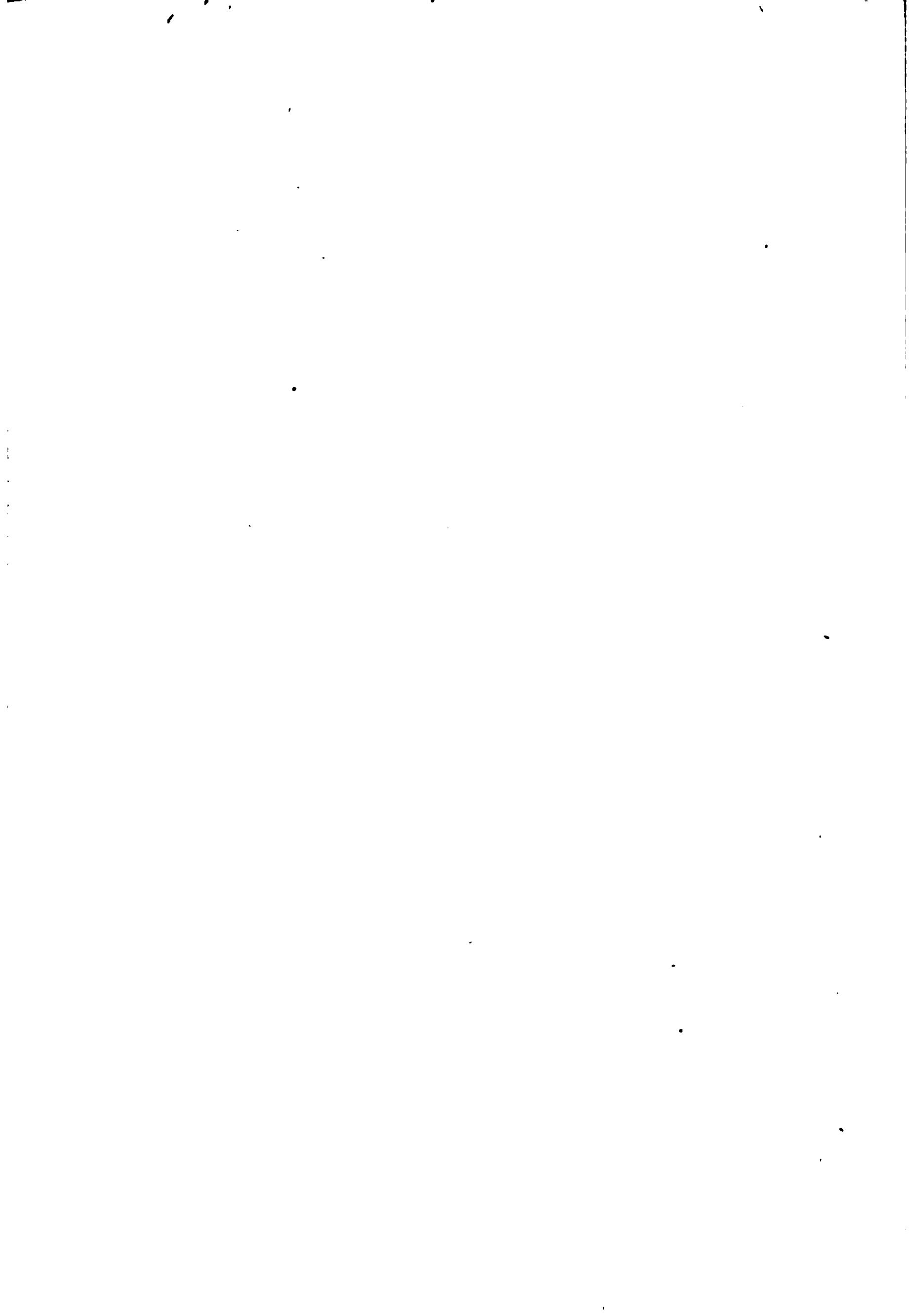
*Bra.* God b' wi' you ! I have done.—  
 Please it your Grace, on to the State-affairs.—  
 Come hither, Moor :  
 I here do give thee that with all my heart

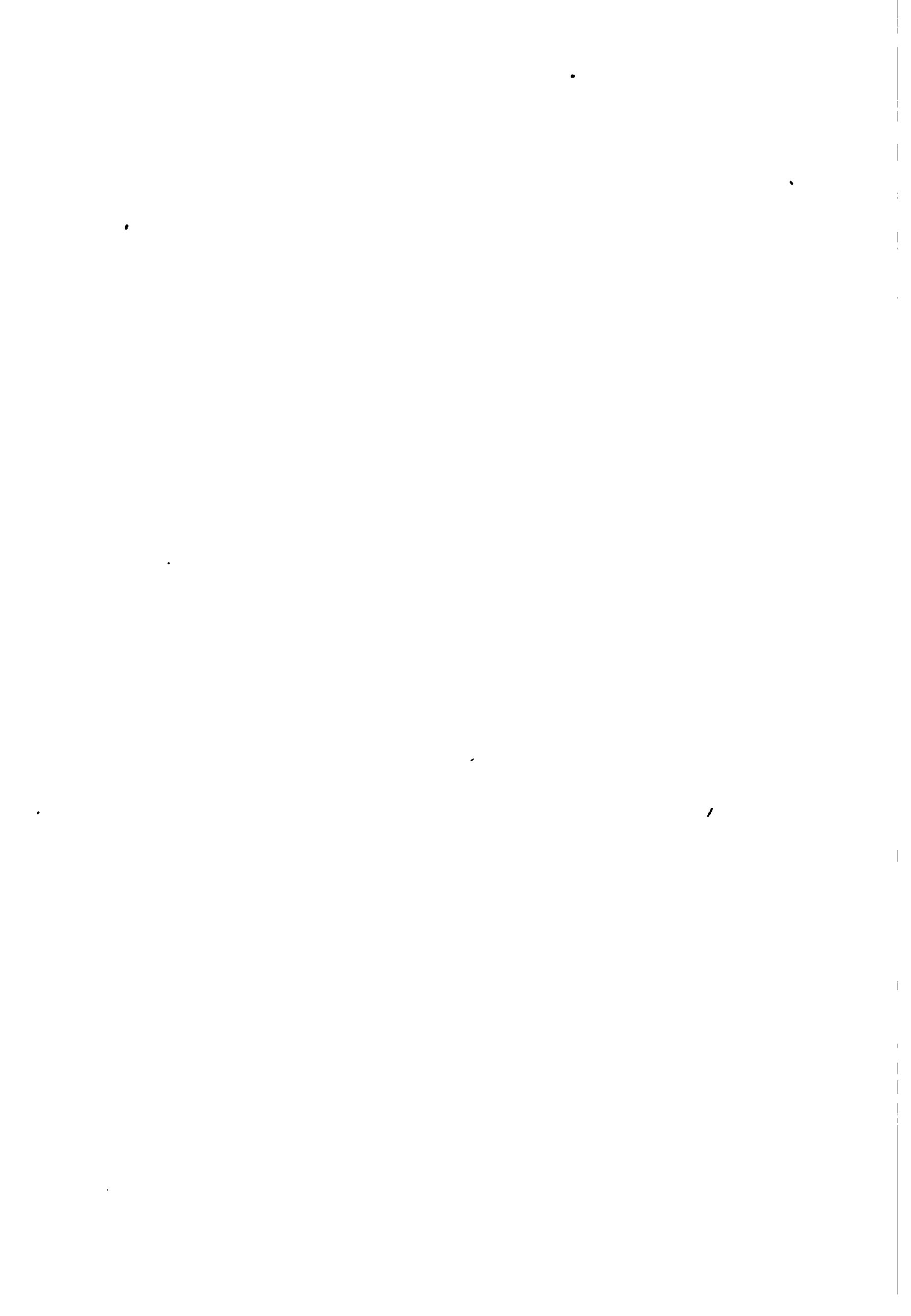
Which, but thou hast already, with all my heart  
 I would keep from thee.—For my own sake, jewel,  
 I'm glad at soul I have no other child ;  
 For thy escape would teach me tyranny,  
 To hang clogs on them.—I have done, my lord.

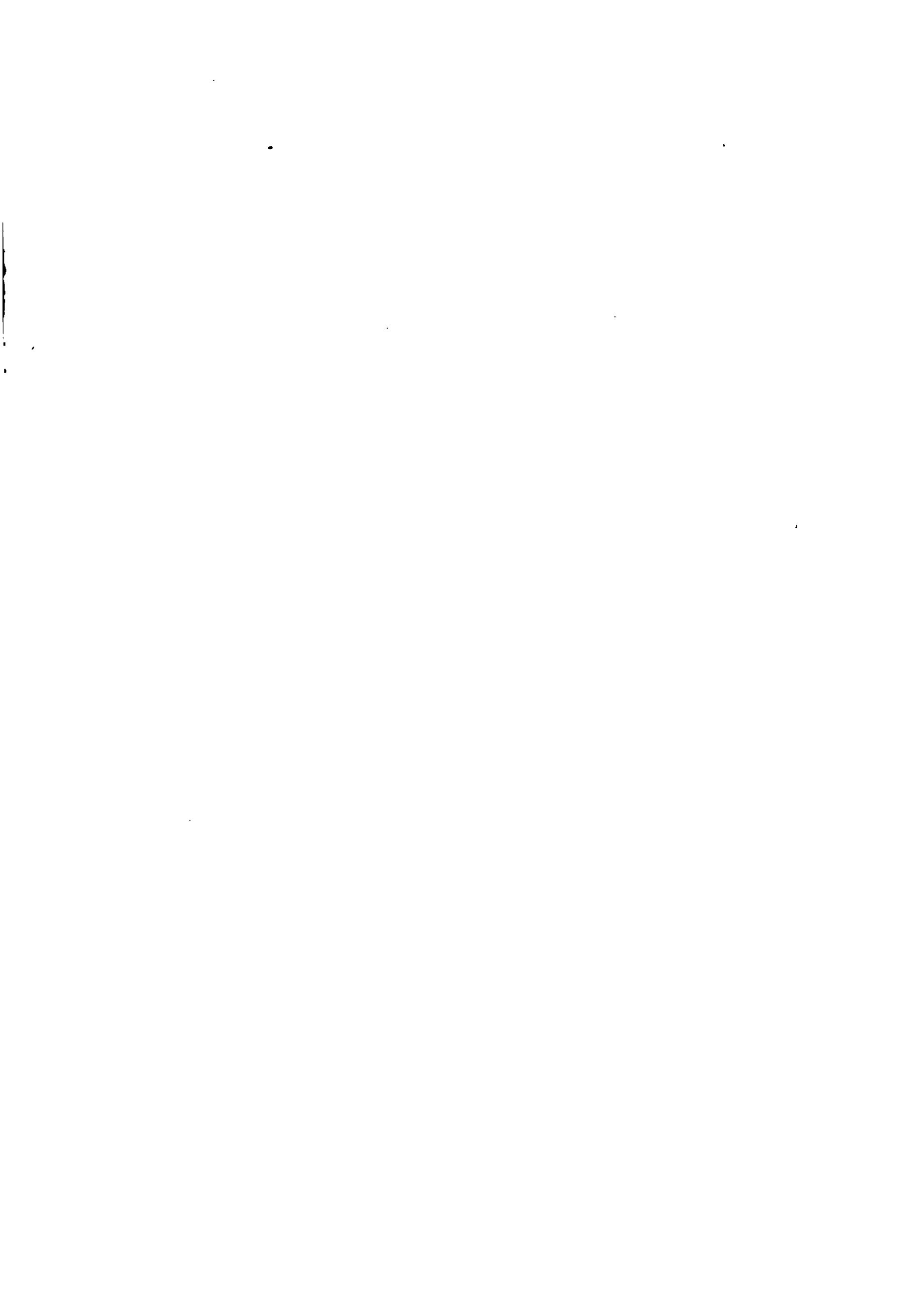
## NOTES FOR STUDY.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (1564-1616), the world's greatest dramatist, was born in Stratford-on-Avon, and received such education as could be acquired at a free grammar school in his native town. He was married to Ann Hathaway when only eighteen, and three years later he went to London, where he won both fame and fortune as a dramatist and theatre manager. His dramas are of three kinds; the historical: as *Henry VI.* and *Richard III.*; the semi-historical or legendary: as *Hamlet* and *Macbeth*; and the fictional: as the *Comedy of Errors*, *The Merchant of Venice*, and *As You Like It*. Some are awe-inspiring tragedies and others are laughter-provoking comedies. Professor Wilson says of him: "Shakespeare is of no age. He speaks a language which thrills in our blood in spite of the separation of two hundred years. His thoughts, passions, feelings, strains of fancy, all are of this day as they were of his own; and his genius may be contemporary with the mind of every generation for a thousand years to come."











JUL 21 1943

